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A YEAR IN A COAL-MINE

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

TEN days after my graduation from Harvard I took my place as an unskilled workman in one of the largest of the great soft-coal mines that lie in the Middle West. It was with no thought of writing my experiences that I chose my occupation, but with the intention of learning by actual work the 'operating end' of the great industry, in the hope that such practical knowledge as I should acquire would fit me to follow the business successfully. That this mine was operated in direct opposition to the local organization of union labor and had won considerable notoriety by successfully mining coal in spite of the most active hostility, gave an added interest to the work. The physical conditions of the mine were the most perfect that modern engineering has devised: the 'workings' were entirely electrified; the latest inventions in coal-mining machinery were everywhere employed, and every precaution for the safety of the men was followed beyond the letter of the law.

I

It was half-past six on a July morning when the day-shift began streaming out of the wash-house: some four hundred men,—white, black, and of perhaps

twenty-eight nationalities,—dressed in their tattered, black, and greasy mine-clothes. The long stream wound out of the wash-house door, past the power-house where the two big generators that feed the arteries of the great mine all day long with its motive power were screaming in a high, shrill rhythm of sound,—past the tall skeleton structure of the tippie-tower, from which the light morning breeze blew black clouds of coal-dust as it eddied around the skeleton of structural iron-work,—to a small house at the mine-mouth, sheathed in corrugated iron, where the broken line formed a column, and the men, one by one, passed through a gate by a small window and gave their numbers to a red-faced man who checked down in a great book the men who were entering the mine.

From the window we passed along to a little inclosure directly above the mouth of the main hoisting-shaft. Sheer above it the black tower of the tippie pointed up into the hot, blue morning sky; and the dull, dry heat of the flat Illinois country seemed to sink down around it. But from the square, black mouth of the shaft a strong, steady blast of cool air struck the faces of the men who stood at the head of the little column waiting for the next hoist.

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On the one side of the shaft-mouth, long lines of empty railroad cars stretched out beyond into the flat country, each waiting its turn to be filled some time during the day with coal that would come pouring down over the great screens in the tippie; and on the other side of the shaft-mouth, under the seamed roof of the building where the checker wrote down the numbers of the day-shift, sat the hoisting engineer — a scrawny, hard-faced man with a mine-cap pushed back from his forehead.

Beside him was the great drum on which the long steel cables that lifted and lowered the hoisting-cage were rapidly unwinding, and in his hand he held a lever by which he controlled the ascent or descent of the 'cage.' The first cage had been lowered, and as I watched him and the dial before him, I saw his hand follow his eye, and as the white arrow passed the 300-foot level, the hand drew back a notch and the long, lithe wire began to uncoil more slowly. Three hundred and fifty feet — and another notch — and as the arrow reached near the 400-foot mark, his foot came down hard on the brake, and a minute later a bell at his elbow sounded the signal of the safe arrival of the hoist. A minute, and another signal; and then, releasing his foot from the brake, and pulling another lever toward him, the drums, reversed, began to re-wind; and as the arrow flew backwards, I realized that the cage was nearing the top, — the cage on which a minute later I was to make my descent as a 'loader' into one of the largest, and perhaps most famous, of the vast soft-coal mines that lie in our Middle States.

As the thin cables streamed upward and over the sheave-wheels above the shaft and down to the reeling-drums, I looked at the men about me and felt a sudden mortification at the clean blue of my overalls, and the bright polish on my pick and shovel. A roar at the

shaft-mouth, the grind of the drums as the brakes shot in, and the cage lifted itself suddenly from the shaft.

The cage, or elevator, on which the men were lowered into the mine, was a great steel box divided into four super-imposed compartments, each holding ten men, and I stood, with nine others, crowded on the first or lowest deck. As the last man pushed into his place and we stood shoulder to shoulder, the hoisting engineer slowly slipped his lever again toward him, and as slowly the cage sank. Then, in an instant, the white-blue of the sky was gone, except for a thin crack below the deck above us, through which a sheet of white light sliced in and hung heavily in the dusty air of our compartment. The high song of the generators in the power-house, the choking puffs of the switch-engine in the yards, and the noise of men and work which I had not noticed before, I now suddenly missed in the absence of sound. There was a shuffling of feet on the deck above, and again we sank, and this time all was darkness, while we paused for the third deck to fill. Once more — and again for the fourth. Then, as the cage started and the roar of the shoes on the guide-rails struck my ears, I looked at the men about me. They were talking in a whirr of foreign words; and in the greasy yellow light of their pit-lamps, which hung like miniature coffee-pots in the brims of their caps, the strong, hard lines of their faces deepened. The working day was begun.

As the cage shot down, the wall of the shaft seemed to slip up, and from its wet, slimy surface an occasional spatter of mud shot in on the faces of the miners. Strong smells of garlic, of sweat, and of burning oil filled the compartment, and the air, which sucked up through the cracks beneath our feet as though under the force of a piston, fanned and pulled the yellow flames in the men's caps into smoking streaks.

Then I felt the speed of the 'hoist' diminish. A pressure came in my ears and I swallowed hard; and a second later, a soft yet abrupt pause in our descent brought me down on my heels. The black wall of the shaft before me suddenly gave away and we came to a stop on the bottom of the mine.

It was cool, and after the heat of a July morning, the damp freshness of the air chilled me. With dinner-pails banging against our knees we pushed out of the hoist; and as the men crowded past me, I stood with my back against a great timber and looked around me. Behind, the hoist had already sunk into the 'sump' or pit, at the bottom of the shaft, in order that the men on the second compartment might pass out into the mine; and a second later they swarmed by me—and still I stood, half-dazed by the roar of unknown sounds, my eyes blanketed by the absence of light, and my whole mind smothered and crushed. I was standing just off the main entry or tunnel of the mine, which began on my left hand out of blackness and passed again, on my right, into a seeming wall of darkness. The low, black roof, closely beamed with great timbers, was held by long lines of great whitewashed tree-trunks. A few electric lights shone dimly through their dust-coated globes, and the yellow flames from the men's pit-lamps, which had flared so bright in the compartment of the hoisting-cage, seemed now but thin tongues of flame that marked rather than disclosed the men.

Out of the blackness on the left, two tracks passed over a great pit and stretched on into the blackness on the right, as though into the wall of the coal itself. Then, far off, a red signal-light winked out and made distance visible; and beyond it came the sound of grinding wheels; there was the gleam of a headlight on the steel rails. The ray grew larger and two yellow sparks

above it flamed out into pit-lights. A train was coming out of the entry and I waited until it should pass. With a grind of brakes it suddenly loomed out of the blackness and into the dull haze of light at the shaft-bottom. With a roar it passed by. The locomotive, a great iron box, was built like a battering-ram, the headlight set in its armored bow, and behind, on two low seats, as in a racing automobile, sat the motorman and the 'trip-rider' or helper, the motorman with one hand on the great iron brake-wheel, the other on his controller, and the trip-rider swinging on his low seat, half on the motor and half over the coupling of the rocking car behind, clinging to the pole of the trolley. Their faces were black with the coal-dust, — black as the motor and their clothing, — and from their pit-lamps the flames bent back in the wind and streamed out straight along their cap-tops. Low above the head of the trip-rider the wheel on the trolley streaked out sudden bursts of greenish-white sparks along the wire; and as the train passed by, the roar of the locomotive gave place to the clattering of the couplings of the long string of stocky cars, each heaped high with its black load of coal. Some one seized me by the elbow.

'What's yer number,' he asked.

'419.'

'Loader? New man?'

I nodded.

'Then come along with me.'

He was a tall, thin man, who walked with his head thrown forward and his chin against his chest as though in constant fear of striking the low beams overhead. I followed him, stumbling rather clumsily over the broken coal beside the track. The train had come to a stop over the pit between the rails, and men with iron bars were beating loose the frogs and releasing the hopper-bottoms of the cars. Heavy clouds of

fine coal-dust poured up from the cars as the coal roared down into the bins; and the clanking of metal, the crash of falling coal, and the unintelligible shouting of the foreigners, filled the entry with a dull tumult of sounds. Dodging the low trolley-wire which hung about five feet above the rails, we crawled across the coupling between two of the cars to the other side of the entry and walked to the left, past the locomotive where the motorman was still sitting in his low seat, waiting to pull out his train of empty cars into the sudden darkness of the tunnel beyond. Then, for the first time, I learned that mines are echoless, and that sound — like light — is absorbed by the blotter-like walls of the tunnels.

We walked down the entry between the rails, and after a hundred yards turned with the switch in the track sharply to the right, and again on. Sense of direction or angles was lost, and, like the faces in a foreign race of people, where one can see little or no individuality, so here, each corner seemed the same, and in a hundred yards I was utterly lost. Above was the smooth, black roof; below, the ties and the rails; and on either side, behind the two long rows of props, the face of the coal-seam, which glittered and sparkled in the light from our pit-lamps like a dull diamond. We talked a little. My companion asked me where I had worked before, how much I knew of mines, and a few other questions; and still we walked on, dodging the low wire that comes level with one's ear, and stumbling over the layer of broken coal that lay strewn here and there between the rails.

The silence was like the darkness — a total absence of sound, rather than stillness, as my first impression of the mine had been that of an absence of light, rather than of darkness. The smoking lights in our caps seemed to

press out through the blackness twenty feet around us, where the light disappeared and was gone. And always in front of us, out of the black darkness, the two long lines of props on either side of the track stepped one by one into the yellow haze of light and sank again into darkness behind us as we walked.

The air was cool and damp, but as we turned the last corner the dampness seemed suddenly gone from it. It was warmer and closer. Here the track swerved up from one of the main tunnels into a 'room,' and at the end, or 'heading' of this room, which we reached a few minutes later, empty and waiting for its first load, stood one of the square cars which I had seen before at the mine-bottom and which we passed several times on sidings by the track. The car was pushed up to the end of the track and its wheels 'spragged' by two blocks of coal. Here the tunnel suddenly ended, and from the blank, back 'face' a rough, broken pile of coal streamed down on both sides of the car and reared up before it against the roof.

'Just shovel 'er full, then wait till the motor takes her out and sends in an empty, and fill that one. I'll look in on you once in a while and see how you're getting along.'

Then he turned and walked down the track and left me in the dim light of my single pit-lamp.

II

In the first days of coal-mining — as in many mines to-day where modern methods have not superseded those of old-time miners — a man did all the work. With his hand-drill he bored into the face of the coal at the head of his room, or entry, and from his keg of powder he made long cartridges and inserted them into his drill-holes. Then, when the coal was blasted down, and he had broken it with a pick, he loaded it

with his shovel into a car; and trimming square the face of the tunnel, propping when necessary, he pushed on and on until he broke through and joined the next tunnel or completed the required length of that single entry.

But to-day these conditions are, in most instances, changed. The work begins with the 'machine-men,' who operate the 'chain-machines.' In order that the blast may dislodge by gravity an even block of coal the dimensions of the cross-section of the tunnel, these men cut with their machines a 'sump-cut,' or, in other words, carve out an opening level with the floor, about six inches high and six feet deep at the end of the tunnel. The machines — which are propelled by electricity — consist of a motor and a large oblong disk, about which travels an endless chain containing sharp steel 'bits' or picks. The machine is braced, the current turned on, and the disk advanced against the coal, automatically advancing as the bits grind out the coal. As soon as the machine has entered to the full six feet, the disk is withdrawn and the cut continued until it extends across the entire face.

In the evening the drillers, with their powerful air-drills, bore a series of five or six six-foot 'shot-holes,' four along the roof, and two on each side for the 'rib-shots.' Then a third crew of men, the 'shot-firers,' fill the deep drill-hole with long cartridges of coarse black powder, and blast down the coal, which falls broken and crumbled into the cut prepared by the machine-men. In the morning, when the ever-moving current of air, forced into the mine by the fan at the mouth of the air-shaft, has cleared away the dust and smoke, the loaders enter the mine and all day long load into the ever-ready cars the coal that has been blasted down, until the 'place' is cleaned up, and their work is done. Then they move on to another 'place,'

and so the work goes on in a perfect system of rotation.

My companion had told me, as we walked from the mine-bottom, that his name was Billy Wild. 'Call me Billy,' he said; and as we walked down the track to the main entry, he turned and called over his shoulder, 'You're in Room 27, third west-south. That's where you are, if you want to know.' The light in my lamp was burning low, and I sat down on a pile of coal beside the track, lifted it out of the socket in my cap, and pried up the wick with a nail which one of the men 'on top' had given me for the purpose. Then I stripped to the waist and began to load, shovelful after shovelful, each lifted four feet and turned over into the waiting car, for two long hours, sometimes stopping to break with my pick great blocks of coal that were too large to lift, even with my hands. Then finally, lumps of coal began to show above the edge of the car, and I 'trimmed' it, lifting some of the larger pieces to my knees, then against my chest, and then throwing them up on the top of the pile.

The noise of the shovel scraping against the floor and the clatter of the coal as the great pile slid down and filled each hole that I dug out at its foot, filled the tunnel with friendly sounds; but when the car was loaded and I slipped on my coat and sat down on a pile of fine coal-dust beside the track to wait, silence suddenly submerged me. I could hear my heart beat, and curious noises sang in my ears. Up in the roof, under the stratum of slate above the coal, came a trickling sound like running water — the sound of gas seeping out through the crevices in the coal. I was wet with sweat, and my face, hands, and body were black where the great cloud of dust which my shovel had created, had smeared my wet skin. Dull pains in the small of my back

caught me when I moved, and every muscle in my body ached. (In a week my hands had blistered, the blisters had broken, and then over the cracked flesh ingrained with coal-dust healing callouses had begun to form.)

Then, far off in the distance, came a muffled, grinding sound that grew louder and louder, — a sound that almost terrified. A dull, yellow light, far down in the mouth of the room, outlined the square of the tunnel, and then, around the corner came the headlight of the electric 'gathering' or switching locomotive, and above it, the bobbing yellow flames of two pit-lamps. With a grinding roar, the motor struck the upgrade and came looming up the tunnel, filling it with its bulk. There was sound and the silence was gone. The coupling of the locomotive locked with the coupling of the waiting car, and they rumbled away. Once more the locomotive came, this time with an 'empty' to be filled. In the old days, mules were used to 'gather' the loaded cars, and, in fact, are still employed in most mines to-day; but electricity permits bigger loads, and the dozen or two of mules that lived in the mine were used only where it was impossible to run the locomotives.

At the end of the week I was given a companion, or 'buddy.' Our lockers in the wash-house were near together, and we usually went down on the same hoist; but some mornings I would find Jim ahead of me, waiting by the scale-house. Jim rarely took the full benefit of the wash-house privileges, and morning found him with the dirt and grime of the work of the previous day still on his face. He was a Greek, short, with a thin, black moustache, which drooped down into two 'rat-tail' points. Around each eye a heavy black line of coal-dust was penciled, as though by an actor's crayon. His torn black working clothes, greasy with oil dripped from his pit-

lamp, hung on him like rags on a scarecrow. From the scale-house we walked up the now familiar entries in 'third west-south' to the room where we worked, and dug out our picks and shovels from under a pile of coal where we had hidden them the night before. Then in the still close air of the silent room we began each morning to fill the first car.

Down in the scale-house, where the cars were hauled over the scales set in the track, before being dumped into the bins between the rails, Old Man Davis took the weights; and when the loader's number — a small brass tag with his number stamped upon it — was given to him, he marked down opposite it the pounds of coal to the loader's credit; and so each day on the great sheet, smootched with his dusty hands, stood a record of each man's strength measured in tons of coal.

When Jim and I worked together, we took turns hanging our numbers inside the car, and each night we remembered to whose credit the last car had been, and the next morning, if my number had been hung in the last car of the day before, Jim would pull one of his tags out of his pocket and hang it on the hook just inside the edge of the empty car. Then, he on one side and I on the other, we worked, shovelful after shovelful, until the coal showed above the edge. And then came the 'trimming' with the great blocks that had to be lifted and pushed with our chests and arms up on the top of the filled car.

Time went slowly then, for we could load a car together in less than an hour; and sometimes it took an hour and a half before the 'gathering' motor would come grinding up into the room to give us an 'empty.' In those long half-hours we would sit together on a pile of coal-dust beside the track and try to talk to each other.

Jim was a Greek, and from what I was able to gather, he came from somewhere in the southern part of the peninsula. I remembered a little Homer, and I often tried stray words on him; but my pronunciation of the Greek of ancient Athens was not the Greek of Jim Bardas; and although he recognized attempts at his own tongue and oftentimes the meaning of the words, it was not until we discovered a system of writing that we began to get along. Mixed in with the coal that had been blasted down by the shot-firers the night before, we occasionally found strips of white paper from the cart-ridges. We always saved these and laid them beside our dinner-pails; and when the car was filled and we had sat down again in the quiet beside the track, we would take our pit-lamps out of our caps and, rubbing our fingers in the greasy gum of oil and coal-dust that formed under the lamp-spout, we would write words with our fingers on the white strips of paper: *ἄνθρωπος*, *ἵππος*, *ἑλληνες*.

Jim knew some English, the word for coal, car, loader — and he learned that my name was Joe, and called me 'My friend,' and 'buddie.' Then sometimes, after the fascination of writing words had worn away, we would sit still and listen to the gas or for the approach of the motor; and sometimes when the wicks in our lamps had burned low, I would take out of my pocket the round ball of lamp-wick and, like old women with a skein of yarn, we would wind back and forth, from his fingers to my own, sixteen strands of lamp-wick; and then, tying the end in a rude knot and breaking it off, stick the skein of wick down the spout of the lamp until only the end remained in sight. Next, lifting the little lid on the top, we would fill the body with oil, shaking it until the wick was thoroughly soaked so that it would burn.

III

There was comparatively little gas in the mine. Each morning, as we entered our room, we made a rough test for gas, for occasionally during the night some door down in the entry was accidentally left open and the air-current, short-circuited, might fail to reach up into the room and clean out the ever-generating gas. And so, as we left the entry, we would take our lamps from our caps and, walking one before the other, holding them out before us and slowly lifting them above our heads, watch to see if a sudden spurt of blue flame from the pit-lamps would disclose the presence of 'fire-damp,' the most feared of all mine-gases.

There is always some gas up under the roof at the head of a room or an entry, and when the cars were loaded we would sometimes burn it out, holding our lamps high up against the roof until the gas up in the end of a drill-hole, or in a hollow of a rock, burst suddenly into a soft blue and yellow flame that puffed out against the roof and down toward our hands. There was never much of it, but once in a while where the drill bored through into a pocket, there was more gas than the men anticipated; and twice I have seen men come staggering down the entry, holding their faces in their hands, when the flame had swerved suddenly down and caught them. We could always hear it — the trickling, like water running over pebbles; and sometimes, too, as we sat and waited, we could hear far up in the strata above a sudden crackling as the pressure of four hundred feet of solid stone bent beneath its weight the supporting timbers and pillars of coal that held up the roof of the mine. Old miners call these noises the 'working' of a mine; and often, where the rooms were close together and the walls of coal between

them were thin, there was a constant splintering sound and louder noises that would bring us suddenly to our feet in a little panic of fear.

It is not the loading, nor the long hours with the shovel and pick, that grind into the brain; but it is the silence and the waiting, the silence and then the sounds, and then the silence again.

A coal-mine is a vast city in an underground world. Beside the hoisting-shaft, down which the men are lowered into the mine and from which the coal is lifted in great 'skips,' or more often in the mine-cars themselves, there is the air-shaft. These are usually the only two connections between the mine and the outer world. Shaft one, where we worked, was about four hundred feet below the surface, and comprised over seventy-five miles of tunnels laid out by the engineers' transit according to a perfect system for the hauling of the coal and the ultimate mining of the maximum quantity. From the air-shaft to the hoisting-shaft ran the main tunnel, or entry; and parallel and at right angles with this tunnel ran other entries, dividing the mine into great sections.

Down into the air-shaft, every hour of the day and night, an enormous fan in the fan-house at the top of the shaft pumped air into the mine, and by means of many doors, stoppings, and bridges or 'overcasts,' this strong current of air passed through every mile of tunneling, never crossing its own path and never stopping, until it again reached the main entry, but this time at the foot of the hoisting-shaft, through which — fouled by the gases, the dust, and impurities of the mine — it poured out, a cold blast in summer, and in winter a tower of misty vapor that ascended far into the structure of the tippie-tower above the shaft-mouth. To keep this current of air

from taking the path of the least resistance and 'short-circuiting,' cutting off whole sections of the mine, there was arranged a system of doors which were opened to allow the trains and the mine-cars to pass, and closed again when they had gone through. As an additional precaution to take care of this life-blood circulation, without which work in the mine would be impossible, inspectors — whose duty it was to measure the strength of the current, and to inspect the doors and stoppings to see that no part of the mine escaped the cleansing draft — passed constantly from place to place, testing for the presence of gas with their safety-lamps, and ever measuring the volume and flow of the air-current.

And through all this vast system of tunnels ran the great underground electric railway, with its low-hanging wire, its switching-stations, its sidings, and its main belt-line. Small electric locomotives in the various outlying sections of the mine gathered the loaded cars from the rooms where they were filled by the loaders, and made up the trains on sidings near the main belt-line. All day long the large 13-ton locomotives gathered these trains and dragged them past the scale-house — where Old Man Davis checked up the weight of the loaded cars to each man's credit — to the great pit between the rails at the foot of the hoisting-shaft, where half-naked, blackened Greeks beat open the hopper-bottoms and dropped the coal down into the waiting bins below. And from the bins, with automatic regularity, giant buckets or 'skips' lifted the coal four hundred and six feet upward to the open air, and then fifty feet more to the top of the tippie-tower, where like a tumbling torrent it poured down over the sorting-screens into the railroad cars beneath.

There were four hundred men on the day-shift; and the loaders were, for

the most part, Bulgarians and Greeks. Few spoke English, and few had been many years in America. Some worked and saved in order to return at a future day to the Old Country and purchase with their earnings an acre or two that would give them a position in the little village of their birth. Others plodded on, sending monthly remittances to their families and hoping against hope that they too might some day return. Others, with less strong ties of home and country, spent their earnings prodigally on gay clothes from the Company Store, and much beer in the evening at the long boarding-houses half a mile from the mine.

There was Big John, a huge Bulgarian giant, who had figured that a dollar a day was sufficient to give him all that life offered. His great body was able to earn twice that sum during the working day, for we were paid entirely by piece-work, and a loader, at the rate of twelve and a half cents a ton, might earn as high as \$2.25 a day. But he was lazy, and learning that the only excuse for laziness was sickness, each day at two o'clock in the afternoon, Big John presented himself to Pete Christofalus, the 'cage-boss,' at the mine-bottom, and rubbing his stomach with one hand, told him, 'Me sick; thees place no got steam, no can work,' and demanded that he be allowed to leave the mine. There were others who would work at night, in addition to the day, if they were permitted. An old Russian and his son, who would enter the mine on the earliest shift in the morning, worked all day long, enraged and clamoring for cars if they did not receive empties immediately, and sometimes the track-men on the night-shift would find them loading all the empty cars that they could find and leaving late at night, to retire alone to the corner of the room at the boarding-house in which they lived.

Once or twice on Greek Church days the white starched kilts and braided jackets of Macedonia gave color to the dingy streets, and once came a half-dozen Egyptians who added their copper faces to our medley of nations. The head men were Americans, Scotchmen, and Englishmen. I can remember how 'Uncle Jimmy' wept on the Fourth of July when the band played 'Dixie,' and how quiet steel-eyed Sandy would take his fiddle (Harry Lauder had been in St. Louis that winter), and marching up and down the little parlor of his house, stroke out with no tender touch, but with a wealth of feeling, 'I Love a Lassie.'

'Little Dick,' interpreter, spoke ten tongues, and read Virgil. When he was drunk you might guess that he had been once a gentleman, and that there was a reason for his leaving Austria; dull sobriety vulgarized him.

In every tunnel ran the long, thin pipe along the rail, through which came the compressed air to drive the air-drills of the night-shift. The air in the room-headings was supposed to be good enough for men to work in if it was free from gas, but sometimes when the smoke from the pit-lamps and the smells of sweat and garlic, and the fine clouds of coal-dust that rose against the roof with every shovelfull, made it rank and choking, we would take our picks, and working loose the valve in the air-pipe, hold our hands and faces in the strong, cool stream that seemed to come, driven by an unknown power, from a world above.

The temperature in a mine is about the same, year in and year out; cool in summer, and warm in winter, in comparison to the outer air; but when the exertion of labor brought the sweat streaming out from every pore, the water in our dinner-buckets seemed sometimes almost too warm to drink, and it was Jim who taught me to loosen

the valve on the air-pipe and, propping my dinner-bucket with a chunk of coal against the vent, chill the water with a blast of compressed air.

Day after day we loaded, and one day when the great pile of coal that had been shot down by the night-men had been shoveled into the cars and dragged away, and we had attacked the loosened blocks at the head of the room with our picks, there was a hollow sound, and a minute later my pick struck through and we found that we had broken into the heading of a room driven from another entry in the opposite direction from ours; and half an hour later we were talking to two Greeks who had climbed through the opening.

Up in the wash-house, by a locker near to my own, I often chatted with another loader at the beginning or at the end of the day. We went down on the same hoist one morning, and an hour later, as my first car stood half-filled, the section boss came tramping noisily up the track and told us that the shift was called off. As we reached bottom, a motor came grinding down the track, and in the pale light of the pit-lamps and the flashing green of the trolleys, we saw a long, white bundle, wrapped in the coarse canvas that is used to build stoppings for the ventilation system. It was the man whom I had known in the wash-house — the man who, an hour before, had gone with me into the mine. We had parted at the mine-bottom, and he had gone up to his room, a half-mile from the shaft; a room in which the track, turning from the main entry, ran up at a fairly high grade to the heading. There he found an empty car waiting for him — one of the great, heavy, square cars that stood ready each morning to begin the day. Climbing up, perhaps to hang his brass tag inside, he had kicked loose from under the wheel the block of wood that held

it, or perhaps the weight of his body had moved the car; at all events, it had become loosened and had started down the track. Catching a piece of wood in his hand, he had followed it, vainly trying to block its wheels. At the foot of the room, where it joined the main entry at right angles, the track ran within a few inches of the solid wall of coal. In the darkness, the man had misjudged his distance and the car had caught him between the coal and its side, and had passed on.

That evening, as we walked home to the boarding-house, we saw a dozen men walk slowly from the Company Hospital carrying on their shoulders a long white-pine box. Perhaps he had hoped some day to return to his village; perhaps he sent monthly remittances to his family in some obscure town in the Croatian highlands; or perhaps he had come alone, seeking a fortune in a new land.

IV

To the ear accustomed to the constant sound of a living world, the stillness of a coal-mine, where the miles of cross-cuts and entries and the unyielding walls swallow up all sounds and echo, is a silence that is complete; but, as one becomes accustomed to the silence through long hours of solitary work, sounds become audible that would escape an ear less trained. The trickling murmur of the gas; the spattering fall of a lump of coal, loosened by some mysterious force from a cranny in the wall; the sudden knocking and breaking of a stratum far up in the rock above; or the scurry of a rat off somewhere in the darkness — strike on the ear loud and startlingly. The eye, too, becomes trained to penetrate the darkness; but the darkness is so complete that there is a limit, the limit of the rays cast by the pit-lamp.

There is a curious thing that I have

noticed, and as I have never heard it mentioned by any of the other men, perhaps it is an idea peculiar to myself; but on days when I entered the mine with the strong yellow sunlight and the blue sky as a last memory of the world above, I carried with me a condition of fair weather that seemed to penetrate down into the blackness of the entries and make my pit-lamp burn a little more brightly. On days when we entered the mine with a gray sky above, or with a cold rain beating in our faces, there was a depression of spirits that made the blackness more dense and unyielding, and the lights from the lamps seemed less cheerful.

Sometimes the roof was bad in the rooms, and I soon learned from the older miners to enter my room each morning testing gingerly with my pit-lamp for the presence of gas and reaching far up with my pick, tapping on the smooth stone roof to test its strength. If the steel rang clean against the stone, the roof was good; but if it sounded dull and drummy, it might be dangerous. Sometimes, when the roof was weak, we would call for the section boss and prop up the loosened stone; but more often, the men ran their risk. We worked so many days in safety that it seemed strange that death could come; and when it did come, it came so suddenly that there was a surprise, and the next day we began to forget.

I had heard much of the dangers that the miner is exposed to, but little has been said of the risks to which the men through carelessness subject themselves. Death comes frequently to the coal-miners from a 'blown-out shot.' When the blast is inserted in the drill-hole, several dummy cartridges are packed in for tamping. If these are properly made and tamped, the force of the explosion will tear down the coal properly, but if the man has been careless in his work, the tamps will blow out

like shot from a gun-barrel, and igniting such gas or coal-dust as may be present, kill or badly burn the shot-firers. The proper tamping is wet clay, but it is impossible to convince the men of it, and nine out of ten will tamp their holes with dummies filled with coal-dust (itself a dangerous explosive) scooped up from the side of the track. Again, powder-kegs are sometimes opened in a manner which seems almost the act of an insane man. Rather than take the trouble to unscrew the cap in the head of the tin powder-keg and pour out the powder through its natural opening, the miner will drive his pick through the head of the keg and pour the powder from the jagged square hole he has punched. And these are but two of the many voluntary dangers which a little care on the part of the men themselves would obviate.

A mine always seems more or less populated when the day-shift is down, for during the hours of the working day, in every far corner, at the head of every entry and room, there are men drilling, loading, and ever pushing forward its boundaries. At five o'clock the long line of blackened miners which is formed at the foot of the hoisting-shaft, begins to leave the mine; and by six o'clock, with the exception of a few inspectors and fire-bosses, the mine is deserted.

The night-shift began at eight, and it was as though night had suddenly been hastened forward, to step from the soft evening twilight on the hoist, and, in a brief second, leave behind the world and the day and plunge back into the darkness of the mine.

We were walking up the track from the mine-bottom toward six west-south,—Billy Wild, Pat Davis, two track-repairers, and I. As we turned the corner by the run-around, there came suddenly from far off in the thick stillness a faint tremor and a strong

current of air. The 'shooters' were at work. For a quarter of a mile we walked on, stopping every once in a while to listen to the far-off 'boom' of the blasts that came through the long tunnels, faint and distant, as though muffled by many folds of heavy cloth. We pushed open the big trappers' door just beyond where First and Second Right turn off from the main entry, and came into the faint yellow glow of a single electric lamp that hung from the low beamed roof.

Beside the track in a black niche cut in the wall of coal, two men were working. A safe twenty feet from them their lighted pit-lamps flared where they were hung by the hooks from one of the props. Round, black cans of powder tumbled together in the back of the alcove, a pile of empty paper tubes, and great spools of thick, white fuse lay beside them. We sat down on the edge of the track at a safe distance from the open powder, and watched them as they blew open the long, white tubes and with a battered funnel poured in the coarse grains of powder until the smooth, round cartridge was filled, a yard or two of white fuse hanging from its end. In fifteen minutes they had finished, and one of the men gathered in his arms the pile of completed cartridges and joined us in the main entry.

A few minutes later, as we neared the heading, a sudden singing 'boom' came down strongly against the air-current and bent back the flames in our pit-lamps. Far off in the blackness ahead, a point of light marked the direction of the tunnel; another appeared. Suddenly, from the thick silence, came the shrill whine of the air-drills. A couple of lamps, like yellow tongues of flame, shone dimly in the head of the tunnel and the air grew thick with a flurry of fine coal-dust. Then below the bobbing lights appeared the bodies of two men, stripped to the waist, the

black coating of dust that covered them moist with gleaming streaks of sweat.

'How many holes have you drilled?' yelled Wild, his voice drowned by the scream of the long air-drill as the writhing bit tore into the coal.

There was a final convulsive grind as the last inch of the six-foot drill sank home, then the sudden familiar absence of sound save for the hiss of escaping air.

'All done here.'

Slowly the two men pulled the long screw blade from the black breast of the coal, the air-hose writhing like a wounded snake about their ankles. The driller who had spoken wiped his sweaty face with his hands, his eyes blinking with the dust. He picked up his greasy coat from beside the track and wrapped it around his wet shoulders.

'Look out for the gas,' he shouted. 'There is a bit here, up high.'

He raised his lamp slowly to the jagged roof. A quick blue flame suddenly expanded from the lamp and puffed down at him as he took away his hand.

In the black end of the tunnel six small holes, each an inch and a half in diameter and six feet deep, invisible in the darkness and against the blackness of the coal, marked where the blasts were to be placed. On the level floor, stretching from one wall of the entry to the other, the undercut had been ground out with the chain-machines by the machine-men during the afternoon, and as soon as the blasts were in and the fuses lighted, the sudden wrench of these charges would tear down a solid block of coal six feet deep by the height and depth of the entry, to fall crushed and broken into the sump-cut, ready for the loaders on the following morning.

Selecting and examining each cartridge, the shooters charged the drill-

holes. Two cartridges of black powder, tamped in with a long copper-headed rod, then dummies of clay for wads, leaving hanging like a great white cord from each charged drill-hole a yard of the long, white fuse.

We turned and tramped down the tunnel and squatted on the track a safe fifty yards away. Down at the end of the tunnel we had just deserted bobbed the tiny flames of the lights in the shooters' pit-caps. There was a faint glow of sparks. 'Coming!' they yelled out through the darkness, and we heard them running as we saw their lights grow larger. For a minute we silently waited. Then from the far end of the tunnel, muffled and booming like the breaking of a great wave in some vast cave, came a singing roar, now like the screech of metal hurled through the air, and the black end of the tunnel flamed suddenly defiant; a solid square of crimson flames, like the window of a burning house; and a roar of flying air drove past us, putting out our lights and throwing us back against the rails.

'It's a windy one,' yelled Wild. 'Look out for the rib-shots.'

Like a final curtain in a darkened theatre, a slow pall of heavy smoke sank down from the roof, and as it touched the floor, a second burst of flame tore it suddenly upward, and far down the entry, the trappers' door banged noisily in the darkness. Then we crept back slowly, breathing hard in an air thick with dust and the smell of the burnt black powder, to the end of the tunnel, where the whole face had been torn loose—a great pile of broken coal against the end of the entry.

Often, bits of paper from the cartridges, lighted by the blast, will start a fire in the piles of coal-dust left by the machine-men; and before the shooters leave a room that has been blasted, an examination must be made in order to prevent the possibility of fire.

All night long we moved from one entry to another, blasting down in each six feet more of the tunnel, which would be loaded out on the following day; and it was four in the morning before the work was finished.

It was usually between four and five in the morning when we left the mine. As we stepped from the hoist and left behind us the confining darkness, the smoky air, and the sense of oppression and silence of the mine below, the soft, fresh morning air in the early dawn, or sometimes the cool rain, seemed never more refreshing. One does not notice the silence of a mine so much upon leaving the noise of the outer world and entering the maze of tunnels on the day's work, as when stepping off the hoist in the early morning hours when the world is almost still: the sudden sense of sound and of living things emphasizes, by contrast, the silence of the underworld. There is a noise of life, and the very motion of the air seems to carry sounds. A dog barking half a mile away in the sleeping town sounds loud and friendly, and there seems to be a sudden clamor that is almost bewildering.

V

It is natural that a mine should have its superstitions. The darkness of the underworld, the silence, the long hours of solitary work, are all conditions ideal to the birth of superstition; and when the workmen are drawn from many nationalities, it is again but natural that the same should be true of their superstitions.

One night when Carlson, the general manager, was sitting in his office, there was a knock at the door, and two loaders, from the Hartz Mountains, came into the room, talking excitedly, with Little Dick, the interpreter. Their story was disconnected, but Carlson gathered the main facts. They had

been working in the northwest corner of the mine, in an older part of the workings, and on their way out that afternoon, as they were passing an abandoned room, they had noticed several lights far up at its heading. Knowing that the room was no longer being worked, and curious as to who should be there, they had walked up quietly toward the lights. Here their story became more confused. There were two men they insisted — and they were certain that they were dwarfs. They had noticed them carefully, and described them as little men, with great picks, who were digging or burying something in the clay floor at the foot of one of the props. A sudden terror had seized them, and they had not delayed to make further investigation; but on the way out they had talked together and had decided that these two strange creatures had been burying some treasure: 'a pot of gold,' one of them argued.

Carlson was interested. The questions and answers grew more definite and more startling. The two men whom they had seen were certainly hump-backed. They were wielding enormous picks, and one of the loaders believed that he had seen them put something into the hole. Then came their request that they might be allowed to go back that night into the mine, and with their own tools go to this abandoned room and dig for the buried treasure. It was against precedent to allow any but the night-shift into the mine, but superstitions are demoralizing, and the best remedy seemed to be to allow them to prove themselves mistaken. An hour later they were lowered on the hoist; and all that night, alone in the silence of the mine, they dug steadily in the heading of the abandoned room, but no treasure was discovered. All the next night they dug, and it was not until seven nights' labor

had turned over a foot and a half of the hard clay of the entire heading that they abandoned their search.

It is the custom of the men, when they leave the mine at the close of the shift, to hide their tools; and the imaginations of the loaders, worked upon by eight hours of solitary work, had doubtless seen in the forms of two of their companions who were hiding their shovels the traditional gnomes of their own Hartz Mountains.

In another part of the mine another superstition was given birth that led to a more unfortunate result. This time it happened among the Croats, and, unfortunately, the story was told throughout the boarding-houses before the bosses learned of it, and one morning a great section of the mine was abandoned by the men. Up in the headings of one of the entries — so the story went — lived the ghost of a white mule. As the men worked with the coal before them, and the black emptiness of the tunnel behind, this phantom mule would materialize silently from the wall of the entry, and with the most diabolical expression upon its face, creep quietly down behind its intended victim, who — all unconscious of its presence — would be occupied in loading his car. If the man turned, and for even a fraction of a second his eyes rested upon the phantom, the shape would suddenly disappear; but if he were less fortunate and that unconscious feeling of a presence behind him did not compel him to turn his eyes, the phantom mule would sink his material teeth deep into the miner's shoulder; and death would follow. It was fortunate, indeed, that the only two men who had been visited by this unpleasant apparition had turned and observed him.

Perhaps it had been the sudden white glare cast from the headlight of a locomotive far down the entry, or per-

haps it had been entirely the imagination, but, at all events, a man had come from his work early one afternoon inspired with this strange vision, and the next day another man also had seen it. The story was noised around, and two days later the men stuck firmly to their determination that they would not enter that part of the mine. Fortunately for the superintendent, a crowd of Bulgarians had just arrived from East St. Louis seeking employment. The Croatians were sent into another part of the mine to work, a mile from the haunted entries, where there were no unpleasant ghosts of white mules to disturb their labors; and so long as the mine remained in operation there is no further record of the unpleasant ramblings of this fantastical animal; at least, none of the Bulgarians ever saw it.

With the mule came the ghost of a little white dog; but for some curious reason, although the dog was reported by many to have run out from abandoned rooms and barked at the men as they stumbled up the entry, but little attention was paid to it, and it seemed to possess no particularly disturbing influence.

There were many Negroes in the mine and they, too, had their 'h'ants' and superstitions; but these were of a more ordinary nature. In Room 2,

third west-south, a sudden fall of rock from the roof had caught two miners. Tons of stone had followed, and in a second, two men had been crushed, killed and buried. Death must have been instantaneous, and months of labor would have been required to recover the bodies, which were probably crushed out of human resemblance; but even years after this happened, Room 2 was one that was carefully avoided by all the Negroes, and if it ever became necessary for one of them to pass it alone, he would always go by on the run; for back under the tons of white shale that came down straight across the room-mouth the ghosts of Old Man Gleason and another, whose name was forgotten, still remained — immortal.

It was to prevent the establishment of such superstitions that the shift was always called off for the day if a man was killed in the mine; and the next morning when the men returned to their work, the section boss of that section in which the unfortunate miner had met his death took particular care to place several men together at that place in order that no superstition might grow up around it.

[In the next issue, Mr. Husband will describe a long fight against fire in the mine. — THE EDITORS.]

THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

[Lord Milton, son of the Earl of Valleys, and grandson of Lady Casterley of 'Ravensham,' is in the thick of a political campaign. By birth, training, and education he represents the old order, and is opposed by Humphrey Chilcox, with whom is associated a socialistic leader, Courtier, who is an enthusiast in the cause of Peace.

Milton, dreamy and ascetic, meets by chance a Mrs. Noel, discreetly referred to by the family as 'Anonyma.' They are mutually attracted. Little is known of her antecedents, and Lady Casterley determines to keep them apart. During one of his daring speeches against Milton's candidacy, a mob attacks Courtier, and Milton goes to his rescue. To do so, he happens, by chance, to leave Mrs. Noel's house at a late hour in the evening. In the resulting fray Courtier is slightly injured, and is removed to 'Ravensham.' While he is talking to Lady Valleys a young girl enters the drawing-room.]

VII

SHE had been riding, and wore high boots and a skirt which enabled her to sit astride. Her eyes were blue, and her hair — the color of beech-leaves in autumn with the sun shining through — was coiled up tight under a small soft hat. Five feet nine inches in height, she moved like one endowed with great length from the hip-joint to the knee; and there radiated from her whole face and figure such perfect joy in life, such serene, unconscious vigor, as though Care fled before her, and she had winged to the earth straight from the home of Good Fortune.

'Ah, Babs!' said Lady Valleys. 'My daughter Barbara — Mr. Courtier.'

Greeting Courtier with a smile of the frankest curiosity, the young girl said, —

'Milton's gone up to town, mother;

I was going to motor into Buckland-bury after lunch, and fetch Granny. Anything I can do for you?'

'Nothing, my dear; unless Mr. Courtier would like an airing. Is your leg fit, do you think?'

Having looked at Barbara, Courtier replied, —

'It is.'

From the Monkland estate, flowered, lawned, and timbered, to the open moor, was like passing to another world. When the last lodge of the western drive was left behind, there came into sudden view the most pagan bit of landscape in all England. In this parliament-house of the wild gods, clouds, rocks, sun, and winds met and consulted. The 'old' men too had left their spirits among the great stones, which lay couched like lions on the hill-tops, under the white clouds, their brethren, and the hunting buzzard-hawks. Here the very rocks were restless, changing form, sense, and color from day to day, as though worshipping the unexpected, and refusing themselves to law. The winds in their passage up here revolted against their courses, and came tearing down wherever there were combs or crannies, so that men in their shelters might still learn the power of the wild gods.

The wonders of this prospect were somewhat lost on Courtier, too busy admiring his young companion, too conscious of the curiosity masked by self-possession in her blue eyes.

They passed the wreck of a little

house standing close to a wild stone man who had possessed that hill before ever there were men of flesh. Over this sorry ruin one patch of roof still clung, but all the rest was open to the sun, the starlight, or the mist.

'They say,' said Barbara, 'that Ash-man is still seen in his Folly.'

'Alive?'

'Not quite — it's just a hundred years ago.'

'What made him build up here?'

'He hated women, and — the roof fell in on him.'

'I see: a crank — like me; I was almost going to say, like your brother, Lady Barbara.'

He saw her eyes opening wide; and this childlike gesture secretly delighted him.

'I don't think you must call Milton names. He is a dear.'

'I quite see that,' said Courtier.

An exhilaration had come on him. Whatever life might do to others, it could surely not touch this beautiful young creature! She was like a thoroughbred filly stepping out of Ascot paddock for her first race, with the sun gleaming on her satin chestnut skin, her neck held high, her eyes all fire — as sure to win as that God had made grass green. It was difficult to believe her Milton's sister. It was difficult to believe any of those four young Caradocs related. The grave ascetic Milton, wrapped in the garment of his spirit — mild, domestic, strait-laced Agatha — Bertie, muffled, shrewd, and steely — and this frank, joyful, conquering Barbara — the range was wide.

But the car had left the moor, and down a steep hill began to pass numbers of small villas and little gray workmen's houses outside the town of Bucklandbury.

'I have to go on to Milton's headquarters, Mr. Courtier. Shall I drop you at the enemy's? Stop, please, Frith.'

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And before Courtier could assent, they had pulled up at a house on which was inscribed with extraordinary vigor, 'Chilcox for Bucklandbury.'

Hobbling into the committee-room of Mr. Humphrey Chilcox, Courtier took with him the scented memory of youth, and ambergris, and Harris tweed. In that room three men were assembled round a table. The eldest of these, who had little gray eyes, a stubbly beard, and that mysterious something only found in those who have been mayors, rose at once and came toward him.

'Mr. Courtier, I believe,' he said bluffly; 'glad to see you, sir. Most distressed to hear of this outrage. Though in a way, it's done us good. Yes, really. Grossly against fair play. Should n't be surprised if it turned a couple of hundred votes. You carry the effects of it about with you, I see.'

A thin, refined man with wiry hair came up, too, holding a newspaper in his hand.

'It has had one rather embarrassing effect,' he said. 'Read this!'

"'Outrage on a Distinguished Visitor.'"

"'Lord Milton's Evening Adventure.'"

The man with the little eyes broke an ominous silence.

'One of our side must have seen the whole thing, jumped on his bicycle, and brought in the account before they went to press. They make no imputation on the lady — simply state the facts. Quite enough,' he added, with impersonal grimness; 'I think he's done for himself, sir.'

The man with the refined face said nervously, —

'We could n't help this, Mr. Courtier; I really don't know what we can do. I don't like it a bit.'

'Has your candidate seen it?' Courtier asked, in a rather husky voice.

'Can't have,' struck in the third committee-man; 'we had n't seen it ourselves until an hour ago.'

'I should never have permitted it,' said the man with the refined face; 'I blame the editor greatly.'

'Oh! well! come to that,' said the little-eyed man, 'it's a plain piece of news. If it makes a stir, that's not our fault. The paper imputes nothing; it states. Position of the lady happens to do the rest. Can't help that; and moreover, sir, speaking for self, don't want to. We'll have no loose morals in public life down here, please God!'

There was real feeling in his words; then, catching sight of the expression of Courtier's face, he added, 'Do you know this lady, sir?'

'Ever since she was a child. Whoever speaks evil of her, has to reckon with me.'

The man with the refined face said earnestly, —

'Believe me, Mr. Courtier, I entirely sympathize. We had nothing to do with the paragraph. It's one of those incidents where one benefits against one's will. Most unfortunate that this lady came out on to the green with Lord Milton; you know what people are.'

'It's the headline that does it,' said the third committee-man; 'they've put what will attract the public.'

'I don't know, I don't know,' said the little-eyed man stubbornly; 'if Lord Milton will spend his evenings with lonely ladies, he can't blame anybody but himself.'

Courtier looked from face to face.

'This closes my connection with the campaign,' he said. 'What's the address of this paper?'

And without waiting for an answer, he took up the journal and hobbled from the room. He stood a minute outside, to find the address of the paper, then made his way down the street.

VIII

Barbara sat leaning back amongst the cushions of the car. In spite of being already launched into that high-caste life which brings with it such early knowledge of the world, she had still some of that eagerness in her face which makes children lovable. And encircled by the aureole of her high destiny, she seemed to the citizens of Bucklandbury part of the glamour of that summer day. In their eyes, turned toward her, could be seen a glimmer of the devotion crystallized for all time in the eye of Botticelli's cow. A candle was lighted in their hearts at sight of her.

It was not merely that she was beautiful, for the girl in the post-office had as much beauty; it was rather that she satisfied for them the deep mysterious longing in the souls of Englishmen, to slant their eyes just a little upwards. That longing, crudely sneered at in the phrase, 'he dearly loved a lord,' had in truth built the whole national house, and insured it afterwards. No little thing was that upturned eye — the foe of cynicism, pessimism, or anything French or Russian; the parent of all the national virtues and all the national vices. It did not grudge or envy, but admired, and so it had founded sentiment; it could not see things fair and square, and so it had begotten muddle-headedness. It had brought forth the twins, independence and servility. It had encouraged conduct, and sat heavily on speculation. Men had called it snobbery; men had called it the political sense. It was very deep; and where it came from, no one knew.

Sitting in the centre of that upturned eye, Barbara looked at it a little eagerly, though a little carelessly. A little eagerly because life was full of joy, and this was part of life; a little carelessly because they were mostly such funny little people.

She was thinking of Courtier. To her he was a creature from another world, and something of a wounded knight. She wanted to stroke and pet him; to be amused and petted by him. She had met so many men, but not as yet one quite of this sort. It was rather nice to be with a man who was clever, who had none the less done so many out-door things, been through so many bodily adventures. The mere writers, or even the 'Bohemians,' whom she occasionally met, were after all only 'chaplains to the Court,' necessary to keep aristocracy in touch with the latest developments of literature and art. But this Mr. Courtier was a man of action; he could not be looked on with the amused, admiring toleration suited to men remarkable only for ideas, and the way they put them into paint or ink. He had used, and could use, the sword, even in the cause of Peace. He could love, had loved. If Barbara had been a girl of twenty in another class, she would probably never have heard this, and if she *had* heard, it might very well have dismayed or shocked her. But she had heard, and without shock; not because she was unhealthy-minded, but because she knew that men were like that, and women too sometimes.

It was with quite a little pang of motherly concern that she saw him hobbling down the street toward her. And when he was once more seated, she told the chauffeur, 'To the station, Frith. Quick, please!' and began, — 'You're not to be trusted a bit. What were you doing over there?'

But Courtier smiled grimly, and did not answer.

This was almost the first time Barbara had ever yet felt up against something that would not yield to her; she quivered, as though she had been touched lightly with a whip. Her lips closed firmly, and her eyes began to dance. 'Very well, my dear,' she

thought. But presently stealing a look at him, she became aware of such a queer expression on his face that she forgot she was offended.

'Is anything wrong, Mr. Courtier?'

'Yes, Lady Barbara, something is very wrong — that cursed mean thing, the human tongue.'

Barbara had an intuitive wisdom of the world, a knowledge of how to handle things, a kind of moral sang-froid, drawn in from the faces she had watched, the talk she had heard, from her youth up. She trusted those intuitions.

'Has it anything to do with Mrs. Noel?' Seeing that it had, she added quickly, 'And Milton?'

Courtier nodded.

'I thought that was coming. Let them babble! Who cares?'

Courtier looked at her. 'Good!' he said.

But the car had drawn up at Bucklandbury station.

The little steel-clad figure of Lady Casterley, coming out of the station doorway, showed but slight sign of her long travel. She stopped to take the car in, from chauffeur to Courtier.

'Well, Frith! Mr. Courtier, is it? I know your book, and I don't approve of you, sir; you're a dangerous man. How do you do? I must have those two bags. The cart can bring the rest — Randle, get up in front, and don't get dusty — Keep still, with your poor leg — We can sit three. — Now, my dear, I can kiss you! You've grown!'

Lady Casterley's kiss, once received, was never forgotten; neither perhaps was Barbara's. Yet were they different. For, in the first case, the old eyes, bright and investigating, could be seen deciding the exact spot for the lips to touch, then the face with its firm chin was darted forward; the lips paused a second, as though to make quite certain, suddenly dug hard and dry into

the middle of the cheek, quavered for the fraction of a second, as if trying to remember to be soft, and were relaxed like the elastic of a catapult. And Barbara's? First a sort of light came into her eyes, then her chin tilted a little, then her lips pouted a little, her body quivered, as if it were getting a size larger, her hair breathed, there was a sweet little sound, it was over.

While she was kissing her grandmother thus, Barbara looked at Courtier. 'Sitting three' as they were, he was touching her, and it seemed to her somehow that he did not mind this.

The wind had risen, blowing from the west, and sunshine was flying on it. There was a dapple of light, and blue-black shadows. The call of the cuckoos — a little sharpened — followed the swift-traveling car. And that essential sweetness of the moor, born of the heather-roots and the southwest wind, was stealing out from under the young ferns.

With her thin nostrils distended to this scent, Lady Casterley bore a resemblance to some small, fine, game-bird.

'You smell nice down here,' she said. 'Now, Mr. Courtier, before I forget — who is this Mrs. Noel that I hear so much of?'

For the life of her, Barbara could not help sliding her eyes round at him. How would he stand up to Granny? It was the moment to see what he was made of. Granny was terrific!

'A very charming woman, Lady Casterley.'

'No doubt; but I am tired of hearing that. What is her story?'

'Has she one?'

'Ha!' said Lady Casterley.

Ever so slightly Barbara let her arm press against Courtier's. It was delicious to hear Granny getting no forwarder.

'I may take it she *has* a past, then?'

'Not from me, Lady Casterley.'

And again Barbara gave him that imperceptible and flattering touch.

'Well, this is all very mysterious. I shall find out for myself. You know her, my dear. You must take me to see her.'

'Dear Granny! If people had n't pasts they would n't have futures.'

Lady Casterley let her little steel-like hand descend on her grand-daughter's thigh.

'Don't talk nonsense, and don't stretch,' she said, 'you're too large already.'

The great dining-hall at Monkland was one of the finest of its period in the United Kingdom. And since they who dined in it numbered, at the moment, only twelve, they were collected at a table athwart the eastern end.

From their casual references to this great room, no one would have suspected the Caradocs of the possessive pride in it which had soaked into their fibre till it had vanished into their spiritual life.

Courtier found them all in possession of the news. Lady Agatha and her husband, Sir William Shropton, — whose grandfather had been created a baronet by the fourth William, on account of a great and useful fortune made in iron, — had brought it back from Staverton. Lord Harbinger had been interrupted there in his speech by rude questions, and informed of the rumor afterwards by the local agent. The Hon. Geoffrey Winlow, having sent his wife on, had flown over in his bi-plane from Winkleigh, and brought a copy of 'the rag' with him. The one member of the house-party who had not heard the report before dinner, was Lord Dennis Fitz-Harold, Lady Casterley's brother, known in society by the nickname of 'Old Magnificat.'

Little, of course, was said at dinner.

But after the ladies had withdrawn, Harbinger, with that plain-spoken spontaneity which was rather charming in connection with his handsome face, uttered words to the effect that, if they did not fundamentally kick that rumor, it was all up with Milton. Really this was serious! And the beggars knew it, and they were going to work it. And Milton had gone up to town, no one knew what for. And it was the devil of a mess!

‘What is, my dear young man?’ The voice was that of ‘Old Magnificat’ — why so called, no one now knew, for the name had come down from the fifties, when he who bore it was at Eton.

Looking for the complement and counterpart of Lady Casterley, one would have chosen out her brother. All her steely decision was negated in the profound urbanity of that old man. His voice and look and manner were like his velvet coat, which had here and there a whitish sheen, as if it had been touched by moonlight. His hair too had that sheen. His very delicate features were framed in a white beard and moustache of Elizabethan shape. His eyes, hazel and still clear, looked out with a strange, rather touching directness, and that kindly simplicity which persists in the eyes of some old people who will never learn better. His face, though unweathered and unseamed, and too fine and dry in texture, had a strange affinity with the faces of old sailors or fishermen, who have lived a simple life of conduct in the light of an overmastering tradition.

Owing to lack of advertising power, natural to one not conscious of his dignity; and to his devotion to a certain lady, only closed by death, his life had been lived, as it were, in shadow. Yet, in spite of this, he possessed peculiar influence, because it was known to be impossible to get him to look at

things in a complicated way. He was regarded as a last resort. ‘Bad as that? Tut, tut! Well, there’s “Old Magnificat”!’ Try him! He won’t advise you, but he’ll say something. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!’

In the heart of that irreverent young man, Lord Harbinger, there stirred a sort of affectionate misgiving. Had he expressed himself too freely? Had he said anything too thick? He had forgotten the old boy! And stirring Bertie up with his foot, he murmured, ‘Forgot you did n’t know, sir. Bertie will explain.’

Thus called on, Bertie opened his lips a very little way, and fixing half-closed eyes on his great-uncle, began.

‘Lady at the cottage — nice woman — Mr. Courtier knows her — old Milton goes there sometimes — rather late the other evening — these devils making the most of it — suggesting, you know — lose him the election. Rot!’

His last word was rich with resentment. Old Milton had been a flat to let the woman out with him on to the green, showing clearly where he had come from when he ran out to Courtier’s rescue. Old Milton was as steady as Time; but you could n’t play about with women who had no form that any one knew anything of, however promising they might look.

What was to be done, then? Winlow asked. Should Milton be wired for? A thing like this spread like wild-fire!

Sir William Shropton — a man not accustomed to underrate difficulties — was afraid that it was going to be difficult. Lord Harbinger wished to know what Mr. Courtier had done when he heard it in the afternoon? Severed his connection? Good! Spoken his mind? Good! Cursed the editor? D—d good! Where was Milton? At Valleys House? It might n’t be too late to wire to him. The thing ought to be stemmed at once.

Then, out of another silence came the words, —

‘I am thinking of this poor lady.’

Turning a little abruptly toward that dry suave voice, and recovering the self-possession which seldom deserted him, Harbinger murmured, —

‘Ah! yes. Quite so, sir; of course.’

IX

In the lesser withdrawing-room, used when there was so small a party, Mrs. Winlow had gone to the piano and was playing to herself. For Lady Casterley, Lady Valleys, and her two daughters had drawn together, as though united in face of this invading rumor.

It was curious testimony to Milton’s character that, no more here than in the dining-hall, was there any doubt of the integrity of his relations with Mrs. Noel. But whereas there the matter was confined to its electioneering aspect, here that aspect was already perceived to be only the fringe of its importance. The feminine mind, going with intuitive swiftness to the core of anything which affected their own males, had already grasped the fact that the rumor would, as it were, chain a man of Milton’s temper to this woman.

But they were walking on such a thin crust of facts, and there was so deep a quagmire of supposition beneath, that talk was almost painfully difficult. Never before perhaps had each of these four women realized so clearly how much Milton — that rather strange and unknown grandson, son, and brother — counted in the scheme of things. Their suppressed agitation was manifested in very different ways.

Lady Casterley, upright in her chair, showed it only by an added decision of speech, a continual restless movement of one hand, a thin line between her usually smooth brows.

Lady Valleys wore a puzzled look, as if she were a little surprised that she felt serious.

Agatha looked frankly anxious. She was in her quiet way a woman of much character, endowed with that natural piety which accepts without questioning the established order in life and religion. Essentially domestic, her thoughts and aspirations forever revolved round her husband and children, for whom no exertion that she could make was ever grudged. The world to her was home and family; and of all that she instinctively felt to be dangerous to this ideal, she had a real, if gently expressed, horror. People judged her a little quiet, dull, and narrow; they compared her to a hen forever clucking round her chicks. The streak of heroism that lay in her nature was not of the order which is patent. Her feeling about her brother’s situation was sincere, and was not to be changed or comforted. She saw him in danger of being damaged in the only sense in which she could conceive of a man — as a husband and a father. It was this that went to her heart, though her piety proclaimed to her also the peril of his soul; for she shared the High Church view of the indissolubility of marriage.

Barbara stood by the hearth, leaning her white shoulders against the carved marble, her hands behind her, looking down. Now and then her lips curled, her level brows twitched, a faint sigh came from her; sometimes a little smile broke out, and was instantly suppressed. She alone was silent — Youth criticizing Life; her judgment seemed to voice itself in the untroubled rise and fall of her young bosom, the impatience of her brows, the downward look of her blue eyes, full of a lazy, inextinguishable light.

‘If he were n’t such a queer boy!’ Lady Valleys sighed. ‘He’s quite cap-

able of marrying her from sheer perversity.'

Lady Casterley gripped the gilded rails of her chair.

'Out of the question!' she exclaimed.

'You have n't seen her, my dear. A most unfortunately attractive creature — a really nice face.'

Agatha said quietly, —

'Mother, if she *was* divorced, I don't think Eustace would.'

'There's *that*, certainly,' murmured Lady Valleys. 'Hope for the best.'

'H'm!' muttered Lady Casterley; 'don't you even know that?'

'The vicar,' murmured Lady Valleys, 'says it was she who divorced her husband, but he's very charitable; it may be as Agatha hopes.'

'I detest vagueness. Why does n't some one ask the woman?'

'You shall come with me, Granny dear, and ask her yourself; you will do it so nicely.'

Lady Casterley looked up at the audacious speaker.

'H'mph!' she said. 'We shall see.'

Something struggled with the autocratic criticism of her eyes. No more than the rest of the world could she help indulging Barbara. As one who believed in the divinity of her order, she liked this splendid child. She liked, and even admired — though admiration was not what she excelled in — that warm joy in life, as of some great nymph, parting the waves with bare limbs, tossing from her the foam of breakers. She felt that in her, rather than in the sweet and good Agatha, the patrician spirit was housed.

There were points to Agatha, earnestness and high principle; but something morally a little narrow and over-Anglican slightly offended the practical, this-worldly temper of Lady Casterley. It was a weakness, and she disliked weakness. Barbara would never skirmish with moral doubts or matters of

form, such as were not really essential to aristocracy. She might indeed err too much the other way from sheer high spirits. As the impudent child had said, 'If people had no pasts, they would have no futures.' And Lady Casterley could not bear people without futures. She was ambitious; not with the vulgar ambition of one who had risen from nothing, but with the higher passion of one on the top, who meant to stay there.

'And where have *you* been meeting this — er — anonymous creature?' she asked.

Barbara came from the hearth, and bending down beside Lady Casterley's chair, seemed to envelop her completely.

'I'm all right, Granny; she could n't corrupt me.'

Lady Casterley's small carved-steel face peered out from that warmth, wearing a look of disapproving pleasure.

'I know your wiles!' she said. 'Come now!'

'Well, I see her about. She's nice to look at. We always have a talk.'

Again with that hurried quietness Agatha said, —

'My dear Babs, I do think you ought to wait.'

'My dear angel, why? Who cares if she's had four husbands?'

Agatha bit her lips, and Lady Valleys laughed.

'You really are a terror, Babs,' she murmured.

The sound of Mrs. Winlow's music ceased, the men were coming in; instantly the faces of the four women changed. They seemed to don an outer garment, as though making ready for a game. The talk at once became a swift, incessant tossing of semi-jesting nothings. It glanced from the War Scare — Winlow had it very specially that this would be over in a week — to

Brabrook's speech, in progress at that very moment, of which Harbinger provided an imitation. It sped to Winlow's flight — to Andrew Grant's articles in *The Parthenon* — to the caricature of Lord Harbinger in *The Cackler*, inscribed 'The New Tory — L-rd H-r-b-ng-r bringing Social Reform beneath the notice of his friends,' which depicted him introducing a naked baby to a number of coroneted old women. Thence to a semi-nude dancer, and how some one had said she wore too many clothes; thence to the Bill for Universal Assurance; then back to the War Scare. Then to the last book of a great French writer; and once more to Winlow's flight.

Not one of these subjects, except perhaps Winlow's flight, was without its intellectual value, or its spiritual significance; but the talk, interspersed with personal gossip, skimmed lightly from surface to surface, as though each talker were thinking, 'If once I admit that anything has depth, I shall seem in real earnest, and if I seem in real earnest — Good God!'

Courtier was not present; he had gone straight to his room after dinner. And suddenly in that queer, half-hypnotized way in which talk falls on the absent member of a group, it fastened on him.

Lord Dennis, at the far end of the room, studying a portfolio of engravings, felt a touch on his cheek, and conscious of a certain fragrance, said without turning his head, —

'Well, Babs?'

Receiving no answer, he looked up.

There indeed stood Barbara, biting her under lip.

'What is it, my dear?'

'Don't you hate sneering behind people's backs?'

There had always been good comradeship between these two, since the days when Barbara, a golden-

haired child, astride of a gray pony, had been his morning companion in the Row all through the season. His riding days were past; he had now no out-door pursuit but fishing, which he followed with the extraordinary persistence and tranquillity of a straightforward nature, which feels the mysterious finger of old age laid across it. Though she was no longer his companion, he still had a habit of expecting her confidences, and of listening to them gravely.

But she had moved away from him, over to the window.

It was one of those nights, dark yet gleaming, when there seems a flying malice in the heavens; when the white stars, and the black clouds about them, are like eyes frowning and flashing down at men with purposed malevolence. The trees, even, had caught this spirit; so that those great dumb sighing creatures had more than their wonted look of life. But one, a dark spire-like cypress, planted three hundred and fifty years ago, whose tall form incarnated the very spirit of tradition, neither swayed nor sougled like the others. From her, too close-fibred, too resisting, to admit the breath of nature, only a dry rustle came. Still almost exotic, in spite of her centuries of sojourn, and now brought to life by the eyes of the night, she seemed almost terrifying, in her narrow, spear-like austerity, as though something had dried and died within her.

Barbara turned from the window; and Lord Dennis, looking at her curiously, said, —

'What's the matter, Babs?'

'We can't do anything in our lives, it seems to me, but *play* at taking risks!'

'I don't think I quite understand, my dear.'

'Look at Mr. Courtier!' muttered Barbara. 'His life's so much freer, so

much more risky altogether, than any of our men-folk lead!’

‘Let me see,’ said Lord Dennis; ‘what has he done? I’m not up with these things.’

‘Oh! I dare say not very much; but it’s all neck or nothing. But what does anything matter to Harbinger, for instance? If his Social Reform comes to nothing, he’ll still be Harbinger, with thirty thousand a year.’

‘But surely,’ murmured Lord Dennis, ‘the young man is in earnest?’

Barbara shrugged; a strap slipped a little off one white shoulder.

‘It’s all play; and he knows it is — you can tell that from his voice. He can’t help its not mattering, of course; and he knows that too.’

‘Old Magnificat’ looked up at her.

‘I have heard that he’s after you, Babs; is that true?’

‘He has n’t caught me yet.’

‘Will he?’

Barbara’s answer was another shrug; and, for all their statuesque beauty, the movement of her shoulders was like the shrug of a little girl in her pinafore.

‘And this Mr. Courtier,’ said Lord Dennis slyly; ‘are you after him, Babs?’

‘I’m after everything; did n’t you know that, dear?’

‘In reason, my child,’ said ‘Old Magnificat’ dryly.

‘In reason, of course — like poor Eusty!’

The voice of Lord Harbinger interrupted them.

‘Will you sing that particular song I like, Lady Babs?’

His gallant, easy face and figure, in the type commonly known as Norman, wore an air as nearly approaching reverence as was ever to be seen there. In truth, the way he looked at Barbara was rather touching.

They moved away together. Lord

Dennis, gazing after that magnificent young couple, stroked his beard gravely.

X

Milton’s sudden journey to London had been undertaken in pursuance of a resolve slowly forming from the moment he met Mrs. Noel in the stone-flagged passage of Burracombe Farm. If she would have him — and since last evening he believed she would — he intended to marry her.

It has been said that except for one lapse his life had been austere, but this is not to assert that he had no capacity for passion. The contrary was the case. That flame which had been so jealously guarded, had flared up within him the moment his spirit was touched by the spirit of this woman. She was the incarnation of all that he desired. Her hair, her eyes, her form, the tiny tuck or dimple at the corner of her mouth just where a child places its finger; her way of moving, a sort of unconscious swaying or yielding to the air; the tone of her voice, which seemed to come not so much from her own happiness as from an innate wish to make others happy; and that natural, if not robust, intelligence, which belongs to the very sympathetic, and is rarely found in women of great ambitions or enthusiasms — all these things had twined themselves round his heart. He not only dreamed of her and wanted her, but he believed in her. She filled his thoughts as one who could never do wrong, as one who, though a wife, would remain a mistress, and though a mistress, would always be the companion of his spirit.

It has been said that no one spoke or gossiped about women in Milton’s presence, and the tale of her divorce was present to his mind simply in the form of a conviction that she was an injured woman. He had only once al-

luded to it, soon after he first saw her, in answer to the speech of a lady staying at the Court: 'Oh, yes, I remember her case perfectly. She was the poor woman who —' 'Did *not*, I am certain, Lady Bonington.'

The tone of Milton's voice had made some one laugh uneasily; the subject was changed.

All divorce was against his sentiment, but in a blurred way he admitted that there were cases where divorce was unavoidable. He was not a man to ask for confidences, or expect them to be given him. He himself had never confided his spiritual struggles to any living creature; and the unspiritual struggle had little interest for Milton. He was ready at any moment to stake his life on the perfection of the idol he had set up in his soul, as simply and straightforwardly as he would have placed his body in front of her to shield her from harm.

The same fanaticism which looked on his passion as a flower by itself, entirely apart from its suitability to the social garden, was also the driving force which sent him up to London to declare his intention to his father before he spoke to Mrs. Noel. The thing should be done simply, and in right order. For he had that kind of moral courage found in those who live retired within the shell of their own aspirations. It was not perhaps so much active moral courage as indifference to what others thought or did, coming from his inbred resistance to the appreciation of what they felt.

That peculiar smile of the old Tudor Cardinal, which had in it invincible self-reliance, and a sort of spiritual sneer, played over his face when he thought of his father's reception of the coming news; and very soon he ceased to think of it at all, burying himself in the work he had brought with him for the journey. For he had in high degree

the faculty, so essential to public life, of switching off his whole attention from one subject to another.

On arriving at Paddington he drove straight to Valleys House.

This enormous dwelling, with its pillared portico, seemed to wear an air of faint surprise that, at the height of the season, it was not more inhabited. Three servants relieved Milton of his little luggage; and having washed, and learned that his father would be dining in, he went for a walk, taking his way toward his rooms in the Temple. His long figure, somewhat carelessly garbed, attracted the usual attention, of which he was as usual unaware.

He strolled along the Strand, meditating deeply. He was thinking of a London, an England, differing from this flatulent hurly-burly, this omnium gatherum, this great discordant symphony of sharps and flats. A London, an England, kempt and self-respecting; swept and garnished of slums and plutocrats, advertisement and jerry-building, of sensationalism, vulgarity, vice, and unemployment. An England where each man should know his place, and never change it, but serve in it loyally in his own caste. Where every man, from nobleman to laborer, should be an oligarch by faith, and a gentleman by practice. An England so steel-bright and efficient that the very sight should suffice to impose peace. An England whose soul should be stoical, and fine with the stoicism and fineness of each soul amongst her many million souls; where the town should have its creed and the country its creed, and there should be contentment and no complaining in her streets.

And as he walked down the Strand, a little ragged boy cheeped out between his legs, —

'Bloodee discoveree in a Bank — Grite sensytion! Pi—er!'

Milton paid no heed to that saying;

yet, with it, the wind that blows where man lives, the careless, wonderful, unordered wind, had dispersed his austere and ordered vision. Great was that wind — the myriad aspirations of men and women, the praying of the uncounted multitudes to the goddess of Sensation — of Chance, and Change. A flowing from heart to heart, from lip to lip, as in spring the wistful air wanders through a wood, imparting to every bush and tree the secrets of fresh life, the passionate resolve to grow, and *become* — no matter what! A sighing, as eternal as the old murmuring of the sea, as little to be hushed, as prone to swell into sudden roaring!

Milton held on through the traffic, not looking overmuch at the present forms of the thousands he passed, but seeing with the eyes of faith the forms he desired to see. Near St. Paul's he stopped in front of an old book-shop. His grave, pallid, not unhandsome face was well known to William Rimall, its small proprietor, who at once brought out his latest acquisition — a More's *Utopia*. That particular edition (he assured Milton) was quite unprocurable — he had never sold but one other copy, which had been literally crumbling away. This copy was in even better condition. If not used, it might last another twenty years — a genuine book, a bargain. There was n't so much movement in More as there had been two years back.

Milton opened the tome, and a little book-louse who had been sleeping on the word 'Tranibore,' began to make its way slowly toward the very centre of the volume.

'I see it's genuine,' he said.

'It's not to read, my lord,' the little man warned him. 'Hardly safe to turn the pages. As I was saying — I've not had a better piece this year. I have n't really!'

'Shrewd old dreamer,' said Milton;

'the Socialists have n't got beyond him, even now.'

The little man's eyes blinked, as though apologizing.

'Well,' he said, 'I suppose he *was* one of them. I forget if your lordship's very strong on politics?'

Milton smiled.

'I want to see an England, Rimall, something like the England of More's dream. But my machinery will be different. I shall begin at the top.'

The little man nodded.

'Quite so, quite so,' he said; 'we shall come to that, I dare say.'

'We must, Rimall.'

And Milton turned the page.

The little man's face quivered.

'I don't think,' he said, 'that book's quite strong enough for you, my lord, with your taste for reading. Now I've a most curious old volume here — on Chinese temples. It's rare — but not too old. You can peruse it thoroughly. It's what I call a book to browse on — just suit your taste. Funny principle they built those things on,' he added, opening the volume at an engraving, 'in layers. We don't build like that in England.'

Milton looked up sharply; the little man's face wore no signs of understanding.

'Unfortunately we don't, Rimall,' he said; 'we ought to and we shall. I'll take this book.' Placing his finger on the print of the pagoda, he added, 'A good symbol.'

The little bookseller's eyes strayed down the temple to the secret price-mark.

'Exactly, my lord,' he said; 'I thought it'd be your fancy. The price to you will be twenty-seven and six.'

Milton, pocketing the book, walked out. He made his way into the Temple, left the book at his chambers, and passed on to the bank of Mother Thames. The sun was loving her passionately

that afternoon; he had kissed her into warmth and light and color. And all the buildings along her banks, as far as the towers at Westminster, seemed to be smiling. It was a great sight for the eyes of a lover. And another vision came haunting Milton, of a soft-eyed woman with a low voice, bending amongst her flowers. Nothing would be complete without her; no work would bear fruit; no scheme could have full meaning.

Lord Valleys greeted his son at dinner with good-fellowship and a faint surprise.

'Day off, my dear fellow? Or have you come up to hear Brabrook pitch into us? There's no longer any doubt — no trouble this time, thank God!'

And he eyed Milton with that clear gray stare of his, so cool, level, and curious. Now, what sort of bird *is* this — it seemed saying. Certainly not the partridge I should have expected from his breeding!

Milton's answer, 'I came up to tell you something, sir,' riveted his father's stare for a second longer than was quite urbane.

It would not be true to say Lord Valleys was afraid of his son. Fear was not one of his emotions, but he certainly regarded him with a respectful curiosity that bordered on uneasiness. The oligarchic temper of Milton's mind and political convictions almost shocked one who knew both by temperament and experience how to wait in front! This instruction he had frequently had occasion to give his jockeys when he believed his horses could best get home first in that way. And it was an instruction he longed to give his son. He himself had 'waited in front' for over fifty years, and he knew it to be the best way of insuring that he would never be compelled to alter this admirable policy — for something in Lord Valleys's character made him

fear that, in real emergency, he would exert himself to the point of the gravest discomfort sooner than be left behind.

A fellow like young Harbinger, of course, he understood — versatile, 'full of beans,' as he expressed it to himself in his more confidential moments, who had imbibed the new wine (very intoxicating it was) of desire for social reform. He would have to be given his head a little, but there would be no difficulty with him, he would never 'run out,' — light, handy build of horse that only required steadyding at the corners. He would want to hear himself talk, and be let feel that he was doing something.

All very well, and quite intelligible; but when it came to Milton (and Lord Valleys felt this to be no mere paternal fancy), it was a very different business. His son had a way of forcing things to their conclusions which was dangerous, and reminded him of his mother-in-law. He was a baby in public affairs, of course, as yet; but as soon as he once got going, the intensity of his convictions, together with his position and real gift, — not of the gab, like Harbinger's, but of restrained, biting oratory, — was sure to bring him to the front with a bound in the present state of parties.

And what were those convictions? Lord Valleys had tried to understand them, but up to the present he had failed. And this did not surprise him exactly, since, as he often said, political convictions were not, as they appeared on the surface, the outcome of reason, but merely symptoms of temperament. And he could not understand because he could not sympathize with any attitude toward public affairs that was not essentially level, attached to all the plain, common-sense factors of the case. Yet he could not fairly be called a temporizer, for deep down in him there was undoubtedly a vein of

obstinate, fundamental loyalty to the traditions of a caste which prized high spirit above everything. But Milton was altogether too much the 'pukka' aristocrat. He was no better than a Socialist, with his confounded way of seeing things all cut and dried; his ideas of forcing reform down people's throats and holding it there with the iron hand! With his way, too, of acting on his principles! Why! he even admitted that he acted on his principles! This thought always struck a very discordant note in Lord Valleys's breast. It was almost indecent; worse — ridiculous!

The fact was, the dear fellow had unfortunately a deeper habit of thought than was wanted in politics — dangerous — very! Experience might do something for him! And out of his own long experience the Earl of Valleys tried hard to recollect any politician whom practice had left untouched. He could not think of a single one. But somehow this gave him little comfort; and, above a piece of late asparagus, his steady eyes sought his son's. What had he come up to tell him?

The phrase was ominous; he could not recollect Milton's ever having told him anything. For though a really kind and indulgent father, he had — like so many men occupied with public and other lives — a little acquired toward his offspring the look and manner: Is this mine? Of his four children, Barbara alone he claimed with conviction; he admired her, and, being a man who savored life, he was unable to love much except where he admired. But, the last person in the world to hustle any man or force a confidence, he waited to hear his son's news, without betraying his uneasiness.

Milton seemed in no hurry. He described Courtier's adventure, which tickled Lord Valleys a good deal.

'Ordeal by red pepper! Should n't

have thought them equal to it. So you've got him at Monkland now? Is Harbinger still with you?'

'Yes. I don't think Harbinger has much stamina.'

'Politically?'

Milton nodded.

'I rather resent his being on our side — I don't think he does us any good. You've seen that cartoon, I suppose? it cuts pretty deep. I could n't recognize you amongst the old women, sir.'

Lord Valleys smiled impersonally.

'Very clever thing,' he said. 'By the way, I shall win the Eclipse, I think.'

And thus, spasmodically, the conversation ran till the last servant had left the room.

Then Milton, without any preparation, looked straight at his father and said, —

'I want to marry Mrs. Noel, sir.'

Lord Valleys received the shot with exactly the same expression as that with which he was accustomed to watch his horses beaten. Then he raised his wine-glass to his lips, and set it down again untouched. This was the only sign he gave of interest or discomfiture.

'Is n't this rather sudden?'

Milton answered, 'I've wanted to from the moment I first saw her.'

Lord Valleys, almost as good a judge of a man and a situation as of a horse or a pointer dog, leaned back in his chair, and said with faint sarcasm, —

'My dear fellow, it's good of you to have told me this. But, to be quite frank, it's a piece of news I would rather not have heard.'

A dusky flush burned slowly up in Milton's cheeks. He had underrated his father; the man had coolness and courage in a crisis.

'What is your objection, sir?'

And suddenly he noticed that a wafer in Lord Valleys's hand was quivering. This brought into his eyes no look of compunction, but such a smouldering

gaze as the old Tudor churchman might have bent on his adversary who showed sign of weakness. Lord Valleys, too, noticed the quivering of that wafer, and ate it.

'We are men of the world,' he said.

Milton answered, 'I am not.'

Showing his first sign of impatience, Lord Valleys rapped out,—

'So be it! I am.'

'Yes?' said Milton.

'Eustace!'

Nursing one knee, Milton faced that appeal without the faintest movement. His eyes continued to burn into his father's face.

A tremor passed over Lord Valleys's heart. What intensity of feeling there was in the fellow, that he could look like this at the first breath of opposition!

He reached out and took up a cigar-box; held it absently toward his son, then drew it quickly back.

'I forgot,' he said; 'you don't.'

And lighting a cigar, he smoked gravely, looking straight before him, a furrow between his brows. He spoke at last.

'She looks like a lady. I know nothing else about her.'

The smile deepened round Milton's mouth, cruel in its contempt.

'Why should you want to know anything else?'

Lord Valleys shrugged; his philosophy had hardened.

'I understood,' he said coldly, 'that there was a matter of divorce. I thought you took the Church's view on this subject.'

'She has not done wrong,' said Milton.

'You know her story, then?'

'No.'

Lord Valleys raised his brows, in irony and a sort of admiration.

'Chivalry the better part of discretion, eh?'

'You don't, I think, understand the kind of feeling I have for Mrs. Noel,' Milton answered. 'It does not come into your scheme of things. It is the only feeling, however, with which I should care to marry, and I am not likely to feel it for any one again.'

Lord Valleys felt once more that uncanny sense of insecurity. Was this true? And suddenly he felt: Yes, it is true! The face before him was the face of one who would burn in his own fire sooner than depart from his standards.

'I can say no more at the moment,' he muttered. And he got up from the table.

(To be continued.)

THE SOUL OF PLAY

BY RICHARD C. CABOT

WHY is it that everybody is taking play so seriously to-day? We used to think of it as something permissible within limits, something which we might *indulge in*, something necessary even, for young people, in order that they might be the better prepared for work. 'All work and no play,' we used to say, 'makes Jack a dull boy,' — dull, of course, at his *lessons*, which were supposedly the real object of his existence. But despite these admissions, no one would have dreamed, a generation ago, of a National Playground Association, or of groups of sober adults, taking counsel together in prayerful spirit and with missionary zeal, to the end that they may spread abroad the gospel of play! To our fathers it would have sounded as absurd as a gospel of sweetmeats, as blasphemous as a gospel of laxity.

Jack, indeed, has been permitted (for motives of economy and of hygiene) to play, but this indulgent proverb was framed only to excuse the young. There is no hint that married women and professors, clergymen, and bankers in business suits, are also dreadfully prone to dullness if they fail to frisk and gambol on the green. Yet here we are to-day, first broadening out *play* till it spells *recreation*, — then dreaming of *public* recreation as the birthright of all men, women and children, — yes, even venturing since Miss Addams's latest and greatest book, *The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets*, to think of recreation as something sacred and holy.

What is it that has come over us so swiftly and so silently? Can we deliberate about play, make a serious study of it, devote time, money, and brains to working it up, without losing our sense of humor and of proportion, — without stultifying ourselves?

To answer these questions with a 'Yes' that has a ring to it, and so to confirm myself and others in this joyful radicalism, is the object of the following words. Would they might echo and pass on to you the deep and rallying note of the Spirit of Youth and of the City Streets — both of which I love!

I

Every human being — man, woman, and child, hero and convict, neurasthenic and deep-sea fisherman, athlete and invalid — needs the blessing of God through three, and only three, great channels: responsibility, recreation, and affection; work, play, and love. With these any life is happy, in spite of sorrow and pain, successful despite the bitterest failures. Without them a man breaks his heart, severs his conscious connection with God. If you want to keep a headstrong, fatuous youth from overreaching himself, you try to give him responsibility, recreation, and affection. If you want to put courage and aspiration into the gelatinous character of a street-walker, or the flickering mentality of a hysteric, you labor to furnish just the same trio, — work, recreation, and affection. In every case, the healing

power which you want to give is *real life*, and real life means just these three things. The same needs are fixed for all of us — and if we can get and keep in touch with it, the same all-sufficing bounty in the supply.

Despite many exceptions, we Americans are expert (relatively expert anyway) in our understanding of work. We are the most intelligent, the most resourceful, and I believe the best satisfied workers on the planet. But we are dunces when it comes to recreation, bunglers in all matters of affection. Most of us are '*stupid in the affections*' as Eleanor Hallowell Abbott says so keenly in her story, *The Amateur Lover*. She hits us all, for we are amateur lovers of whomever or whatever we love, — except work. We know how to work. We do not know how to love, nor how to play. So like thousands of others in a penitent spirit I am striving to learn more of this long neglected life-force. Some day perhaps a conference will be called to study, to nourish, and to conserve the other great life-force, — to the end that we may be less '*stupid in the affections*.' Who will dare to call such a conference?

II

I have endeavored to cut up existence into these three slices, chiefly because I believe that if, for the moment, we leave work and affection out of account, everything else which we demand of life is left. Like all specialists, I am imperialistic and insist that my territory is much broader than other people suppose. We who have faith in play push forward our boundaries (a step at a time) as follows: —

First, we recognize in play a universal need, not for fooling and slackness, but for *recreation*, — one of the three essential foods for any healthy life, young or old.

Next, we insist that recreation is precious because it can be pronounced *recreation*: out of it we are born again, and better born. We start our work with deeper-seeing eyes, we are less '*stupid in the affections*.'

What is it that art, music, literature, drama, do for us? Is it not just this same *re-creating* of our jaded, humdrum lives? Art carries us off into a far country, more beautiful, more poignant, more tragic, perhaps more humorous and sparkling, perhaps nobler and more heroic, than is shown us in the workshop or the home. We emerge as from a bath of intense experience, and for a few precious minutes we look upon the world as if our eyes had never seen it before, never been dulled and stupefied by repetition and inattention, never lost the child's divine power of surprise.

Art and play, then, fulfill the same function, provide us the same refreshment. Moreover they are both their own excuse for being. Each is done for its own sake, not for some ulterior object. In work, and, to some extent, in love, we are building for the future; we are content to save, to sacrifice, and to repress, for the sake of a '*far-off divine event*.' But in all art, including the variety called play, we anticipate heaven and attain immediate fruition; we give full rein to what is caged and leashed in us. Subject to the rules of the game, or the rules of the art, we let our energies go at full gallop. We utter ourselves like a school-house turned inside out for recess. We all know the sound!

Play and art then are essentially one; beauty lives in each, and though the beauty of athletics or of whist is not always quite obvious, it is no more obscure than the beauty of tragedy or of rhyme. Artificial they all are; an outlet for the cramped human spirit they all furnish.

Luckily for my present thesis, *dancing* has come so much to the fore of late years that our minds are prepared for the transition from art to athletics and play. Anybody can see without an opera-glass that dancing is at once play, art, and athletics. So are football and baseball, though I fear that some of my readers have not been regular enough in their attendance upon the exhibitions of our greatest national art to thrill with recollection as I mention the exquisite beauty of the line-drive over short-stop, or the noble dignity of the curved throw from third to first. Nothing in the art of dancers like Isadora Duncan is more beautiful than the habitual motions of ball-players as they throw, strike, catch, or slide. Of course beauty is not the whole of baseball nor of any other art. There is also significance, heroism, suspense, success, failure, response from an audience or chorus. Also there are serviceable materials, such as catgut, pigskin, horse-hair, oil-paint, grease-paint, printer's ink, voices, muscles, whereby spiritual meanings are expressed and conveyed from the artists who create to us the receptive artists in the audience.

Furthermore, we get fun and sometimes health from play and from all other arts; but if any reader thinks that athletic games exist merely or chiefly for the sake of fun, let him turn for a moment to another field of art and look over my shoulder at the face of the artist or musician while I inflict upon him that ancient, painful congratulation: 'What a *pleasure* it must be to you, Mr. Genius, to produce so much beauty.' Now, watch his bitter effort to cover with a smile his pitying contempt for your green-horn's ignorance. 'Pleasure? — yes — but at what a cost!' Art is grinding hard work, — much of the time; so is athletics; and but for this arduous element, half its attraction to the youth

would be gone. He wants what is hard, fortuitous, and therefore exhilarating. Things soft and easy, like passing examinations, do not attract him.

My thesis then is this: conduct, in Matthew Arnold's sense, cannot be three-quarters of life; for play is at least one-third, and the expression of love another third. But play, the part which concerns me now, means recreation, and this is also the essential function of art. Play then is one type or aspect of art, — a fleeting, fragile improvisation in children oftentimes, — a sternly limited, disciplined piece of construction in games like chess, football, or aviation. But like other arts it is at all times relatively complete in itself. It is not, like washing, gymnastics, or telephones, a means to some ulterior end, — a means to life. It is life itself, striving Quixotically for immediate perfection, breaking for a moment into perishable blossoms.

It must be admitted that some of the noblest and wisest men in America still think of athletics chiefly as a means to health and morality. Ex-President Eliot apparently wants the sound body as a means to mental soundness. Like other eminent educators, he thinks of athletics, and even of dancing, as a good method to build up the body and divert sexual energy from vicious outlets. That athletics and dancing often accomplish these ends is certainly true. It is also true that cows are a valuable means to leather boots, and (I believe) to gum-drops; but I doubt if that is the end and aim of the cow's existence. Violin-playing strengthens the fingers; dancing strengthens the calves; 'nothing like dissection,' said Bob Sawyer (you remember), 'to give one an appetite.' But, God in Heaven! lives there a man with sense of humor so dead that never to himself hath said, 'This is infernal nonsense'?

Violin-playing strengthens the fin-

gers. But it is hardly worth while to remark that we don't play the violin for our health or for our finger-ends. Violin-playing also flattens, deforms, and callouses the finger-ends, but there are easier ways of attaining these results. The art is good despite these drawbacks. So football is good despite many injuries, not because it always improves health, but because it is a magnificent expression of the human spirit, a fine example of popular art.

We make a ridiculous fetish of health nowadays. Three of the very best things in life — heroism, artistic creation, and child-bearing — are usually bad for the health. To avoid heroism, creative work and child-bearing because they are bad for health would show a conception of life no more warped and distorted than that which bids us dance and be merry because forsooth it is healthy to do so. As a rule, and in the long run, athletics and games probably promote that total enhancement of life, one aspect of which is health. But temporarily, and in some cases permanently, they leave their scars upon the body — though not such scars as are ploughed into mortals by the more strenuous and dangerous activities of helping to create a new machine, a new symphony, or a new child.

Let us therefore give play, recreation, and the other *popular arts*, their proper place beside the *fine arts*, and avoid the vulgar error which degrades play to a medical instrument. Thus we shall help to preserve the 'fine arts' from dying of isolation.

Chilled by our formal respect, discouraged by our practical neglect, mortified by our sentimental petting, musician, sculptor, and painter, are dangerously out of the current of vigorous life in America to-day. Or, to put it from the other side, American life is dangerously neglectful of some forms of art as well as of most forms of science.

The drama, baseball, and dancing are the popular arts of America to-day. To realize that they are genuine arts, and so to plant them close beside music, literature, painting, and sculpture, is in my opinion one of the chief tasks for all of us to-day. Such a realization will help to keep vulgarity and repetition out of popular art, and to save the fine arts from degenerating into fastidiousness or dying of super-refinement.

III

There is one more dignity, one more life-saving quality that I wish to attribute to play.

All the games and arts so far referred to are arranged to fill up such gaps as may be left in or after the working day. They come at stated hours; we leave our jobs and our homes to attend them. Doubtless this must always be so with the more heroic and permanent forms of art. We cannot play a football game or a symphony on the hearth-rug. We cannot carve statues or write novels while we wait on customers in a shop. But there are other and less celebrated forms of art which can interpenetrate and irradiate every place and every hour. With them I am concerned in the remainder of this paper.

One of the best recognized of these minor arts is *humor*; another is *good humor*, a form of good manners. I have seen a patient dying of lingering disease who by his fun and radiant good humor kept at bay the spectre of death, and in 'the pleasant land of counterpane' maintained to the last a successful, happy life.

When on my morning visit I would ask him to turn on his side so that I might examine his back, you would fancy from his expression that I had invited a hungry man to eat. He could have answered with no more engaging alacrity if we had proffered him the

chance to step back into health. He took pleasure and gave it in each of the trifling services rendered him in the hospital routine. He beamed and thanked me for shifting a pillow as if I had given him a diamond. He chuckled over my clumsy attempt to tilt the glass feeding-tube into his mouth without forcing him to raise his head; and each morning he smoothed and folded the flap of the top sheet as if it were an act of ritual.

As we exchanged the most unpoetic information about his daily routine, the dull framework of question and answer was irradiated and spangled over with a profusion of delicate, brilliant, meaningful looks that rose and flowered silently over his listening face, or leaped from dull sentences like morning-glories on a trellis. As he went step by step down the last gray week of his life, he taught me all unconsciously as many lessons about art, beauty, and playfulness as about heroism.

One of his greatest and most naïve arts, one of the best of all his good manners, was that million-hued miracle called a smile. I can recall but a tithe of the unspoken verses, the soundless melodies that he wove into our talks by the endless improvisations of his smile, serene, wistful, mischievous, deprecating, tender, joyful, welcoming. Not a moment of his ebbing life seemed prosaic or joyless, for each had in it the foretaste or the after-taste of a smile, born without effort and dying without pain, — birth, fruition, and end all equally and differently beautiful. Sometimes at the beginning of our talk his face and eyes were silent and only the lines of his eloquent hand spoke to me. Then, at a rousing recollection, there would break from his face a perfect chorus of meanings, each feature carrying its own strand of harmonious but varied melody.

Well — I must stop talking about

him and come to the duller business of explaining what he has to do with play and art.

He exemplifies some of the *minor arts* through which life may be enhanced and refreshed from moment to moment, whatever its literal content, regardless of whether it is marching up hill or down dale. They say that the best crew is the one which gets its rest between every two strokes. We need the games and the arts that recreate us from moment to moment so that our souls shall never get dry, prosaic, or discouraged. Play and beauty running like a gold thread through the warp and woof of our life-fabric are surely as needful as the more concentrated and exclusive recreations. To sing (or whistle) at one's work, to carry melodies and verses in our heads, to do things with a swing and a rhythm as some Japanese and all sailors do, is to preserve our souls from drouth. The games that we play with vocal intonations, the dramas we carry on with smile and glance and grimace, need not interrupt work. They call for no apparatus and no stage. Best of all, each of us 'makes the team' in these games; in these dramas each of us has 'a speaking part.'

I have not tried to imagine how these minor arts are to be cultivated and popularized. I should surmise that, like the fine arts and the popular arts, they are contagious, unless we are so unhappy as to be conventional and immune. But doubtless much can be done to favor their growth, — much that I have not time or ability to consider.

Let me end this paper by condensing my themes into as effective a *coda* as I can make.

First. There are but three prime foods for the human soul. In some form or other, each of us must get his share of these three foods from the Source of all creation. Then only are we safe

or sound, for through responsibility, recreation, and affection, God can make a happy and successful life out of any material and in any environment.

Secondly. One of these foods, Recreation, — the re-vitalizing of our lives, the re-charging of our batteries, the subject of this paper, — comes to us out of the *fine arts*; out of the *popular arts*, such as athletics, dancing, and the drama; and out of the *minor arts*, which may be roughly grouped as manners and dress.

Thirdly. All these arts need to be more intimate with one another. In them all there is beauty and renewal

of the soul. There is fun and play in them all. A material basis is presupposed for them all. Health is an uncertain by-product in them all. Being thus congenial, they need one another. Popular arts and minor arts can win dignity and strength from closer association with fine arts. The latter will gain inspiration, dash, and effectiveness when they are freed from solitary confinement and allowed to mingle about town with their less self-conscious fellow arts.

It rests with this generation to introduce these long-lost brothers each to each.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN A DEMOCRACY

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

In this paper I endeavor to lay down the fundamental principles which should govern the Negro franchise in a democracy, and to outline a practical programme for the immediate treatment of the problem.

As I see it, the question of Negro suffrage in the United States presents two distinct aspects: —

First: the legal aspect.

Second: the practical aspect.

It will be admitted, I think, without argument, that all governments do and of a necessity must exercise the right to limit the number of people who are permitted to take part in the weighty responsibilities of the suffrage. Some governments allow only a few men to vote; in an absolute monarchy there is only one voter; other governments, as they become more democratic, per-

mit a larger proportion of the people to vote.

Our own government is one of the freest in the world in the matter of suffrage; and yet we bar out, in most states, all women; we bar out Mongolians, no matter how intelligent; we bar out Indians, and all foreigners who have not passed through a certain probationary stage and have not acquired a certain small amount of education. We also declare — for an arbitrary limit must be placed somewhere — that no person under twenty-one years of age may exercise the right to vote, although some boys of eighteen are to-day better equipped to pass intelligently upon public questions than many grown men. We even place adult white men on probation until they have resided for a certain length of time, often as

much as two years, in the state or the town where they wish to cast their ballots. Our registration and ballot laws eliminate hundreds of thousands of voters; and finally, we bar out everywhere the defective and criminal classes of our population. We do not realize, sometimes, I think, how limited the franchise really is, even in America. We forget that, out of nearly ninety million people in the United States, fewer than fifteen million cast their votes for President in 1908 — or about one in every six.

Thus the practice of a restricted suffrage is very deeply implanted in our system of government. It is everywhere recognized that even in a democracy lines must be drawn, and that the ballot, the precious instrument of government, must be hedged about with stringent regulations. The question is, where shall these lines be drawn in order that the best interests, not of any particular class, but of the whole nation, shall be served.

Upon this question, we, as free citizens, have the absolute right to agree or disagree with the present laws regulating suffrage; and if we want more people brought in as partakers in government, or some people who are already in, barred out, we have a right to organize, to agitate, to do our best to change the laws. Powerful organizations of women are now agitating for the right to vote; there is an organization which demands the suffrage for Chinese and Japanese who wish to become citizens. It is even conceivable that a society might be founded to lower the suffrage age-limit from twenty-one to nineteen years, thereby endowing a large number of young men with the privileges, and therefore the educational responsibilities, of political power. On the other hand, a large number of people, chiefly in our Southern States, earnestly believe that the

right of the Negro to vote should be curtailed, or even abolished.

Thus we disagree, and government is the resultant of all these diverse views and forces. No one can say dogmatically how far democracy should go in distributing the enormously important powers of active government. Democracy is not a dogma; it is not even a dogma of free suffrage. Democracy is a life, a spirit, a growth. The primal necessity of any sort of government, democracy or otherwise, whether it be more unjust or less unjust toward special groups of its citizens, is to exist, to be a going concern, to maintain upon the whole a stable and peaceful administration of affairs. If a democracy cannot provide such stability, then the people go back to some form of oligarchy. Having secured a fair measure of stability, a democracy proceeds with caution toward the extension of the suffrage to more and more people — trying foreigners, trying women, trying Negroes.

And no one can prophesy how far a democracy will ultimately go in the matter of suffrage. We know only the tendency. We know that in the beginning, even in America, the right to vote was a very limited matter. In the early years, in New England, only churchmembers voted; then the franchise was extended to include property-owners; then it was enlarged to include all white adults; then to include Negroes; then, in several Western States, to include women.

Thus the line has been constantly advancing, but with many fluctuations, eddies, and back-currents — like any other stream of progress. At the present time the fundamental principles which underlie popular government, and especially the whole matter of popular suffrage, are much in the public mind. The tendency of government throughout the entire civilized

world is strongly in the direction of placing more and more power in the hands of the people. In our own country we are enacting a remarkable group of laws providing for direct primaries in the nomination of public officials, for direct election of United States Senators, and for direct legislation by means of the initiative and referendum; and we are even going to the point, in many cities, of permitting the people to recall an elected official who is unsatisfactory. The principle of local option, which is nothing but that of direct government by the people, is being everywhere accepted. All these changes affect, fundamentally, the historic structure of our government, making it less republican and more democratic.

Still more important and far-reaching in its significance is the tendency of our government, especially our Federal Government, to regulate or to appropriate great groups of business enterprises formerly left wholly in private hands. More and more, private business is becoming public business.

Now, then, as the weight of responsibility upon the popular vote is increased, it becomes more and more important that the ballot should be jealously guarded and honestly exercised. In the last few years, therefore, a series of extraordinary new precautions have been adopted: the Australian ballot, more stringent registration systems, the stricter enforcement of naturalization laws to prevent the voting of crowds of unprepared foreigners, and the imposition by several states, rightly or wrongly, of educational and property tests. It becomes a more and more serious matter every year to be an American citizen, more of an honor, more of a duty.

At the close of the Civil War, in a time of intense idealistic emotion, some three-quarters of a million of Negroes,

the mass of them densely ignorant and just out of slavery, with the iron of slavery still in their souls, were suddenly given the political rights of free citizens. A great many people, and not in the South alone, thought then, and still think, that it was a mistake to bestow the high powers and privileges of a wholly unrestricted ballot — a ballot which is the symbol of intelligent self-government — upon the Negro. Other people, of whom I am one, believe that it was a necessary concomitant of the revolution; it was itself a revolution, not a growth, and like every other revolution it has had its fearful reaction. Revolutions, indeed, change names, but they do not at once change human relationships. Mankind is reconstructed not by proclamations, or legislation, or military occupation, but by time, growth, education, religion, thought. At that time, then, the nation drove down the stakes of its idealism in government far beyond the point it was able to reach in the humdrum activities of everyday existence. A reaction was inevitable; it was inevitable and perfectly natural that there should be a widespread questioning as to whether all Negroes, or indeed any Negroes, should properly be admitted to full political fellowship. That questioning continues to this day.

Now, the essential principle established by the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution was not that all Negroes should necessarily be given an unrestricted access to the ballot; but that the right to vote should not be denied or abridged 'on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.' This amendment wiped out the color-line in politics so far as any written law could possibly do it.

Let me here express my profound conviction that the principle of political equality then laid down is a sound, valid, and absolutely essential principle

in any free government; that restrictions upon the ballot, when necessary, should be made to apply equally to white and colored citizens; and that the Fifteenth Amendment ought not to be, and cannot be repealed. Moreover, I am convinced that the principle of political equality is more firmly established to-day in this country than it was forty years ago, when it had only Northern bayonets behind it. For now, however short the practice falls of reaching the legal standard, the principle is woven into the warp and woof of Southern life and Southern legislation. Many Southern white leaders of thought are to-day *convinced*, not *forced* believers in the principle; and that is a great omen.

Limitations have come about, it is true, and were to be expected as the back-currents of the revolution. Laws providing for educational and property qualifications as a prerequisite to the exercise of the suffrage have been passed in all the Southern States, and have operated to exclude from the ballot large numbers of both white and colored citizens, who on account of ignorance or poverty are unable to meet the tests. These provisions, whatever the opinion entertained as to the wisdom of such laws, are well within the principle laid down by the Fifteenth Amendment. But several Southern States have gone a step further, and by means of the so-called 'grandfather laws,' have exempted certain ignorant white men from the necessity of meeting the educational and property tests. These unfair 'grandfather laws,' however, in some of the states adopting them, have now expired by limitation.

Let me then lay down this general proposition: —

Nowhere in the South to-day is the Negro cut off *legally*, as a Negro, from the ballot. Legally, to-day, any Negro who can meet the comparatively slight

requirements as to education, or property, or both, can cast his ballot on a basis of equality with the white man. I have emphasized the word *legally*, for I know the *practical* difficulties which confront the Negro votes in many parts of the South. The point I wish to make is that legally the Negro is essentially the political equal of the white man; but that practically, in the enforcement of the law, the legislative ideal is still pegged out far beyond the actual performance.

Now, then, if we are interested in the problem of democracy, we have two courses open to us. We may think the laws are unjust to the Negro, and incidentally to the 'poor white' man as well. If we do, we have a perfect right to agitate for changes; and we can do much to disclose, without heat, the actual facts regarding the complicated and vexatious legislative situation in the South, as regards the suffrage. Every change in the legislation upon this subject should, indeed, be jealously watched, that the principle of political equality between the races be not legally curtailed. The doctrine laid down in the Fifteenth Amendment must, at any hazard, be maintained.

But, personally, — and I am here voicing a profound conviction, — I think our emphasis at present should be laid upon the practical rather than upon the legal aspect of the problem; I think we should take advantage of the widely prevalent feeling in the South that the question of suffrage has been settled, legally, for some time to come: of the desire on the part of many Southern people, both white and colored, to turn aside from the discussion of the political status of the Negro.

In short, let us for the time being accept the laws as they are, and build upward from that point. Let us turn our attention to the practical task of finding out why it is that the laws we

already have are not enforced, and how best to secure an honest vote for every Negro and equally for every 'poor white' man, who is able to meet the requirements, but who for one reason or another does not or cannot now exercise his rights. I include the disfranchised white man as well as the Negro, because I take it that we are interested, first of all, in democracy, and unless we can arouse the spirit of democracy, South and North, we can hope for justice neither for Negroes, nor for the poorer class of white men, nor for the women of the factories and shops, nor for the children of the cotton-mills.

Taking up this side of the problem we shall discover two entirely distinct difficulties:—

First, we shall find many Negroes, and indeed hundreds of thousands of white men as well, who might vote, but who, through ignorance, or inability or unwillingness to pay the poll-taxes, or from mere lack of interest, disfranchise themselves.

The second difficulty is peculiar to the Negro. It consists in open or concealed intimidation on the part of the white men who control the election machinery. In many places in the South to-day no Negro, no matter how well qualified, would dare to present himself for registration; when he does, he is rejected for some trivial or illegal reason.

Thus we have to meet a vast amount of apathy and ignorance and poverty on the one hand, and the threat of intimidation on the other.

First of all, for it is the chief injustice as between white and colored men with which we have to deal, — an injustice which the law already makes illegal and punishable, — how shall we meet the matter of intimidation? As I have already said, the door of the suffrage is everywhere legally open to

the Negro, but a certain sort of Southern bars the passage-way. He stands there and, law or no law, keeps out many Negroes who might vote; and he represents in most parts of the South the prevailing public opinion.

Shall we meet this situation by force? What force is available? Shall the North go down and fight the South? You and I know that the North to-day has no feeling but friendship for the South. More than that — and I say it with all seriousness, because it represents what I have heard wherever I have gone in the North to make inquiries regarding the Negro problem — the North, wrongly or rightly, is to-day more than half convinced that the South is right in imposing some measure of limitation upon the franchise. There is now, in short, no disposition anywhere in the North to interfere in internal affairs in the South — not even with the force of public opinion.

What other force, then, is to be invoked? Shall the Negro revolt? Shall he migrate? Shall he prosecute his case in the courts? The very asking of these questions suggests the inevitable reply.

We might as well, here and now, dismiss the idea of force, express or implied. There are times of last resort which call for force; but this is not such a time.

What other alternatives are there?

Accepting the laws as they are, then, there are two methods of procedure, neither sensational nor exciting. I have no quick cure to suggest, but only old and tried methods of commonplace growth.

The underlying causes of the trouble in the country being plainly ignorance and prejudice, we must meet ignorance and prejudice with their antidotes, education and association.

Every effort should be made to extend free education among both Ne-

groes and white people. A great extension of education is now going forward in the South. The Negro is not by any means getting his full share; but, as certainly as sunshine makes things grow, education in the South will produce tolerance. That there is already such a growing tolerance no one who has talked with the leading white men in the South can doubt. The old fire-eating, Negro-baiting leaders of the Tillman-Vardaman type are swiftly passing away: a far better and broader group is coming into power.

In his last book, Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Alabama, expresses this new point of view when he says, —

‘There is no question here as to the unrestricted admission [to the ballot] of the great masses of our ignorant and semi-ignorant blacks. I know no advocate of such admission. But the question is as to whether the individuals of the race, upon conditions or restrictions legally imposed and fairly administered, shall be admitted to adequate and increasing representation in the electorate. And as that question is more seriously and more generally considered, many of the leading publicists of the South, I am glad to say, are quietly resolved that the answer shall be in the affirmative.’

From an able Southern white man, a resident of New Orleans, I received recently a letter containing these words: —

‘I believe we have reached the bottom, and a sort of quiescent period. I think it most likely that from now on there will be a gradual increase of the Negro vote. And I honestly believe that the less said about it, the surer the increase will be.’

Education — and by education I mean education of all sorts, industrial, professional, classical, in accordance with each man’s talents — will not only produce breadth and tolerance,

but will help to cure the apathy which now keeps so many thousands of both white men and Negroes from the polls: for it will show them that it is necessary for every man to exercise all the political rights within his reach. If he fails voluntarily to take advantage of the rights he already has, how shall he acquire more rights?

And as ignorance must be met by education, so prejudice must be met with its antidote, which is association. Democracy does not consist in mere voting, but in association, the spirit of common effort, of which the ballot is a mere visible expression. When we come to know one another we soon find that the points of likeness are much more numerous than the points of difference. And this human association for the common good, which is democracy, is difficult to bring about anywhere, whether among different classes of white people, or between white people and Negroes. As one of the leaders of the Negro race, Dr. Du Bois, has said, —

‘Herein lies the tragedy of the age. Not that men are poor: all men know something of poverty. Not that men are wicked: who is good? Not that men are ignorant: what is truth? Nay, but that men know so little of each other.’

After the Atlanta riot I attended a number of conferences between leading white men and leading colored men. It is true these meetings bore evidence of awkwardness and embarrassment, for they were among the first of the sort to take place in the South, but they were none the less valuable. A white man told me after one of the meetings, —

‘I did not know that there were any such sensible Negroes in the South.’

And a Negro told me that it was the first time in his life that he had ever heard a Southern white man reason in

a friendly way with a Negro concerning their common difficulties.

More and more these associations of white and colored men, at certain points of contact, must and will come about. Already, in connection with various educational and business projects in the South, white and colored men meet on common grounds, and the way has been opened to a wider mutual understanding. And it is common enough now, where it was unheard of a few years ago, for both white men and Negroes to speak from the same platform in the South. I have attended a number of such meetings. Thus slowly — awkwardly, at first, for two centuries of prejudice are not immediately overcome — the white man and Negro will come to know one another, not merely as master and servant, but as co-workers. These things cannot be forced.

One reason why the white man and the Negro have not got together more rapidly in the South than they have, is because they have tried always to meet at the sorest points. When sensible people, who must live together whether or no, find that there are points at which they cannot agree, it is the part of wisdom to avoid these points, and to meet upon other and common interests. Upon no other terms, indeed, can a democracy exist, for in no imaginable future state will individuals cease to disagree with one another upon something less than half of all the problems of life.

‘Here we all live together in a great country,’ say the apostles of this view; ‘let us all get together and develop it. Let the Negro do his best to educate himself, to own his own land, and to buy and sell with the white people in the fairest possible way.’

It is wonderful, indeed, how close together men who are stooping to a common task soon come.

Now, buying and selling, land ownership and common material pursuits, may not be the highest points of contact between man and man, but they are real points, and help to give men an idea of the worth of their fellows, white or black. How many times, in the South, I heard white men speak in high admiration of some Negro farmer who had been successful, or of some Negro blacksmith who was a worthy citizen, or of some Negro doctor who was a leader of his race.

It is curious, once a man (any man, white or black) learns to do his job well, how he finds himself in a democratic relationship with other men. I remember asking a prominent white citizen of a town in Central Georgia if he knew anything about Tuskegee. He said, —

‘Yes; I had rather a curious experience last fall. I was building a hotel and could n’t get any one to do the plastering as I wanted it done. One day I saw two Negro plasterers at work in a new house that a friend of mine was building. I watched them for an hour. They seemed to know their trade. I invited them to come over and see me. They came, took the contract for my work, hired a white man to carry mortar at a dollar a day, and when they got through it was the best job of plastering in town. I found that they had learned their trade at Tuskegee. They averaged four dollars a day each in wages. We tried to get them to locate in our town, but they went back to school.’

When I was in Mississippi a prominent banker showed me his business letter-heads.

‘Good job, is n’t it?’ he said. ‘A Negro printer did it. He wrote to me asking if he might bid on my work. I replied that although I had known him a long time I could n’t give him the job merely because he was a Negro.’

He told me to forget his color, and said that if he could n't do as good a job and do it as reasonably as any white man could, he did n't want it. I let him try, and now he does most of our printing.'

Out of such points of contact, then, encouraged by such wise leaders as Booker T. Washington, will grow an ever finer and finer spirit of association and of common and friendly knowledge. And that will inevitably lead to an extension upon the soundest possible basis of the Negro franchise. I know cases where white men have urged intelligent Negroes to come and cast their ballots, and have stood sponsor for them, out of genuine respect. As a result, to-day, the Negroes who vote in the South are, as a class, men of substance and intelligence, fully equal to the tasks of citizenship.

Thus, I have boundless confidence not only in the sense of the white men of the South, but in the innate capability of the Negro, and that once these two come really to know each other, not at sore points of contact, but as common workers for a common country, the question of suffrage will gradually solve itself along the lines of true democracy.

Another influence also will tend to change the status of the Negro as a voter. That is the pending break-up of the political solidarity of the South. All the signs point to a political re-

alignment upon new issues in this country, both South and North. Old party names may even pass away. And that break-up, with the attendant struggle for votes, is certain to bring into politics thousands of Negroes and white men now disfranchised. The result of a real division on live issues has been shown in many local contests in the South, as in the fight against the saloons, when every qualified Negro voter, and every Negro who could qualify, was eagerly pushed forward by one side or the other. With such a division on new issues the Negro will tend to exercise more and more political power, dividing, not on the color line, but on the principles at stake.

Thus in spite of the difficulties which now confront the Negro, I cannot but look upon the situation in a spirit of optimism. I think sometimes we are tempted to set a higher value upon the ritual of a belief than upon the spirit which underlies it. The ballot is not democracy: it is merely the symbol or ritual of democracy, and it may be full of passionate social, yes, even religious significance, or it may be a mere empty and dangerous formalism. What we should look to, then, primarily, is not the shadow, but the substance of democracy in this country. Nor must we look for results too swiftly; our progress toward democracy is slow of growth and needs to be cultivated with patience and watered with faith.

THE TRUMPET-CALL

BY ALFRED NOYES

I

TRUMPETER, sound the great recall!
Swift, O swift, for the squadrons break,
The long lines waver, mazed in the gloom!
Hither and thither the blind host blunders!
Stand thou firm for a dead Man's sake,
Firm where the ranks reel down to their doom,
Stand thou firm in the midst of the thunders,
Stand where the steeds and the riders fall,
Set the bronze to thy lips and sound
A rally to ring the whole world round!
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us!
Sound the great recall.

II

Trumpeter, sound for the ancient heights!
Clouds of the earth-born battle cloak
The heaven that our fathers held from of old;
And we — shall we prate to their sons of the gain
In gold or bread? Through yonder smoke
The heights that never were won with gold
Wait, still bright with their old red stain,
For the thousand chariots of God again,
And the steel that swept thro' a hundred fights
With the Ironsides, equal to life and death,
The steel, the steel of their ancient faith!
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us!
Sound for the sun-lit heights!

III

Trumpeter, sound for the faith again!
Blind and deaf with the dust and the blood,
Clashing together we know not whither
The tides of the battle would have us advance!

Stand thou firm in the crimson flood,
 Send the lightning of thy great cry
 Through the thunders, athwart the storm,
 Sound till the trumpets of God reply
 From the heights we have lost in the steadfast sky,
 From the Strength we despised and rejected. Then,
 Locking the ranks as they form and form,
 Lift us forward, banner and lance,
 Mailed in the faith of Cromwell's men,
 When from their burning hearts they hurled
 The gaze of heaven against the world!
 Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us,
 Up to the heights again.

IV

Trumpeter, sound for the last Crusade!
 Sound for the fire of the red-cross kings,
 Sound for the passion, the splendor, the pity
 That swept the world for a dead Man's sake,
 Sound, till the answering trumpet rings
 Clear from the heights of the holy City,
 Sound till the lions of England awake,
 Sound for the tomb that our lives have betrayed;
 O'er broken shrine and abandoned wall,
 Trumpeter, sound the great recall,
 Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us;
 Sound for the last Crusade!

V

Trumpeter, sound for the splendor of God!
 Sound the music whose name is law,
 Whose service is perfect freedom still,
 The order august that rules the stars!
 Bid the anarchs of night withdraw,
 Too long the destroyers have worked their will,
 Sound for the last, the last of the wars!
 Sound for the heights that our fathers trod,
 When truth was truth and love was love,
 With a hell beneath, but a heaven above,
 Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us,
 On to the City of God.

THE ANIMAL MIND

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

WHEN I try to picture to myself the difference between the animal mind and the human mind, I seem to see the animal mind as limited by the organization and the physical needs of its possessor in a sense that the mind of man is not; its mental faculties, if we may call them such, are like its tools and weapons, a part of its physical make-up, and are almost entirely automatic in their action. Almost, I say; but in the case of the higher animals, not entirely so. In the anthropoid apes, in the dog, in the elephant, and maybe occasionally in some others, there do seem to be at times the rudiments of free intelligence, something like mind emancipated from the bondage of organization or inherited habit.

When an animal acts in obedience to its purely physical needs and according to its anatomical structure, as when ducks take to the water, or hens scratch, or hogs root, or woodpeckers drill, etc., we do not credit it with powers of thought. These and similar things animals do instinctively. When the wood-mice got into my cabin the other day and opened two small glass jars of butter that had loose tin tops, I did not credit them with anything like human intelligence, because to use their paws deftly — digging, climbing, manipulating — is natural to mice. I have seen a chipmunk come into a house from his den in the woods and open a pasteboard box with great deftness, and help himself to the nuts

inside, which, of course, he smelled. We do not credit a bird with rational intelligence when it builds its nest, no matter how skillfully it may weave or sew, or how artfully it may hide it from its enemies. It is doing precisely as its forebears have done for countless generations. Hence it acts from inherited impulse.

But the monkey they told me about at the zoölogical park in Washington, that had been seen to select a stiff straw from the bottom of its cage, and use it to dislodge an insect from a crack, showed a gleam of free intelligence. It was an act of judgment on the part of the monkey, akin to human judgment. In like manner the chimpanzee Mr. Hornaday tells about, that used the trapeze-bar in the cage as a lever with which to pry off the horizontal bars on the side of the cage, and otherwise to demolish things, showed a kind of intelligence that is above instinct, and quite beyond the capacity, say, of a dog.

I would not say, as Mr. Hornaday does, that this ape discovered the principle of the lever as truly as Archimedes did. Would it not be better to say that he discovered the *use* to which he could put that particular stick, without any notion of the principle involved? just as he had doubtless found out that an object, or his own body, unsupported, would fall to the floor of his cage, without having grasped the principle of gravitation.

The earliest men must have discovered the uses of the lever long be-

fore they had any true understanding of its principle. I do not believe that any of the orders below man grasp principles at all, though they may apply a principle in their act. The beaver applies the principle of the dam to the creek where he locates his house, but to say that he works from an intellectual conception of that principle, I think, would be to lift him to the human plane at once. The swallow, and the robin, and the phoebe-bird, all act upon the principle that mud will adhere to a rough surface, and that it will harden; shall we, therefore, credit them with a knowledge of the properties of mud? However, I freely admit that the act of the chimpanzee was of a higher order than the swallow's use of mud in sticking its nest to a rough surface. Its superior intelligence is seen in its purposeful use of a tool, an object in no wise related to itself, to bring about a definite end; just as another monkey, of which Mr. Hornaday speaks, did in using a stick to punch a banana out of a pipe.

I do not agree with those who urge that an animal, such as the beaver, for instance, gives proof of its gift of reason when it amputates its leg in order to escape from a trap. I dissent from it for several reasons. Animals apparently much lower in the scale of intelligence than the beaver, such as the musk-rat and the skunk, will do the same thing; and animals much higher, such as the dog, the fox, the wolf, will not do it. Indeed it has been found that an all but brainless animal, like the star-fish, will do it. In order to get free of a piece of rubber-tubing placed over one of its arms, the star-fish has, after exhausting other expedients, been known to amputate the arm. Hence, I infer that the beaver, caught in a trap, does not reason about it, and 'reach the conclusion that he must inflict upon himself the pain of amputating his foot.' He only

shows the promptings of a very old and universal instinct, the instinct of self-preservation.

Every creature, little and big, that has powers of locomotion, struggles against that which would forcibly hold it, or which opposes it. A cricket or a grasshopper will leave a leg in your hand in order to escape. Try forcibly to retain the paw of your dog, or your cat, and see how it will struggle to be free. A four-footed animal caught in a trap is filled with rage and pain; it bites at everything within reach, the bushes, the logs, the rocks; of course it bites the trap, but upon the steel its teeth make no impression. If the animal is small, the part of the foot that protrudes on the inside of the jaws of the trap soon becomes numb and dead or frozen, and is gnawed off. The leg above the trap may become frozen and senseless, and the amputation of it give little pain. Trappers tell us that bears often resort to all manner of devices to get rid of the trap, some of which seem very intelligent, as for instance, when one climbs a tree, and getting the trap fast amid the branches, brings its weight to bear upon it, thus calling in the aid of gravity. But I would no sooner think that such behavior on the part of the bear was the result of a reasoning process—a knowledge of the force of gravity—than I would attribute reason to a tree because it tries to assume the perpendicular, or to clouds because they soar aloft in order to let down the rain. The bear is doing his best to get his paw out of the jaws of the trap, and in his blind fury and desperation he climbs a tree and tries to detach the trap there, but only succeeds in getting it fast, when, as a matter of course, he drops down and pulls out. He could have pulled his own weight and more upon the ground had he got the trap fast. The trapper's hope is that he will not get it fast.

We reason for the brute when we interpret its action in this way. I do not suppose that with the anger, or joy, or fear, or love-making, of our brute-neighbors there goes any idea, or mental process, or image whatever; only involuntary impulse stimulated by outward conditions. We ourselves are often happy without thought, scared without reason, angry without volition, and act from spontaneous impulse. I suppose that if man were not a reasonable being he would never laugh, because it is the perception of some sort of incongruity that makes us laugh, though we may not be conscious of it.

Animals never laugh, and probably never experience in any degree the emotion that makes us laugh, because their minds do not perceive incongruities. Such perception is an intellectual act that is beyond them. The incongruous only strikes them as something strange, and excites their suspicion or their fears. When one day I suddenly appeared before my dog in a suit of khaki, a garb in which he had never before seen me, did it excite his mirth, as it did that of some of my neighbors? on the contrary, it alarmed him: he hesitated a moment, showing conflicting emotions, then edged away suspiciously, and when I made a hostile demonstration toward him, fled precipitately in a high state of anger and excitement. Not till I spoke to him in the old tone did he recover himself and approach me in a humiliated, apologetic way.

We are often glad in our sleep, but do we ever dream of laughing? Reason slumbers at such times, and we have no perception of incongruities.

Our anger, our joy, our sex-love, our selfishness, our cruelty, are of animal origin; but our sense of the ludicrous, which is the basis of our wit and humor, our hope, our faith, our feeling of reverence, of altruism, of

worship, are above the animal sphere, as is the faculty of reason. They are of animal origin only in the sense that man himself is of animal origin. They are not endowments from some external or extra-human source. They must have been potential in the lower orders, just as our limbs were potential in the fins of the fish, and our lungs potential in its bladder. Evolution must always have something to go upon, but that something may be quite beyond our human ken, as it certainly is in the case of man's higher nature. It is much easier to trace the feather of the bird to the scale of the fish than it is to trace our moral nature to its animal origin. Yet this is the only possible source science can assign to it, because it is the only source that falls within the sphere of physical causation, the only causation science knows.

When the lower animals laugh I shall believe they have the faculty of reason also. Think how long man must have lived before he became a laughing animal — before he was sufficiently developed mentally to take note of incongruities, or for this or that object or incident to excite his mirth instead of his fear! When I first saw a trolley-car running along the street without any apparent means of propulsion, it excited my surprise and curiosity. When my horse first saw it, he was filled with alarm. I do not suppose my horse had the same mental process about it that I had; an effect without an apparent cause could have been nothing to him. He was moved simply by the strangeness of the spectacle. It was a sight the like of which he had never seen before.

Stories are told of monkeys that would seem to indicate in them some perception of the humorous, however rudimentary, but I recall nothing of the kind in the other animals. Of course the impulse of play in animals

springs from another source — the instinct to develop the particular powers that their life-careers will most require. Puppies and kittens fight mock battles and pursue and capture mock game, kids leap and bound, colts run and leap, birds swoop and dive as if to escape a hawk: in each case training the powers that are likely to be the most useful to them in after-life. Our play-instinct is no doubt of animal origin, but not in the same sense is our sense of the humorous of animal origin. It originated in man, as did so many of the higher emotions.

II

One of the best illustrations I ever had of the difference between animal and human behavior under like conditions, was afforded me one May day in the woods, when I unwittingly pulled down the stub of a small tree in which a pair of bluebirds had a nest and young. Now, if a man were to come home and find his house gone, and only empty space where it had stood, he would not go up to the place where the door had been and try repeatedly to find the entrance. But this is exactly what the bluebirds did. As I have elsewhere described, I had pulled down the stub that held their nest and young, not knowing there was a nest there; and then on discovering my mistake had set the stub up again twelve or fifteen feet from where I had found it. Presently the mother-bird came with food in her bill, and alighted on a limb a few feet above the spot where the trunk of the tree holding her nest had been, and where, doubtless, she was in the habit of alighting. She must have seen at once that her house was gone, but if she did, the fact made no impression upon her.

Quite undisturbed, she dropped down to the exact spot in the vacant space

where the entrance to her nest used to be. She hovered there a moment and then, apparently greatly bewildered, flew back to the perch above. She waited there a moment, peering downward, and then tried it again. Could she not see that her house was gone? But the force of habit was stronger with her than any free intelligence she might possess. She had always found the nest there and it must be there still. An animal's reflexes are not influenced by the logic of the situation. Down she came again and hovered a moment at the point of the vanished nest, vainly seeking the entrance. This movement she repeated over and over. I have no doubt that she came each time to the precise spot in the air where her treasures had been. It seemed as if she could not convince herself that the nest was not there. She had brought a beetle in her bill, and this she hammered upon the limb each time she perched, as if it in some way might be at fault. How her blue wings flickered in the empty air above the dark water, not more than ten or twelve feet from the actual visible entrance to the nest she had lost!

Presently she dropped her bug and flew off through the woods, calling for her mate. Her action seemed very human. Surely he would clear up the mystery. In a moment or two, both birds with food in their bills were perched upon the branch a few feet above the spot where the nest had been. I can recall yet the confident air with which the male dropped down to that vacant spot. Could he not see that there was nothing there? No, seeing was not convincing. He must do just as he had done so many times before. He tried it again and again; then the two birds took turns in trying it. They assaulted the empty air vigorously, persistently, as if determined that it must give up their lost ones. Finally they perched

upon a branch higher up and seemed to pause to consider. The machines ceased to act. At this instant the mother-bird spied the hole that was the entrance to her nest and flew straight to it. Her treasures were found.

In that moment did she cease to be a machine, and show a spark of free intelligence? It looks so at least. She acted like a rational being, she seemed at last to have got it into her head that the nest was no longer in the old place, and that she must look about her. I do not say that this is the true explanation of her conduct; it is rather putting one's self in her place. But how long it took the birds to break out of the rut of habit! It did not seem as if their intelligence was finally influenced; but as if their instincts had become discouraged or fatigued. They were not convinced, they were baffled. Of course you cannot convince an animal as you can a person, because there is no reason to be convinced; but you can make an impression, you can start the formation of a new habit. See the caged animal try to escape, or the tethered one try to break its tether, — how long the struggle continues! A rational being would quickly be convinced, and would desist. But instinct is automatic, and the reaction continues. When the animal ceases its struggles, it is not as the result of a process of ratiocination, — 'this cage or this chain is stronger than I am, therefore I cannot escape,' — but because the force of instinct has spent itself. Man, too, is more or less the creature of habit, but the lower animals are almost entirely so. Only now and then, as in the case of the mother-bluebird, is there a gleam of something like the power of free choice.

Darwin quotes the case of a pike in an aquarium that for three months dashed itself with great violence against a plate-glass that separated it from the

fish upon which it was wont to feed. Then, he says, it learned caution, and would not seize the fish when the glass was removed. It was not convinced, I should say, but another habit had been formed.

The whole secret of the training of wild animals is to form new habits in them. A certain regular, absolutely regular, routine must be kept up till the habit is formed of doing the trick. The animal does not learn the trick in a sense that implies the exercise of free intelligence: it is shaped to it as literally as the root of a tree shapes itself to a rock; or, we may say, it is trained as we train a tree against a wall.

Animal intelligence is like the figures and designs made in a casting; it is not acquired or much changed by experience, while human intelligence is slowly developed through man's educative capacity. The animal is a creature of habits inherited and acquired, in a sense that man is not; certain things may be stamped into the animal's mind, and certain things may be stamped out; we can train it into the formation of new habits, but we cannot educate or develop its mind as we can that of a child, so that it will know the why and the wherefore. It does the trick or the task because we have shaped its mind to the particular pattern; we have stamped in this idea, which is not an idea to the animal but an involuntary impulse. That which exists in the mind of man as mental concepts, free ideas, exists in the mind of the animal as innate tendency to do certain things. The bird has an impulse to build its nest, not any free or abstract ideas about nest-building; probably the building is not preceded or attended by any mental processes whatever, but by an awakening instinct, an inherited impulse.

A man can be reached and moved or influenced through his mind, an animal

can be reached and moved only through its senses.

The animal mind seems more like the mind we see manifested in the operations of outward nature, than like our own. The mind we see active in outward nature — if it *is* mind — is so unlike our own, that when we seek to describe it in terms of our own, ascribing to it design, plan, purpose, invention, rationality, etc., we are accused of anthropomorphism, and science will not listen to us. Yet all we know of laws and principles, of cause and effect, of mechanics and dynamics, of chemistry and evolution, etc., we learn from this outward nature. Through our gift of reason we draw out and formulate, or translate into our mental concepts, nature's method of procedure. Shall we say, then, that nature is rational without reason? wise without counsel? that she builds without rule, and dispenses without plan? is she full of mind-stuff, or does she only stimulate the mind-stuff in ourselves? It is evident that nature knows not our wisdom or economics, our prudence, our benevolence, our methods, our science. These things are the result of our reaction to the stimulus she affords, just as the sensation we call light is our reaction to certain vibrations, the sensation we call sound is the reaction to other kinds of vibrations, and the sensation we call heat, the reaction to still other. The mind, the reason, is in us; the cause of it is in nature. She has no mechanics, no chemistry, no philosophy, yet all we know of these things we draw from her.

When we translate her methods into our own terms, we call it the method of 'trial and error,' — a blind groping through infinite time and infinite space, till every goal is reached. If her arch falls, a stronger arch may be formed by its ruins; if her worlds collide, other worlds may be born of

the collision; if one species perishes, other species may take its place; always if her 'bark sinks, 't is to another sea.' She is all in all, and all the parts are hers. Her delays, her failures, her trials, are like those of a blind man who seeks to reach a particular point in an unknown landscape; if his strength holds out, he will finally reach it. Nature's strength always holds out; she reaches her goal because she leaves no direction untried.

She felt her way to man through countless forms, through countless geological ages. If the development of man was possible at the outset, evolution was bound to fetch him in time; if not in a million years, then in a billion or a trillion. In the conflict of forces, mechanical and biological, his coming must have been delayed many times; the cup must have been spilled, or the vessel broken, times without number. Hence the surplussage, the heaping measures in nature, her prodigality of seed and germ. To produce one brook trout, thousands of eggs perish; to produce one oak, thousands of acorns are cast. If there is the remotest chance that our solar system will come in collision with some other system, — and of course there is, — that collision is bound to occur, no matter if the time is so distant that it would take a row of figures miles in extent to express it.

I am aware that it is my anthropomorphism that compels me to speak of nature the way I am speaking; we have to describe that which is not man in terms of man, because we have no other terms, and thereby tell a kind of untruth. It is as when we put bird-songs or animal-calls into words, or write them on the musical scale — we only hint what we cannot express.

I look out of my window and see the tide in its endless quest, racing up and racing down the river; every day, every

night, the year through, for a thousand, for a million years it goes on, and no one is the wiser, yet the tides have played their part in the history of the globe. But nature's cradle keeps rocking after her child has left it. Only the land benefits from the rain, and yet it rains upon the sea as upon the land. The trees ripen their fruits and their nuts whether there is any creature to feed upon them, or any room to plant them or not. Nature's purpose (more anthropomorphism) embraces them all, she covers the full circle, she does not need to discriminate and husband her resources as we do.

Far and forgot to me are near,
Shadow and sunshine are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame.

The animals are so wise in their own way, such a success, without thought, yet so provocative of thought in us! They are rational without reason, and wise without understanding. They communicate without language, and subsist without forethought. They weave and spin and drill and bore without tools, they traverse zones without guide or compass, they are cunning without instruction, and prudent without precept. They know the ends of the earth, the depths of the sea, the currents of the air, and are at home in the wilderness. We ascribe to them thought and reason, and discuss their psychology, because we are anthropomorphic; we have no other standards than those furnished by our own nature and experience.

Animal behavior, as I have said, is much more like the behavior of natural forces than is that of man: the animal goes along with nature, borne along by her currents, while the mind of man crosses and confronts nature, thwarts her, uses her, or turns her back upon herself. During the vast eons while the earth was peopled by the lower orders alone, nature went her way.

But when this new animal, man, appeared, in due time nature began to go his way, to own him as master. Her steam and her currents did his work, her lightning carried his messages, her forces became his servants.

I am not aware that any animal in the least degree confronts nature in this way — cuts its paths through her, and arbitrarily shapes her. Probably the nearest approach to it is among the insects, such as the balloon-spiders, the agricultural ants, etc. In some parts of the country one might think that the cow was a landscape gardener, from the pretty cone-shaped forms that she carves out of the wild-apple and thorn trees, but she does this quite unwittingly through her taste for the young shoots of these trees. It is like her engineering skill in laying out paths, quite inevitable from the nature of her wants and activities.

Man is the only inventive and tool-using animal, because he alone has the faculty of reason, and can see the end of a thing before the beginning. With his mind's eye he sees a world hidden from the lower orders. There are hints of this gift in the lower orders, hints of reason, of language, of tool-using, and the like, but hints only.

The cries and calls of animals must have preceded human speech, but who can measure the gulf between them? Man must have had animal emotions — fear, hunger, joy, love, hate — long before he had ideas. His gift of language and his gift of ideas must have grown together, and mutually reacted upon one another. Without language could he possess ideas, or possess ideas without language? Which was first?

An animal's use of signals — warning signals and recognition signals, if this is the true significance of some of their markings — is as unwitting as the flower's use of its perfume or its colors to attract insects. The deer

flashes its shield to its foe as well as to its fellow.

III

Considering the gulf that separates man from the lower orders, I often wonder how, for instance, we can have such a sense of companionship with a dog. What is it in the dog that so appeals to us? It is probably his quick responsiveness to our attention. He meets us half-way. He gives caress for caress. Then he is that light-hearted, irresponsible vagabond that so many of us half-consciously long to be if we could and dared. To a dog, a walk is the best of good fortunes; he sniffs adventure at every turn, is sure something thrilling will happen around the next bend in the path. How much he gets out of it that escapes me! The excitement of all the different odors that my sense is too dull to take in; the ground written over with the scent of game of some sort, the air full of the lure of wild adventure. How human he is at such times: he is out on a lark. In his spirit of hilarity he will chase hens, pigs, sheep, cows, which ordinarily he would give no heed to, just as boys abroad in the fields and woods will commit depredations that they would be ashamed of at home.

When I go into my neighbor's house, his dog of many strains, and a great crony of mine, becomes riotous with delight. He whines with joy, hops up on my lap, caresses me, and then springs to the door, and with wagging tail and speaking looks and actions says, 'Come on! let's off.' I open the door and say, 'Go, if you want to.' He leaps back on my lap, and says, 'No, no, not without you.' Then to the door again with his eloquent pantomime, till I finally follow him forth into the street. Then he tears up the road to the woods, saying so plainly, 'Better one hour of Slabsides than a week of

humdrum at home.' At such times, if we chance to meet his master or mistress on the road, he heeds them not, and is absolutely deaf to their calls.

Well, I do not suppose the dog is in our line of descent, but his stem-form must join ours not very far back. He is our brother at not very many removes, and he has been so modified and humanized by his long intercourse with our kind, stretching no doubt through hundreds of thousands of years, that we are near to him and he is near to us. I do not suppose that, if this affectionate intercourse were to continue any number of ages or cycles longer, the dog would ever be any more developed on his intellectual side; he can never share our thoughts any more than he does now. He has not, nor have any of the lower orders, that which Ray Lankester aptly calls educability, that which distinguishes man from all other creatures. We can train animals to do wonderful things, but we cannot develop in them, or graft upon them, this capacity for intellectual improvement, to grasp and wield and store up ideas. Man's effect on trained animals is like the effect of a magnet on a piece of steel: for the moment he imparts some of his own powers to them, and holds them up to the ideal plane, but they are not permanently intellectualized; no new power is developed in them; and they soon fall back to their natural state. What they seem to acquire is not free intelligence that they can apply to other problems. We have not enlarged their minds, but have shaped their impulses to a new pattern. They are no wiser, but they are more apt. They do a human stunt, but they do not think human thoughts.

IV

In all the millions of years that life has been upon the globe, working its

wonders and its transformations, there had been no bit of matter possessing the power that the human brain-cortex possesses till man was developed. The reason of man, no matter how slow it may have been in finding itself, was a new thing in the world, apparently not contemplated by nature's plan, as, in a sense, it is at war with that plan, and a reversal of it.

Just as life was a new thing in the inorganic world, contravening the ordinary laws of matter, expressing a kind of energy not derived from gravitation, making chemical and physical forces its servants, so was the reason of man a new thing, evolved, of course, from preëxisting conditions, or animal automatism, but, when fairly differentiated, a new mode of energy, making its possessor a new kind of animal, reversing or annulling many of the laws that have sway in the rest of the animal kingdom, defeating the law of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, rising superior to climate and to geographical conditions, controlling and changing his environment, making servants of the natural forces about him; in short, fairly facing and mastering nature in a way no other animal had ever done.

The conditions that have limited the increase and spread of the other animals, have been in a measure triumphed over by man. The British scientist I have quoted above, Ray Lankester, has described man as nature's rebel — he defies her and wrests her territory from her. 'Where nature says, "Die!" man says, "I will live."' According to the law previously in universal operation, man should have been limited in geographical area, killed by extreme cold or heat, subject to starvation if one kind of diet were unobtainable, and should have been unable to increase and multiply, just as are his animal relatives, without losing his specific

structure and acquiring new physical characters according to the requirements of the new conditions into which he strayed — should have perished except on the condition of becoming a new morphological species.'

All this because man in a measure rose (why did he rise? who or what insured his rising?) above the state of automatism of the lower orders. His blind animal intelligence became conscious human intelligence. It was a metamorphosis, as strictly so as anything in nature. In man, for the first time, an animal turned around and looked upon itself and considered its relations to the forces outside of self. In other words, it developed mental vision; it paused to consider; it began to understand.

The mechanism called instinct gave place slowly to the psychic principle of reason and free will. Trouble began with the new gift. This was the real fall of man, a fall from a state of animal innocence and non-self-consciousness to a state of error and struggle — thenceforth man knew good from evil, and was driven out of the paradise of animal innocency. Reason opened the door to error, and in the same moment it opened the door to progress. If failure became possible, success also became possible. The animal with his instincts was doomed to a ceaseless round of unprogressive life; man with his reason had open to him the possibility of progressive mastery over nature. His race-mind developed slowly, from period to period, going through an unfolding and a discipline analogous to that of a child from infancy to manhood: many failures, many sorrows, much struggle; but slowly, oh, so slowly, has he emerged into the light of reason in which we find him now. The price the lower animals pay for unerring instinct is the loss of progress; the price man pays for his erring reason is the chance of failure.

Man's mastery over nature has made him the victim of scores of diseases not known to the animals below him. The artificial conditions with which he has surrounded himself, his material comforts, his extra-natural aids and shields, have opened the way to the invasion of his kingdom by hosts of bacterial enemies from whose mischievous activities the lower orders are exempt. He has closed his door against wind and cold, and thereby opened it to a ruthless and invisible horde. Nature endows him with reason, and then challenges it at every turn. She puts a weapon into his hand that she has given to no other animal, and then confronts him with foes such as no other animal knows. He pays for his privileges. He has entered the lists as a free lance, and he must and does take his chances. For the privileges of mastering certain of nature's activities, he pays in a host of natural enemies. For the privilege of fire, he pays in the hazard of fire; for the privilege of steam,

he pays in the risks of steam; for knowing how to overcome and use gravity, he pays in many a deadly surrender to gravity. He shakes out his sail to the wind at the risk of the wind's power and fury. So always does the new gift bring new danger and new responsibilities.

Man is endowed and blest above all other creatures, and above all other creatures is he exposed to defeat and death. But the problem is not as broad as it is long. The price paid does not always, or commonly, eat up all the profit. There has been a steady gain. Nature exacts her fee, but the service is more than worth it. Otherwise man would not be here. Unless man had been driven out of Paradise, what would he have come to? The lower orders are still in the Garden of Eden; they know not good from evil; but man's evolution has brought him out of the state of innocence and dependence, and he is supreme in the world.

FIFTY YEARS OF JOHN BURROUGHS

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

JOHN BURROUGHS began his literary career (and may he so end it!) by writing an essay for the *Atlantic Monthly*; as good an introduction (and conclusion), speaking by the rhetoric, as a lifelong composition need have. That first essay entitled *Expression*, 'a somewhat Emersonian Expression,' says its author, was printed in the *Atlantic* for November, 1860, which was fifty years ago. Fifty years are not

threescore and ten; many men have lived past threescore and ten, but not many men have written continuously for the *Atlantic* for fifty years, with eye undimmed and natural force unabated. Mr. Burroughs's eye for the truth of nature has grown clearer during these fifty years, and the vigor of his youth has steadied into a maturity of strength which in some of his latest essays — *The Long Road*, for in-

stance — lifts one and bears one down the unmeasured reaches of geologic time, compassing the timelessness of time, its beginninglessness, its endinglessness, as none of his earlier chapters have done.

Many men have written more than Mr. Burroughs. His eighteen or twenty books, as books may be turned out, are nothing remarkable for fifty years of work. It is not their numbers, but the books, that are remarkable; that among them should be found *Wake-Robin*, *Winter Sunshine*, *Locusts and Wild Honey*, *Pepacton*, *Fresh Fields*, *Signs and Seasons*, *Riverby*, *Far and Near*, *Ways of Nature*, and *Leaf and Tendril*; for these ten nature books, as a group, stand alone at the head of the long list of books written about the out-of-doors since the days of the *Historia Animalium*, and the mediæval *Fables* and *Beasteries*.

These ten volumes are Mr. Burroughs's characteristic, his important work. His other books are eminently worth while: there is reverent, honest thinking in his religious essays, a creedless, but an absolute and joyous faith; there is simple and exquisite feeling in his poems; close analysis and an unmitigatedness, wholly Whitmanesque, in his interpretation of Whitman; and no saner, happier criticism anywhere than in his *Literary Values*. There are many other excellent critics, however, many poets, and religious writers; many other excellent nature-writers, too; but is there any other who has written so much upon the ways of nature as they parallel and cross the ways of men, upon so great a variety of nature's forms and expressions, and has done it with such abiding love, with such truth and charm?

Yet such a comparison is beyond proof, except in the least of the literary values — mere quantity; and it may be with literature as with mer-

chandise: the larger the cask the greater the tare. Charm? Is not charm that which *I* chance to like, or *you* chance to like? Others have written of nature with as much love and truth as has Mr. Burroughs, and each with his own peculiar charm: Audubon, with the spell of wild places and the thrill of fresh wonder; Traherne, with the ecstasy of the religious mystic; Gilbert White, with the sweetness of the evening and the morning; Thoreau, with the heat of noonday; Jefferies, with just a touch of twilight shadowing all his pages. We want them severally as they are; Mr. Burroughs as he is, neither wandering 'lonely as a cloud' in search of poems, nor skulking in the sedges along the banks of the Guaso Nyero looking for lions. We want him at Slab-sides, near his celery-fields. And whatever the literary quality of our other nature-writers, no one of them has come any nearer than Mr. Burroughs to that difficult ideal — a union of thought and form, no more to be separated than the heart and the bark of a live tree.

Take Mr. Burroughs's work as a whole, and it is beyond dispute the most complete, the most revealing, of all our out-door literature. His pages lie open like the surface of a pond, sensitive to every wind, or calm as the sky, holding the clouds and the distant blue, and the dragon-fly, stiff-winged and pinned to the golden knob of a spatter-dock.

All out-door existence, all out-door phenomena, are deeply interesting to him. There is scarcely a form of out-door life, scarcely a piece of landscape, or natural occurrence, characteristic of the Eastern States, which has not been dealt with suggestively in his pages: the rabbit under his porch; the paleozoic pebble along his path; the salt breeze borne inland by the Hudson; the flight of an eagle; the whirl of a

snow-storm; the work of the honey-bees; the procession of the seasons over Slabsides; even the abundant soil out of which he and his grapes grow and which, 'incorruptible and unde-filed,' he calls divine.

He devotes an entire chapter to the bluebird, a chapter to the fox, one to the apple, another to the wild strawberry. The individual, the particular thing, is always of particular interest to him. But so is its habitat, the whole of its environment. He sees the gem, not cut and set in a ring, but rough in the mine, where it glitters on the hand of nature, all the more that it is worn in the dark. Naturally Mr. Burroughs has written much about the birds; yet he is not an ornithologist. His theme has not been this or that, but nature in its totality, as it is bred within the circle of his horizon, as it surrounds, supports, and quickens him.

That nature does support and quicken the spiritual of him, no less than the physical, is the inspiration of his writing and the final comment it requires. Whether the universe was shaped from chaos with man as its end, is a question of real concern to Mr. Burroughs, but of less concern to him than the problem of shaping himself to the universe, of living as long as he may upon a world so perfectly adapted to life, if only one be physically and spiritually adaptable. To take the earth as one finds it, to plant one's self in it, to plant one's roof-tree in it, to till it, to understand it, and the laws which govern it, and the Perfection which created it, and to love it all — is the heart of Mr. Burroughs's religion, the pith of his philosophy, the conclusion of his books.

But if a perfect place for the fit, how hard a place is this world for the lazy, the ignorant, the stubborn, the weak, the physically and spiritually ill! So hard that a torpid liver is almost a mor-

tal handicap, the stars in their courses fight against the bilious to defeat them, to drive them to exercise, to copious drinking of water, to knowledge of burdock and calomel — to obedience and understanding.

Underlying all of Mr. Burroughs's thought and feeling, framing every one of his books, is a deep sense of the perfection of nature, the sharing of which is physical life, and its understanding a knowledge of God himself, in some part of His perfection. 'I cannot tell what the simple apparition of the earth and sky mean to me; I think that at rare intervals one sees that they have an immense spiritual meaning, altogether unspeakable, and that they are the great helps, after all.' How the world was made — its geology, its biology — is the great question; for its answer is poetry and religion and life itself. Mr. Burroughs is serenely sure as to who made the world; and the theological speculation as to why it was made, he answers by growing small fruits on it, living upon it, writing about it.

Temperamentally Mr. Burroughs is an optimist, as vocationally he is a writer, and avocationally a vine-dresser. He plants and expects to gather — grapes from his grape-vines, books from his book-vines, years, satisfactions, sorrows, joys, all that is due him.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

And what is it that is due him? Everything: everything essential; as everything essential is due the pine tree, the prairie, the very planet. Is not this earth a star? Are not the prairie, the pine tree, and man the dust of stars? Each a part of the other? All parts of one whole — a universe, round, rolling, without beginning, without end, without flaw, without lack, self-sustained, perfect!

I stay my haste, I make delays,
 For what avails this eager pace?
 I stand amid the eternal ways,
 And what is mine shall know my face.

Mr. Burroughs came naturally by such a view of nature and his consequent optimism. It is due partly to his having been born and brought up on a farm where he had what was due him from the start. Such birth and bringing-up is the natural right of every boy. To know and to do the primitive, the elemental; to go barefoot, to drive the cows, to fish, and to go to school with not too many books but with 'plenty of real things' — these are nominated in every boy's bond.

Serene I fold my hands and wait

is the poem of a childhood on the farm, and the poem of a manhood on the farm; for, after teaching school and becoming a United States bank examiner, Mr. Burroughs returned to the country where he still lives. He is now in his seventies, and coming full of years, and fuller and fuller of books as his vines are full of years, and fuller and fuller of grapes.

Could it be otherwise? If men and grapes are of the same divine dust, should they not grow according to the same divine laws? Here in the vineyard along the Hudson, Mr. Burroughs planted himself in planting his vines, and every trellis that he set has become his own support and stay. The very clearing of the land for his vineyard was a preparation of himself physically and morally for a more fruitful life.

'Before the snow was off in March,' he says in *Literary Values*, 'we set to work under-draining the moist and springy places. My health and spirits improved daily. I seemed to be under-draining my own life and carrying off the stagnant water, as well as that of the land.' And so he was. There are other means of doing it — taking drugs,

playing golf, walking the streets; but surely the advantages and the poetry are all in favor of the vineyard. And how much fitter a place the vineyard to mellow and ripen life, than a city roof of tarry pebbles and tin!

Though necessarily personal and subjective, Mr. Burroughs's writing is entirely free from self-exploitation and confession. There are pages scattered here and there dealing briefly and frankly with his own natural history, but our thanks are due to Mr. Burroughs that he never made a business of watching himself. Once he was inveigled by a magazine editor into doing *An Egotistical Chapter*, wherein we find him as a boy of sixteen reading essays, and capable at that age of feeding for a whole year upon Dr. Johnson! Then we find him reading Whipple's essays, and the early out-door papers of Higginson; and later, at twenty-three, settling down with Emerson's essays, and getting one of his own into the *Atlantic Monthly*!

How early his own began to come to him!

That first essay in the *Atlantic* was followed by a number of out-door sketches in the *New York Leader* — written, Mr. Burroughs says, 'mainly to break the spell of Emerson's influence and get upon ground of my own.' He succeeded in both purposes; and a large and exceedingly fertile piece of ground it proved to be, too, this which he got upon! Already the young writer had chosen his field and his crop. The out-of-doors has been largely his literary material, as the essay has been largely his literary form, ever since. He has done other things — volumes of literary studies and criticisms; but his theme from first to last has been the Great Book of Nature, a page of which, here and there, he has tried to read to us.

Mr. Burroughs's work, in out-door literature, is a distinct species, with

new and well-marked characteristics. He is the nature-writer, to be distinguished from the naturalist in Gilbert White, the mystic in Traherne, the philosopher in Emerson, the preacher, poet, egoist in Thoreau, the humorist in Charles Dudley Warner. As we now know the nature-writer we come upon him for the first time in Mr. Burroughs. Such credit might have gone to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, had he not been something else before he was a lover of nature — of letters first, then of flowers, carrying his library into the fields; whereas Mr. Burroughs brings the fields into the library. The essay whose matter is nature, whose moral is human, whose manner is strictly literary, belongs to Mr. Burroughs. It is distinguished by this threefold and *even* emphasis. In almost every other of our early out-door writers either the naturalist, or the moralist, or the stylist, holds the pen.

Early or late, this or that, good out-door writing must be marked, first, by fidelity to fact; and, secondly, by sincerity of expression. Like qualities mark all good literature; but they are themselves the *very* literature of nature. When we take up a nature-book we ask (and it was Mr. Burroughs who taught us to ask), 'Is the record true? Is the writing honest?'

In these ten volumes by Mr. Burroughs there are many observations, and it is more than likely that some of them may be wrong, but it is not possible that any of them could be mixed with observations that he knows he never made. If Mr. Burroughs has written a line of sham natural history, which line is it? In a preface to *Wake-Robin*, the author says his readers have sometimes complained that they do not see the things which he sees in the woods; but I doubt if there ever was a reader who suspected Mr. Burroughs of not seeing the things.

His reply to these complaints is significant, being in no manner a defense, but an exquisite explanation, instead, of the difference between the nature that anybody may see in the woods and the nature that every individual writer, because he is a writer, and an individual, must put into his book: a difference like that between the sweet-water gathered by the bee from the flowers and the drop of acid-stung honey deposited by the bee in the comb. The sweet-water undergoes a chemical change in being brought to the hive, as the wild nature undergoes a literary change — by the addition of the writer's self to the nature, while with the sweet-water it is by the addition of the bee.

One must be able to walk to an editorial office and back, and all the way walk humbly with his theme, as Mr. Burroughs ever does — not entirely forgetful of himself, nor of me, because he has invited me along; but I must be quiet and not disturb the fishing — if we go by way of a trout-stream.

True to the facts, Mr. Burroughs is a great deal more than scientific, for he loves the things — the birds, hills, seasons — as well as the truths about them; and true to himself, it must not be inferred that he is a simple countryman who has never seen the city, a natural idyl, who lispes in *Atlantic* essays, because the essays come. He is fully aware of the thing he wants to do, and by his own confession has a due amount of trouble shaping the raw material into finished literary form. He is quite in another class from the authors of *The Complete Angler* and *New England's Rarities Discovered*. In Isaak Walton, to quote Leslie Stephen, 'a happy combination of circumstances has provided us with a true country idyl, fresh and racy from the soil, not consciously constructed by the most skillful artistic hand.' The skillful artistic hand is

everywhere seen in Mr. Burroughs. What writer nowadays could expect happy combinations of circumstances in sufficient numbers for ten volumes? Albeit a stone house, in a vineyard by the Hudson, seems a very happy combination.

Now being an idyl is not at all the result of a happy combination of circumstances, but rather of stars — of horoscope. You are born an idyl or you are not, and where and when you live has nothing to do with it.

Who would look for a true country idyl to-day in the city of Philadelphia? Yet one came out of there yesterday, and lies here open before me, on the table. It is a slender volume, called *With the Birds, An Affectionate Study*, by Caroline Eliza Hyde. The author is discussing the general subject of nomenclature and animal distribution, and says, —

‘When the Deluge covered the then known face of the earth, the birds were drowned with every other living thing, except those that Noah, commanded by God, took two by two into the Ark.

‘When I reflect deeply and earnestly about the Ark, as every one should, thoughts crowd my mind with an irresistible force.’

And they crowd my mind, too.

‘Noah and his family had preserved the names of the birds given them by Adam. This is assured, for Noah sent a raven and a dove out to see if the waters had abated, and we have birds of that name now. Nothing was known of our part of the globe, so these birds must have remained in the Holy Land for centuries. We do not hear of them until America was discovered. . . .

‘Bats come from Sur. They are very black mouse-like birds, and disagreeable. . . . The bobolink is not mentioned in the Bible, but it is doubtless a primitive bird. The cock that crows too early in the morning . . . can

hardly be classed with the song-birds. The name of the humming-bird is not mentioned in the Bible, but as there is nothing new under the sun, he is probably a primitive bird.’

Mr. Burroughs will agree that the humming-bird is probably a primitive bird; also that this is a true idyl, and that he could not write a true idyl if he tried. No one could write like that by trying. And what has any happy combination of circumstances to do with it? No, a book essentially is only a personality in type, and he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write a true idyl must himself be born a true idyl. A fine Miltonic saying!

Mr. Burroughs is not an idyl, but an essayist, with a love for books only second to his love for nature; a watcher in the woods, a tiller of the soil, a reader, critic, thinker, poet, whose chief business these fifty years has been the interpretation of the out-of-doors.

Upon him as interpreter and observer, his last two books, *Ways of Nature* and *Leaf and Tendril*, are an interesting comment.

Truth does not always make good literature, not when it is stranger than fiction, as it often is, and the writer who sticks to the truth of nature must sometimes do it at the cost of purely literary ends. ‘Have I sacrificed truth to literature?’ asks Mr. Burroughs of his books. ‘Have I seen in nature the things that are there,’ or the strange man-things, the ‘winged creeping things which have four feet,’ and which were an abomination to the ancient Hebrews, but which the readers of modern nature-writing do greedily devour — are these the things I have seen?’ And so he sets about a re-examination of all he has written, from *Wake-Robin* to *Far and Near*, hoping ‘that the result of the discussion or threshing will not be to make the reader love the animals less, but rather to love the truth more.’

But the result, as embodied in *Ways of Nature* and in *Leaf and Tendril*, is quite the opposite, I fear; for these two volumes are more scientific in tone than any of his other work; and it is the mission, not of science, but of literature, to quicken our love for animals, even for truth. Science only adds to the truth. Yet here, in spite of himself, Mr. Burroughs is more the writer, more the interpreter, than the investigator. He is constantly forgetting his scientific thesis, as for instance, in the account of his neighbor's errant cow. He succeeds finally, however, in reducing her fairly well to a mechanical piece of beef, acting to vegetable stimuli upon a nerve ganglion located somewhere in the region between her horns and her tail.

Now, all this is valuable, and the use made of it is laudable, but would we not rather have the account than the cow, especially from Mr. Burroughs? It is the account that he has come to stand for. And so, if we do not love Mr. Burroughs's scientific animals more, and his scientific findings more, we do, I think, love all his other books more; for we see now that, from the beginning, he has regarded the facts of nature as the solid substance of his books, to be kept as free from fancy and from false report as his interpretation of them is to be kept free from all exaggeration and cant.

Here then are ten volumes of honest seeing, honest feeling, honest reporting. Such honesty of itself may not make good nature-literature, but without such honesty there can be no good nature-literature.

Nature-literature is not less than the truth, but more; how much more, Mr. Burroughs himself suggests to us in a passage about his literary habits.

'For my part,' he says, 'I can never interview nature in the reporter fashion. I must camp and tramp with her to

get any good, and what I get I absorb through my emotions rather than consciously gather through my intellect. . . . An experience must lie in my mind a certain time before I can put it upon paper — say from three to six months. If there is anything in it, it will ripen and mellow by that time. I rarely take any notes, and I have a very poor memory, but rely upon the affinity of my mind for a certain order of truths or observations. What is mine will stick to me, and what is not will drop off. We who write about nature pick out, I suspect, only the rare moments when we have had glimpses of her, and make much of them. Our lives are dull, our minds crusted over with rubbish like those of other people. Then writing about nature, or about most other subjects, is an expansive process; we are under the law of evolution; we grow the germ into the tree; a little original observation goes a good way.' For 'when you go to nature, bring us good science or else good literature, and not a mere inventory of what you have seen. One demonstrates, the other interprets.'

Careful as Mr. Burroughs has been with his facts, so careful as often to bring us excellent science, he yet has left us no inventory of the out-of-doors. His work is literature; he is not a demonstrator, but an interpreter, an expositor who is true to the text and the whole of the context.

One's pleasure in Mr. Burroughs as an interpreter comes as much from his wholesome good sense, from his balance and sanity, I think, as from the assurance of his sincerity. Free from pose and cant and deception, he is free also from bias and strain. There is something ordinary, normal, reasonable, companionable, about him; an even tenor to all his ways, a deliberateness, naturalness to all his paths, as if they might have been made

originally by the cows. So they were.

If Mr. Burroughs were to start from my door for a tramp over these Hingham hills he would cross the trout-brook by my neighbor's stone bridge, and nibbling a spear of peppermint on the way, would follow the lane and the cow-paths across the pasture. Thoreau would pick out the deepest hole in the brook and try to swim across; he would leap the stone walls of the lane, cut a bee-line through the pasture, and drop, for his first look at the landscape, to the bottom of the pit in the seam-face granite quarry. Here he would pull out his note-book and a gnarly wild apple from his pocket, and intensely, critically, chemically, devouring said apple, make note in the book that the apples of Eden were flat, the apples of Sodom bitter, but this wild, tough, wretched, impossible apple of the Hingham hills united all ambrosial essences in its striking flavor of squash-bugs. Mr. Burroughs takes us along with him. Thoreau comes upon us—jumps out at us from behind some bush, with a '*Scat!*' Burroughs brings us home in time for tea; Thoreau leaves us tangled up in the briars. It won't hurt us to be jumped at now and then and told to '*scat!*' To be digged by the briars is good for us, else we might forget that *we* are beneath our clothes; good for us and highly diverting, but highly irritating too.

For my part, when I take up an outdoor book I am glad if there is quiet in it, fragrance, and something of the sameness and sweetness of the sky. Not that I always want sweet skies. It is 98 degrees in the shade, and three weeks since there fell a drop of rain. I could sing like a robin for a sizzling, crackling thunder-shower—less for the sizzling and crackling than for the shower. Thoreau is a succession of showers—'tempests'; his pages are sheet-lightning, electrifying, purifying,

illuminating, but not altogether conducive to peace. There is a clear sky to most of Mr. Burroughs's pages, a rural landscape, wide, gently rolling, with cattle standing beneath the trees.

His natural history is entirely natural, his philosophy entirely reasonable, his religion and ethics very much of the kind we wish our minister and neighbor might possess; and his manner of writing is so unaffected that we feel we could write in that manner ourselves. Only we cannot.

Since the time he can be said to have 'led' a life, Mr. Burroughs has led a literary life; that is, nothing has been allowed to interfere with his writing; yet the writing has not interfered with a quiet successful business—with his raising of grapes. He has a study and a vineyard.

Not many men ought to live by the pen alone. A steady diet of inspiration and words is hard on the literary health. The writing should be varied with some good wholesome work, actual hard work for the hands; not so much, perhaps, as one would find in an eighteen-acre vineyard, yet Mr. Burroughs's eighteen acres have certainly proved no check—rather, indeed, a stimulus—to his writing. He seems to have gathered a volume out of every acre; and he has put a good acre into every volume. *Fresh Fields* is the name of one of the volumes, *Leaf and Tendril* of another; but the freshness of his fields, the leaves and the tendrils of his vineyard, enter into them all. The grapes of the vineyard are in them also.

Here is a growth of books out of the soil that have been trimmed, trained, sprayed, and kept free from rot. Such books may not be altogether according to the public taste; they will keep, however, until the public acquires a better taste. Sound, ripe, fresh, early and late, a full crop! Has the vineyard anything to do with it?

It is not every farmer who should go to writing, nor every writer who should go to farming; but there is a mighty waste of academic literature, of premature, precocious, lily-handed literature, of chicken-licken literature, because the writers do not know a spade when they see one, would not call it that if they knew, and need to do less writing and more farming, more real work with their hands in partnership with the elemental forces of nature, or in comradeship with average elemental men — the only species extant of the quality to make writing worth while.

Mr. Burroughs has had this labor, this comradeship. His writing is seasoned and sane. It is ripe, and yet as fresh as green corn with the dew in the silk. You have eaten corn on the cob just from the stalk and steamed in its own husk? Green corn that is corn, that has all its milk and sugar and flavor, is cob and kernel and husk, not a stripped ear that is cooked with the kitchen air.

Literature is too often stripped of its human husk, and cut from its human cob: the man gone, the writer left; the substance gone, the style left — corn that tastes as much like corn as it tastes like puffed rice, — which tastes like nothing at all. There is the sweetness of the husk, the flavor of the cob, the substance of the corn to Mr. Burroughs.

There is no lack of cob and husk to Thoreau, of shell and hull, one should say, for he is more like a green walnut than an ear of green corn. Thoreau is very human, a whole man; but he is almost as much a tree, and a mountain, and a pond, and a spell of weather, and a state of morals. He is the author of *Walden*, and nobody else in the world is that; he is a lover of nature, as ardent a lover as ever eloped with her; he is a lover of mankind, loving them with

an intensity that hates them bag and baggage; he is poetical, prophetic, paradoxical, and utterly impossible.

But he knew it. Born in Concord, under the transcendental stars, at a time when Delphic sayings and philosophy, romance, and poetry ran wild in the gardens, where Bouncing-Bet with Wayward Charlie now run wild, Thoreau knew that he was touched, and that all his neighbors were, and sought asylum at Walden. But Walden was not far enough. If Mr. Burroughs, in New York State, found it necessary to take to the woods in order to escape Emerson, then Thoreau should have gone to Chicago, or to Xamiltapec.

Thoreau overworked, even in his bean-patch. But perhaps he had to, in order to produce beans with minds and souls. Such beans! Yet, for baking, plain beans are better than these transcendental beans, because your transcendental beans are always baked without pork.

It is the strain, in Thoreau, that wearies us; his sweating among the stumps and wood-chucks, a bean-crop netting him eight dollars, seventy-one and one-half cents. A family man cannot contemplate that fiddling patch with any patience, even though he have a taste for literature as real as his taste for beans. It is better to watch Mr. Burroughs pruning his grape-vine for a crop to net him one thousand, three hundred and twenty-five dollars, and *no* cents, and *no* half-cents. Here are eighteen acres to be cultivated, whose fruit is picked, shipped, and sold in the New York markets at a profit.

The most worthy qualities of good writing are those least noticeable — negative qualities of honesty, directness, sincerity, euphony; noticeable only by their absence. Yet in Mr. Burroughs they amount to a positive charm. Indeed, are not these same negative qualities the very substance of

good style? Such style as is had by a pair of pruning-shears, or is embodied in the exquisite lines of a flying swallow — the style that is perfect, purposeful adaptability?

But there is more than efficiency to Mr. Burroughs's style; there are strengths and graces existing in and for themselves. Here is a naturalist who has studied the art of writing. 'What little merit my style has,' he declares, 'is the result of much study and discipline.' And whose style, if it be style at all, is not the result of much study and discipline? Flourish, fine-writing, wordiness, obscurity, and cant are exorcised in no other way; and as for the 'limpidness, sweetness, freshness,' which Mr. Burroughs says should characterize out-door writing, and which do characterize his writing, how else shall they be obtained?

Out-door literature, no less than other types, is both form and matter; the two are mutually dependent, inseparably one; but the writer is most faithful to the form when he is most careful of the matter. It makes a vast difference whether his interest is absorbed by what he has to say, or by the possible ways he may say it. If Mr. Burroughs writes in his shirt-sleeves, as a recent critic says he does, it is because he goes about his writing as about his vineyarding — for grapes, for thoughts, and not to see how pretty he can make a paragraph look, or into what fantastic form he can train a vine. The vine is lovely in itself, — if it bear fruit.

And so is language. Take Mr. Burroughs's manner in any of its moods: its store of single, sufficient words, for instance, especially the homely, rugged words and idioms, and the flavor they give, is second to the work they do; or take his use of figures — De Quincey's 'discursive, roundabout style, herding his thoughts as a collie

dog herds sheep,' — and unexpected, vivid, apt as they are, they are even more effective. One is often caught up by the poetry in the prose of these essays and borne aloft, but never on a gale of words; the life and sweep are genuine emotion and thought.

As an essayist, — as a nature-writer I ought to say, — Mr. Burroughs's literary care is perhaps nowhere so plainly seen as in the simple architecture of his essay-plans, in their balance and finish, a quality that distinguishes him from others of the craft, and that neither gift nor chance could so invariably supply. The common fault of out-door books is the catalogue — raw data, notes. There are paragraphs of them in Mr. Burroughs, volumes of them in Thoreau. The average nature-writer sees not too much of nature, but knows all too little of literary values; he sees everything, gets a meaning out of nothing; writes it all down; and gives us what he sees, which is precisely what everybody may see; whereas we want what he thinks and feels. Some of our present writers do nothing but feel and divine and fathom — the animal psychologists, whatever they are. The bulk of nature-writing, however, is journalistic, done on the spot, into a note-book, as were the journals of Thoreau — fragmentary, yet often exquisite, like bits of old stained glass, unleaded, and lacking unity and design.

No such fault can be found with Mr. Burroughs. He goes pencilless into the woods, and waits before writing until his return home, until time has elapsed for the multitudinous details of the trip to blur and blend, leaving only the dominant facts and impressions for his pen. Every part of his work is of selected stock, as free from knots and seams, and sap-wood, as a piece of old-growth pine. There is plan, proportion, integrity to his essays — the naturalist

living faithfully up to a sensitive literary conscience.

Mr. Burroughs is a good, but not a great naturalist, as Audubon and Gray were great naturalists. His claim (and Audubon's in part) upon us is literary. He has been a watcher in the woods; has made a few pleasant excursions into the primeval wilderness, leaving his gun at home, and his camera, too, thank Heaven! He has broken out no new trail, discovered no new animal, no new thing. But he has seen all the old, uncommon things, and seen them oftener, has watched them longer, through more seasons, than any other writer of our out-of-doors; and though he has discovered no new thing, yet he has made discoveries, volumes of them, — contributions largely to our stock of literature, and to our store of love for the earth, and to our joy in living upon it. He has turned a little of the universe into literature; has translated a portion of the earth into human language; has restored to us our garden here eastward in Eden — apple-tree and all.

For a real taste of fruity literature,

try Mr. Burroughs's chapter on 'the apple.' Try Thoreau's too, — if you are partial to squash-bugs. There are chapters in Mr. Burroughs, such as 'The Flight of the Eagle,' 'A River View,' 'A Snow-Storm,' which seem to me as perfect, in their way, as anything that has ever been done — single, simple, beautiful in form, and deeply significant; the storm being a piece of fine description, of whirling snow across a geologic landscape, distant and as dark as eternity; the whole wintry picture lighted and warmed at the end by a glowing touch of human life: —

'We love the sight of the brown and ruddy earth; it is the color of life, while a snow-covered plain is the face of death; yet snow is but the mark of life-giving rain; it, too, is the friend of man — the tender, sculpturesque, immaculate, warming, fertilizing snow.'

There are many texts in these ten volumes, many themes, which unite, however, in one real message: that this is a good world to live in; these are good men and women to live with; that life, here and now, is altogether worth living.

THE MARBLE CHILD

BY E. NESBIT

ALL over the pavement of the church spread the exaggerated cross-hatching of the old pews' oak, a Smithfield market of intersecting lines such as children made with cards in the old days when kings and knaves had fat legs bulging above their serviceable feet, and queens had skirts to their gowns

and were not cut across their royal middles by mirrors reflecting only the bedizened torso of them and the charge — heart, trefoil, or the like — in the right-hand top corner of the oblong that framed them.

The pew had qualities: tall fat hassocks, red cushions, a comparative se-

clusion, and, in the case of the affluent, red curtains drawn at sermon-time.

The child wearied by the spectacle of a plump divine, in black gown and Geneva bands, thumping the pulpit-cushions in the madness of incomprehensible oratory, surrendered his ears to the noise of intonations which, in his own treble, would have earned the reprimand, 'Naughty temper.' His eyes, however, were, through some oversight of the gods of his universe, still his own. They found their own pasture: not, to be sure, the argent and sable of gown and bands, still less the gules of flushed denunciatory gills.

There is fair pasture in an old church which, when Norman work was broken down, men loved and built again as from the heart, with pillars and arches, that, to their rude time, symbolized all that the heart desires to materialize, in symbolic stone. The fretted tombs where the effigies of warrior and priest lay life-like in dead marble, the fretted canopies that brooded above their rest. Tall pillars like the trunks of the pine woods that smelt so sweet, the marvel of the timbered roof, — turned upside down it would be like a ship. And what could be easier than to turn it upside down? Imagination shrank bashfully from the pulpit already tightly tenanted, but the triforium was plainly and beautifully empty; there one could walk, squeezing happily through the deep thin arches and treading carefully by the unguarded narrow ledge. Only if one played too long in the roof aunts nudged, and urgent whispers insisted that one must not look about like that in church. When this moment came it came always as a crisis foreseen, half-dreaded, half' longed-for. After that the child kept his eyes lowered, and looked only at the faded red hassocks that the straw bulged from, and in brief, guarded, intimate moments, at the other child.

The other child was kneeling, always, whether the congregation knelt or stood or sat. Its hands were clasped. Its face was raised, but its back bowed under a weight — the weight of the font, for the other child was of marble and knelt always in the church, Sundays and weekdays. There had been once three marble figures holding up the shallow basin, but two had crumbled or been broken away, and now it seemed that the whole weight of the superimposed marble rested on those slender shoulders.

The child who was not marble was sorry for the other. He must be very tired.

The child who was not marble, — his name was Ernest, — that child of weary eyes and bored brain, pitied the marble boy while he envied him.

'I suppose he does n't really feel, if he's stone,' he said. 'That's what they mean by the stony-hearted tyrant. But if he does feel — How jolly it would be if he could come out and sit in my pew, or if I could creep under the font beside him. If he would move a little there would be just room for me.'

The first time that Ernest ever saw the marble child move was on the hottest Sunday in the year. The walk across the fields had been a breathless penance, the ground burned the soles of Ernest's feet as red-hot ploughshares the feet of the saints. The corn was cut, and stood in stiff yellow stooks, and the shadows were very black. The sky was light, except in the west beyond the pine trees, where blue-black clouds were piled.

'Like witches' feather-beds,' said Aunt Harriet, shaking out the folds of her lace shawl.

'Not before the child, dear,' whispered Aunt Emmeline.

Ernest heard her, of course. It was always like that: as soon as any one spoke about anything interesting, Aunt

Emmeline intervened. Ernest walked along very melancholy in his starched frill. The dust had whitened his strapped shoes, and there was a wrinkle in one of his white socks.

'Pull it up, child, pull it up,' said Aunt Jessie; and shielded from the world by the vast silk-veiled crinolines of three full-sized aunts, he pulled it up.

On the way to church, and indeed, in all walks abroad, you held the hand of an aunt; the circumferent crinolines made the holding an arm's-length business, very tiring. Ernest was always glad when, in the porch, the hand was dropped. It was just as the porch was reached that the first lonely roll of thunder broke over the hills.

'I knew it,' said Aunt Jessie, in triumph; 'but you would wear your blue silk.'

There was no more thunder till after the second lesson, which was hardly ever as interesting as the first, Ernest thought. The marble child looked more tired than usual, and Ernest lost himself in a dream-game where both of them got out from prison and played hide-and-seek among the tombstones. Then the thunder cracked deafeningly right over the church. Ernest forgot to stand up, and even the clergyman waited till it died away.

It was a most exciting service, well worth coming to church for, and afterwards people crowded in the wide porch and wondered whether it would clear, and wished they had brought their umbrellas. Some went back and sat in their pews till the servants should have had time to go home and return with umbrellas and cloaks. The more impetuous made clumsy rushes between the showers, bonnets bent, skirts held well up. Many a Sunday dress was ruined that day, many a bonnet fell from best to second-best.

And it was when Aunt Jessie whis-

pered to him to sit still and be a good boy and learn a hymn, that he looked to the marble child with, 'Is n't it a shame?' in his heart and his eyes, and the marble child looked back, 'Never mind, it will soon be over,' and held out its marble hands. Ernest saw them come toward him, reaching well beyond the rim of the basin under which they had always, till now, stayed.

'Oh!' said Ernest, quite out loud, and dropping the hymn-book, held out his hands, or began to hold them out. For before he had done more than sketch the gesture, he remembered that marble does not move and that one must not be silly. All the same, marble *had* moved. Also Ernest had 'spoken out loud' in church. Unspeakable disgrace!

He was taken home in conscious ignominy, treading in all the puddles to distract his mind from his condition.

He was put to bed early, as a punishment, instead of sitting up and learning his catechism under the charge of one of the maids while the aunts went to evening church. This, while terrible to Ernest, was in the nature of a reprieve to the housemaid, who found means to modify her own consequent loneliness. Far-away whisperings and laughings from the back or kitchen windows assured Ernest that the front or polite side of the house was unguarded. He got up, simulated the appearance of the completely dressed, and went down the carpeted stairs, through the rosewood-furnished drawing-room, rose-scented and still as a deathbed, and so out through the French windows to the lawn, where already the beginnings of dew lay softly.

His going out had no definite aim. It was simply an act of rebellion such as, secure from observation, the timid may achieve; a demonstration akin to putting the tongue out behind people's backs.

Having got himself out on the lawn, he made haste to hide in the shrubbery, disheartened by a baffling consciousness of the futility of safe revenges. What is the tongue put out behind the back of the enemy without the applause of some admirer?

The red rays of the setting sun made splendor in the dripping shrubbery.

'I wish I had n't,' said Ernest.

But it seemed silly to go back now, just to go out and to go back. So he went farther into the shrubbery and got out at the other side where the shrubbery slopes down into the wood, and it was nearly dark there — so nearly that the child felt more alone than ever.

And then quite suddenly he was not alone. Hands parted the hazels and a face he knew looked out from between them.

He knew the face, and yet the child he saw was not any of the children he knew.

'Well,' said the child with the face he knew; 'I've been watching you. What did you come out for?'

'I was put to bed.'

'Do you not like it?'

'Not when it's for punishment.'

'If you'll go back now,' said the strange child, 'I'll come and play with you after you're asleep.'

'You dare n't. Suppose the aunts catch you?'

'They won't,' said the child, shaking its head and laughing. 'I'll race you to the house!'

Ernest ran. He won the race. For the other child was not there at all when he reached the house.

'How odd!' he said. But he was tired and there was thunder again and it was beginning to rain, large spots as big as pennies on the step of the French window. So he went back to bed, too sleepy to worry about the question of where he had seen the child before,

and only a little disappointed because his revenge had been so brief and inadequate.

Then he fell asleep and dreamed that the marble child had crept out from under the font, and that he and it were playing hide-and-seek among the pews in the gallery at church. It was a delightful dream and lasted all night, and when he woke he knew that the child he had seen in the wood in yesterday's last light was the marble child from the church.

This did not surprise him as much as it would surprise you: the world where children live is so full of amazing and incredible-looking things that turn out to be quite real. And if Lot's wife could be turned into a pillar of salt, why should not a marble child turn into a real one? It was all quite plain to Ernest, but he did not tell any one: because he had a feeling that it might not be easy to make it plain to them.

'That child does n't look quite the thing,' said Aunt Emmeline at breakfast. 'A dose of Gregory's, I think, at eleven.'

Ernest's morning was blighted. Did you ever take Gregory's powder? It is worse than quinine, worse than senna, worse than anything except castor oil.

But Ernest had to take it — in raspberry jam.

'And don't make such faces,' said Aunt Emmeline, rinsing the spoon at the pantry sink. 'You know it's all for your own good.'

As though the thought that it is for one's own good ever kept any one from making faces!

The aunts were kind in their grown-up crinolined way. But Ernest wanted some one to play with. Every night in his dreams he played with the marble child. And at church on Sunday the marble child still held out its hands, farther than before.

'Come along then,' Ernest said to

it, in that voice with which heart speaks to heart; 'come and sit with me behind the red curtains. Come!'

The marble child did not look at him. Its head seemed to be bent farther forward than ever before.

When it came to the second hymn Ernest had an inspiration. All the rest of the churchful, sleepy and suitable, were singing, —

'The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away.'

Ernest turned his head towards the marble child and softly mouthed, — you could hardly call it singing, —

'The rosy tews of early dawn,
The brightness of the day;
Come out, come out, come out, come out,
Come out with me and play.'

And he pictured the rapture of that moment when the marble child should respond to this appeal, creep out from under the font, and come and sit beside him on the red cushions beyond the red curtains. The aunts would not see, of course. They never saw the things that mattered. No one would see except Ernest. He looked hard at the marble child.

'You must come out,' he said; and again, 'You must come, you must.'

And the marble child did come. It crept out and came to sit by him, holding his hand. It was a cold hand certainly, but it did not feel like marble.

And the next thing he knew, an aunt was shaking him and whispering with fierceness tempered by reverence for the sacred edifice, —

'Wake up, Ernest. How can you be so naughty?'

And the marble child was back in its place under the font.

When Ernest looks back on that summer it seems to have thundered every time he went to church. But of

course this cannot really have been the case.

But it was certainly a very lowering purple-skied day that saw him stealthily start on the adventure of his little life. He was weary of aunts — they were kind yet just; they told him so and he believed them. But their justice was exactly like other people's nagging, and their kindness he did not want at all. He wanted some one to play with.

'May we walk up to the church-yard?' was a request at first received graciously as showing a serious spirit. But its reiteration was considered morbid, and his walks took the more dusty direction of the County Asylum.

His longing for the only child he knew, the marble child, exacerbated by denial, drove him to rebellion. He would run away. He would live with the marble child in the big church porch, they would eat berries from the wood near by, just as children did in books, and hide there when people came to church.

So he watched his opportunity and went quietly out through the French window, skirted the side of the house where all the windows were blank because of the old window-tax, took the narrow strip of lawn at a breathless run, and found safe cover among the rhododendrons.

The church-door was locked, of course, but he knew where there was a broken pane in the vestry window, and his eye had marked the lop-sided tombstone underneath it. By climbing upon that and getting a knee in the carved water-spout — He did it, got his hand through, turned the catch of the window, and fell through upon the dusty table of the vestry.

The door was ajar and he passed into the empty church. It seemed very large and gray now that he had it to himself. His feet made a loud echoing noise that was disconcerting. He had

meant to call out, 'Here I am!' But in the face of these echoes he could not.

He found the marble child, its head bent more than ever, its hands reaching out quite beyond the edge of the font; and when he was quite close he whispered, —

'Here I am. — Come and play!'

But his voice trembled a little. The marble child was so plainly marble. And yet it had not always been marble. He was not sure. Yet —

'I *am* sure,' he said. 'You did talk to me in the shrubbery, did n't you?'

But the marble child did not move or speak.

'You did come and hold my hand last Sunday,' he said, a little louder.

And only the empty echoes answered him.

'Come out,' he said then, almost afraid now of the church's insistent silence. 'I've come to live with you altogether. Come out of your marble, do come out!'

He reached up to stroke the marble cheek. A sound thrilled him, a loud everyday sound. The big key turning in the lock of the south door. The aunts!

'Now they'll take me back,' said Ernest; 'you might have come.'

But it was not the aunts. It was the old pew-opener, come to scrub the chancel. She came slowly in with pail and brush; the pail slopped a little water on to the floor close to Ernest as she passed him, not seeing.

Then the marble child moved, turned toward Ernest speaking lips and eyes that saw.

'You can stay with me forever if you like,' it said, 'but you'll have to see things happen. I have seen things happen.'

'What sort of things?' Ernest asked.

'Terrible things.'

'What things shall I have to see?'

'*She*,' the marble child moved a free

arm to point to the old woman on the chancel steps, 'and your aunt who will be here presently, looking for you. Do you hear the thunder? Presently the lightning will strike the church. It won't hurt us, but it will fall on them.'

Ernest remembered in a flash how kind Aunt Emmeline had been when he was ill, how Aunt Jessie had given him his chessmen, and Aunt Harriet had taught him how to make paper rosettes for picture-frames.

'I must go and tell them,' he said.

'If you go, you'll never see me again,' said the marble child, and put its arms round his neck.

'Can't I come back to you when I've told them?' Ernest asked, returning the embrace.

'There will be no coming back,' said the marble child.

'But I want you. I love you best of everybody in the world,' Ernest said.

'I know.'

'I'll stay with you,' said Ernest.

The marble child said nothing.

'But if I don't tell them I shall be the same as a murderer,' Ernest whispered. 'Oh! let me go, and come back to you.'

'I shall not be here.'

'But I must go. I must,' said Ernest, torn between love and duty.

'Yes.'

'And I shan't have you any more?' the living child urged.

'You'll have me in your heart,' said the marble child — 'that's where I want to be. That's my real home.'

They kissed each other again.

'It was certainly a direct Providence,' Aunt Emmeline used to say in later years to really sympathetic friends, 'that I thought of going up to the church when I did. Otherwise nothing could have saved dear Ernest. He was terrified, quite crazy with fright, poor child, and he rushed out at me from behind our pew shouting, "Come away,

come away, auntie, come away!" and dragged me out. Mrs. Meadows providentially followed, to see what it was all about, and the next thing was the catastrophe.'

'The church was struck by a thunder-bolt, was it not?' the sympathetic friend asks.

'It was indeed — a deafening crash, my dear — and then the church slowly crumbled before our eyes. The south wall broke like a slice of cake when you break it across, — and the noise and the dust! Mrs. Meadows never had her hearing again, poor thing, and her mind was a little affected too. I became unconscious, and Ernest — well, it was altogether too much for the child. He lay between life and death for weeks. Shock to the system, the physician said. He had been rather run down before. We had to get a little cousin to come and live with us afterwards. The physicians said he required young society.'

'It must indeed have been a shock,' says the sympathetic friend, who knows there is more to come.

'His intellect was quite changed, my dear,' Aunt Emmeline resumes; 'on regaining consciousness he demanded the marble child! Cried and raved, my dear, always about the marble child. It appeared he had had fancies about one of the little angels that supported the old font, not the present font, my dear. We presented that as a token of gratitude to Providence for our escape. Of course we checked his fancifulness

as well as we could, but it lasted quite a long time.'

'What became of the little marble angel?' the friend inquires as in friendship bound.

'Crushed to powder, dear, in the awful wreck of the church. Not a trace of it could be found. And poor Mrs. Meadows! So dreadful those delusions.'

'What form did her delusions take?' the friend, anxious to be done with the old story, hastily asks.

'Well, she always declared that *two* children ran out to warn me and that one of them was very unusual looking. "It was n't no flesh and blood, ma'am," she used to say in her ungrammatical way; "it was a little angel a-taking care of Master Ernest. It 'ad 'old of 'is 'and. And I say it was 'is garden angel, and its face was as bright as a lily in the sun.'"

The friend glances at the India cabinet, and Aunt Emmeline rises and unlocks it.

'Ernest must have been behaving in a very naughty and destructive way in the church — but the physician said he was not quite himself probably, for when they got him home and undressed him they found this in his hand.'

Then the sympathizing friend polishes her glasses and looks, not for the first time, at the relic from the drawer of the India cabinet. It is a white marble finger.

Thus flow the reminiscences of Aunt Emmeline. The memories of Ernest run as this tale runs.

TAFT AND ROOSEVELT: A COMPOSITE STUDY

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT regretted deeply the resignation of Elihu Root as Secretary of War in 1903. 'As an adviser,' said he, 'Root gives me just what I need — candid opposition when he thinks I am wrong. Shall I ever find any one to take his place?' To a suggestion of Mr. Taft's name he responded, 'Of course, Taft is the only man possible. I am very fond of him, and he will make an ideal member of the Cabinet. The only trouble with him is,' — and he ended the sentence with his whimsical smile and in his semi-falsetto, — 'he is too much like *me!*'

Mr. Taft came, and in due course was chosen by Mr. Roosevelt for his successor. The President pressed his candidacy on the ground of their sympathetic agreement on questions of policy, intimating that the Taft administration would be, in effect, only a more polished continuation of the Roosevelt administration. Mr. Taft's popular majority therefore contained a mixture of voters who wished to see the Roosevelt administration carried through a few more chapters, and of voters whom nothing but the promised polish reconciled to the threatened prolongation.

The outcome astonished both groups. President Taft was not slow in letting it be known that the contrasts between himself and his predecessor were going to be emphasized quite as strongly as their likenesses. His reorganization of the Cabinet, his demand that Congress address itself immediately to a revision of the tariff, his preparations

for indiscriminate prosecutions under the anti-trust law, were among the plainest evidences that a new day had dawned. What one element read in the change was a reversal and rebuke of Rooseveltism; what the opposing element read was the out-Roosevelting of Roosevelt. Unbiased observers saw in it merely the spectacle of two men aiming at the same ends, but differing radically in their manner of reaching these. A brief review of their dissimilarities, which are partly temperamental and partly the effect of training, may explain some phenomena that seem to have mystified the bulk of the newspaper-reading public.

We may set out with the assertion that both men are genuinely patriotic. Both are highly educated, the one on technical lines, the other in general scholarship. Neither began his public career with the Presidency in view. Taft's ambitions pointed in the direction of the Federal Supreme Court; Roosevelt's toward diplomacy, looking to the erection of the United States into a great World Power. Circumstances which could not have been foreseen deflected the currents of their lives. Each is a living force after his kind: Taft static, Roosevelt dynamic. Taft takes advantage of opportunity when it comes his way, and strives to shape it for the public good; Roosevelt goes hunting it, and consequently gets a larger choice. Inertia, for Taft, means rest; for Roosevelt, incessant activity.

To recognize visually the temperamental difference between the two men,

we need only see them at their equestrian exercise. Mr. Taft's horse must be one which can be depended on to carry him a given distance over a specified course, in a stated time and at a certain gait; Mr. Roosevelt's must be one which will not balk at leaving the beaten trail and plunging into a thicket, a jumper which will refuse no bar, a mettlesome animal which taxes continually its rider's vigilance. Both men are laughing philosophers; but Taft laughs at the world, Roosevelt with it. The Taft smile has passed into a proverb; it is always there, shining even through the mists of conventional sobriety. The Roosevelt smile comes and goes; it emerges from his near-sighted scowl and disappears again behind it, as the sun plays with an opaque cloud.

Both men have vigorous tempers. When Taft gives way to his, it is to inflict a merciless lashing upon its victim, for whom thereafter he has no use whatever. With Roosevelt it is a case of powder and spark: there is a vivid flash and a deafening roar, but when the smoke has blown away, that is the end, and the author of the explosion of January may become a boon companion by June, if accident have meanwhile invested him with new interest.

Both men have strong wills; Roosevelt's is aggressive to the verge of tyranny, Taft's obstinate to the point of perverseness. So marked are these characteristics that it is not difficult to fancy what either man would do in a fateful crisis. Had Taft been in Stoesel's place at Port Arthur, for instance, he might have starved rather than surrender; Roosevelt would have headed a forlorn hope and tried to cut his way through the besiegers, taking as many lives as he could before giving up his own.

Their theories of administration are fundamentally diverse. Mr. Taft's is the more dignified, Mr. Roosevelt's

the more human. Mr. Taft's conception of the government is of a gigantic machine, its many parts so articulated as to be moved from a single source of energy; and as engineer he confines his attention to this central distributing point. As Mr. Roosevelt sees it, the government is an organization of live men, each engaged in doing something which, if not well done, diminishes the efficiency of the rest; hence, when he was in command of this legion, he had his eye on the corporals not less than on the captains. Technically speaking, Mr. Taft follows the more orderly method when he communicates only with his Cabinet officers, and leaves to them the direction of their subordinates.

Setting aside the question of orderliness, however, and considering rather the accomplishment of results, there is good reason for thinking that a president who takes a personal hand in everything will loom larger in history than one who sticks closely to a prescribed task. His example vitalizes the whole working force. His meddling may occasionally make discipline difficult in the higher places, but it inspires the rank and file with a sense of individual responsibility and encourages them to think as well as work. Only a brain and body of uncommon endurance could stand such drafts, and not one president in a dozen is equipped for undertaking more than the laws demand of him. This is a beneficent provision of nature to avert chaos in our governmental affairs; but it should not blind us to the fact that the country's debt to some of its master-spirits of the past has grown out of their idiosyncrasies rather than their conformity to rule.

Volunteer criticism brings into view another variance between the two men. Taft, shut in as he was for the first year of his presidency, knew virtually nothing of what the newspapers were saying about him and his official fam-

ily. He never cared for such reading himself, and others decided for him how much, and what, he should see. Those adverse opinions which did get past them and reach his eye, excited only his contempt, as either founded on misinformation or instigated by the 'conspirators' whom he suspected of constantly plotting harm to his administration. He rarely noticed such things publicly; when he did, he dealt with his critics at arm's length, and in terms which, though distinct, were fairly moderate.

Roosevelt, on the other hand, has always kept track of the newspapers, a practice in which he has had the aid of an enormous personal acquaintance. As the result of a particularly abusive screed there is apt to be a jarring of the elements till he has published to the world his opinion of the writer, in which the neutral tints of rhetoric are conspicuous by their absence. Were not his store of vital energy inexhaustible, he would long ago have worn himself out with the explosive force he puts into his retorts. His best friends regret that he does not reserve his artillery fire for the big foes who are worthy of it, instead of wasting so much ammunition on ground-moles and jack-rabbits. Besides, it loses a good deal of its potency by too frequent use. No public man can take up every quarrel thrust at him, save at the expense of other and larger warfare. Half the calumniators of a really fine fellow would go unheeded by the multitude but for the free advertising he gives them; and one deplorable effect of his condescension is to encourage them to bait him whenever they are short of legitimate excitement from other sources.

A certain kind of criticism, nevertheless, is accepted without resentment by the self-assertive Roosevelt. During his presidency he hardly ever put forth an important manifesto with-

out first submitting it to a council in which the several elements likely to be affected by it were represented, with a request that every one speak his mind unreservedly. I have seen at such gatherings, clergymen, lawyers, editors, college presidents, mechanics, members of the administration, and subordinates in the civil service. All took their host at his word, and voiced their views when called upon. Often he made changes suggested by the least distinguished of his guests, but he was equally frank in holding to his first notions if unconvinced by argument. This was his means of getting into touch with public opinion on matters which he could not go out and discuss directly with his fellow citizens in mass. One can hardly imagine President Taft calling together such a miscellaneous company from the four corners of the country, and submitting his judgments for their approval or dissent. The reason is not far to seek.

Passing reference has been made to the education of the two men. In its broader sense the term includes, not only their academic studies, but their training in the everyday work of the world. Taft's brief but admirable service on the bench proved his fitness for a career there. It also fixed upon him the judicial habit of thought and action, which is utterly unlike the executive habit. The former means equipoise, deliberation, and carefully revised conclusions; the latter means prompt decision and swift reinforcement, followed by the stroke that counts. Coming to the presidency, Mr. Taft moved from a somewhat secluded domain in which he was at home, into an open one in which he was a stranger. The offices which had fallen to Roosevelt, from the day he entered public life, had, on the contrary, been legislative or executive, never judicial; they had kept him constantly leading some-

body and hammering at something, instead of calmly analyzing evidence and formulating principles.

It is true that Taft had some experience nominally executive, for a few years as Governor of the Philippines, and later as Secretary of War; but his colonial work was chiefly in the way of determining rights and administering justice among a dependent people, and in the Cabinet his functions were more advisory than constructive. It is not wonderful, therefore, that as President he approached his problems by the judicial rather than the executive route. Indifference to criticism was a feature of his judicial training; so was the weighing of all the pros and cons of a proposition before acting on it. Contrasted with Roosevelt's rapid despatch of business, this often aroused the impatience of non-official spectators, who set down Taft's conservatism as mere stubbornness. For the best enterprise proposed to him, Taft must find an affirmative sanction in the statutes and digests, or he will have none of it; Roosevelt, in a like situation, used to say, 'Is there any law against it? No? Then go ahead!'

In short, Taft interprets the Constitution in the light of its tenth amendment, Roosevelt in the light of its preamble. Both are equally sincere in their desire to serve the people. Taft takes for his guide the written law, and the platform pledges on which he was elected, as the latest recorded expressions of the popular will; Roosevelt mingles with the people themselves, and, if in thought and feeling they have run ahead of the written record, he also runs ahead, trusting that the formal expression will in due season catch up with the sentiment. This leads, now and then, to unexpected results. For example, when he started for Africa last year the present 'Insurgent' movement was unknown, and he was still

figuring as a champion of Speaker Cannon; but no sooner does he return and take his bearings than he discerns in the revolt a real uprising of the people, and accordingly throws the weight of his influence rather toward its side than toward the other. The Old-Liners denounce his action as sheer demagoguery; the Insurgents applaud it as true democracy.

As for President Taft, he seems to have reasoned like a magistrate up to the time of Mr. Roosevelt's return, and since then like an executive. Not many months elapsed between his exculpation of the Payne-Aldrich tariff because its accusers had not proved their case beyond a reasonable doubt, and his appearance as the sponsor for an entirely dissimilar scheme. This is not cowardice, or mere wanton tergiversation, but a sign of an awakening sense that the President sits, not on a bench, but in a chair of state.

Or, take the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy as an illustration of the difference between judicial and executive methods. The new administration was like an army just put into the field to attain certain ends for the common welfare. The effectiveness of its campaign depended on the concentration, not the diffusion, of its energies; yet two of the officers, having a disagreement, halted and undertook to settle it by a duel.

How would Commander Roosevelt have handled such a situation? He would have notified the disputants that they were there to destroy the enemy, not each other; that it was his business to lead the column, not to compose personal quarrels; and that, no matter what theirs was about, they must 'drop it' — his familiar phrase — or one of them must go outside of the public service to do his further fighting. Had his order been disregarded, he would summarily have cut off the of-

ficial head of the combatant he deemed most at fault, and moved along.

Commander Taft's course, equally characteristic, was the very reverse of this. He patiently listened to both parties, said as pleasant things as he could to both, and urged an investigation by Congress, very much as the trial judge turns over to a jury the issues of fact as a preliminary to applying the law. Even Mr. Pinchot's dismissal came not as a decision of the controversy, but as an incident, the Forester having committed what the judge was pleased to regard as contempt of court. But for that, affairs might have remained till to-day where they stood last December.

The contrast here indicated is borne out in the attitudes of the two Presidents toward the bench itself. When President Taft looks for a new judge, he aims to find one whose past activities convey little assurance as to his individual trend of thought on the questions of the day. President Roosevelt, believing that a policy is essential to all progress in government, and that the courts are part of the machinery of government, preferred men whose personal views on certain important subjects were well known. This was not with the purpose of influencing the courts unduly in the direction in which he thought civic welfare lay, but of preventing their being influenced in the opposite direction. No other President has so freely criticised the judiciary, and thereby provoked censure for himself from those who regard the courts as sacred because they hold the seals of ultimate authority; but to Mr. Roosevelt's mind they are human institutions, subject to human shortcomings, and to be kept pure only by exposure to the candid comment of the people to whom they owe their existence.

Though not strictly within the purview of this article, it might have been

interesting to compare the respective ideals of the President and the ex-President as to party politics and management; but space limitations warn me that I must pass to the last phase of my topic, the mutual relations of the two men. This may be condensed into the simple statement that there is not now, and has not been, any misapprehension in the mind of either as to the other. In spite of the gossips, Mr. Taft has wasted no time in wondering 'where Roosevelt stands,' nor has Mr. Roosevelt agonized over the alternative of 'going to Taft's rescue or leaving him in the mire.' Mr. Taft has done many things which Mr. Roosevelt would not have done, and left undone many more which Mr. Roosevelt would have done; but this is Mr. Taft's administration, and no one realizes the fact better than Mr. Roosevelt. The 'Return from Elba' fol-de-rol has already dissolved into the thin air from which it was conjured, and the 'Roosevelt for 1912' hurrah still belongs in the same category with the familiar abridgment of Hamlet. No American publicist believes more implicitly in party solidarity than the ex-President; and when the test of the ballot-box shall have demonstrated the relative strength of the Progressive and the Old-Style Republicans, he expects to see the minority fall in, with truesportsmanlike spirit, behind the majority, and vote the same ticket at the next national election.

Without pretending to be a prophet or the son of a prophet, I will stake my all as a political weather-observer on the proposition that, however serious may be their factional differences, the Republicans will renominate President Taft in 1912 if he wishes it. This is not a guess, but a sober thesis in the psychology of practical politics. The party that has elected its candidate President by vouching for him

unconditionally to the American people would be ashamed to confess, at the end of his term, that it had misled the voters. Look back over the last fifty years. No power under heaven, except his own disinclination, could have prevented Lincoln's second nomination, or Grant's, or Garfield's, if he had lived; or Cleveland's, or Harrison's, or McKinley's. As neither Johnson nor Arthur had reached the presidency by election, and Hayes had publicly de-

clared that he would not stand for a second term, their cases are not precedents.

But, albeit Mr. Taft will be the arbiter of his own fortunes as regards a renomination, a reëlection is of course quite another matter. That depends, not on the pride of a party, but on the satisfaction of the people; and no prediction of the result at the polls, two years before the event, would be worth the paper it was written on.

THE SEVEN WORST SERMONS

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN SMITH

Nor that there may not be seventy, or even the full scriptural measure of seventy times seven, offenses against homiletical propriety. But the number seven has always possessed for religious circles a certain solemn connotation wanting among the numerals of more secular nature.

As one surveys the field of pulpit oratory for illustrations of sermonic incompetence, he will perceive that if his subject is to be handled with any high order of justice, he must dispossess himself of the personal equation. Among the fifty-two sermons he was privileged to hear last year, there may have been forty-nine which he disliked, which bored him or failed to produce a fluttering of conscience, but these of themselves are not sufficient reasons for bestowing upon any of the forty-nine the sinister distinction we have in mind. They may have been stupid sermons, badly written, abominably delivered sermons, uninterest-

ing, unedifying, uninspiring, *un-any-thing* which a sermon may be, and perhaps generally is; but they were just meagre, or commonplace, or tiresome sermons, no more nor less, certainly not of an order of demerit to rank among the seven. For to have won the distinction of badness in a supreme degree, a discourse, like a person, must have violated one of the fundamental laws of goodness, and have clashed somehow with the eternal verities.

But who should say that your dear dominie's sermon last Sunday erred upon so tremendous a scale. It simply, poor thing, was not tremendous in any way. Like so many other well-meaning performances, it just failed, that was all. And in pointing out the mortal sins among the venial offenses of the pulpit, one may hope to bring about a clearance of prejudice relating to the preacher, and to make, in behalf of his difficult art, for more tolerant restraint

in the lavish use of superlatives. For last Sunday when, after service, you carelessly made those disparaging remarks about the sermon, you were guilty doubtless of a damaging slander. Dear Christian, unless you have studied the matter with an open mind, you do not know how bad a sermon can be.

You may recall the occasion on the Riviera, or in any of the play-grounds of Europe, when you worshiped of a Sunday morning in the little English Chapel. On inquiring after service, of your English neighbor at the pension, who the Rev. Mr. So-and-so was who preached that morning, you learned that he had come down from London on account of his throat. He could not stand the London fog. You may have suspected at the time that there were subsidiary reasons not mentioned by his compatriot for his being here, or rather for his not being there. And yet, in recalling the discourse, if you are possessed of any fine spiritual discernment, you would not elevate the sermon to a place among the seven. You remember it began: 'It behooves us, dear friends, on this blessed feast of St. Agatha, to remind ourselves,' — and that was almost the last of it you heard. Now just because so gentle a beginning was the last you heard, the sermon is disqualified for a place among the seven, for the worst sermons are by no means those which leave the listener mentally unencumbered and free to browse in pastures of his choosing.

We must at once admit that dull sermons are not, necessarily, unedifying. The very pause in the liturgy has a symbolic value. I have sometimes wondered why a vesper service, plus even a very lean discourse, seemed to possess spiritual completeness which was wanting in the service with *Glorias* ornately distended to cover the gap left by the omitted homily. Among the higher uses of church-going, as Mr.

Bernard Shaw has caustically hinted, is to be let alone. That is why he found the empty church so edifying. And yet, had he thought more consequently upon the matter, he must have perceived that certain sermons inspire the same spacious sense of detachment as the empty church. Herein lies the sacred merit of the man whose cure of souls, because he had an unsuccessful throat, was the little English Chapel on the Riviera. There was nothing in his discourse peevishly irritating or impudently meddlesome. His voice melted somehow into the melody of the scene like the occasional brass in the orchestra, just obtrusive enough to emphasize the soft cushiony quality of the whole. And while the preacher was neatly tabulating through his strained bronchial organ the sound doctrine and godly admonition to be derived from the life of the dear Saint whose birthday we happened in upon that morning, we could snuggle down in some shady corner of our souls, or be set adrift upon pleasant excursions of our own, yet all the while dimly conscious that our course was determined by that hidden propeller and provocative of piety, the lean preacher with the throat talking on about St. Agatha.

The merit of this whole class of sermons is subconscious. The preacher does not arrogantly abuse his advantage by keeping the nose of his congregation down to the grindstone of rapt attention, nor by hurling his listeners at once into the stimulating zone of expectancy, but he modestly lays his sermon-stuff from firstly to lastly just below the threshold of consciousness — to be carried over later, if we care to do so, among other valuable experiences in our subconscious treasury of wisdom.

In the First Book of Homilies as set forth by Queen Elizabeth, one runs across the title, 'A Sermon, how Dan-

gerous a Thing it is to Fall from God, in Two Parts.' Those were the good old days when the higher clergy had the courage to be uninteresting for the glory of God, and when they chose their texts with no ulterior motive of intellectual display, — a type of self-effacement growing increasingly rare in these stereopticon days when the listener upon every public occasion is expected to sit in the garish light of active attention. Perhaps this explains the deep-seated prejudice among the elect against pulpit oratory of any sort, as savoring a bit of spiritual gaucherie. But there are sermons which do not possess the saving merit of dullness, and will not let us sleep or browse in spiritual pastures of our choosing. They bristle with little irritating goads of 'peppery convictions,' innocent enough in themselves, did the preacher not arrogate solely to himself the merit of possessing any convictions at all. He seems in a perpetual state of spiritual irritability and grief over his neighbors' sins and short-comings, and we are compelled to attend while our favorite indulgence or folly is paraded before the footlights of public disapproval. Without the prophet's vocation, he insists upon speaking in the prophet's shrill key upon most innocent occasions.

It is not his knowing that sin is wrong which annoys us, nor is it that our neighbors, in the next pew, know that sin unabashed stalks in their midst. But what keeps us in the wakefulness of resistance is the thought of the preacher's not knowing that we do not care who knows that we all innocently commit these faults, and shall go on doing so to our dying day. One may recall such a discourse, perhaps, upon the folly of the love of money. The preacher agreed with St. Paul that it is the root of all human calamity. But what gave the strident note to the preaching was his

failure to perceive, poor man, that he was dealing with an honorable controversy of ancient standing, the blot on our human 'scutcheon, the serpent's trail of self-preservation, smearing him alike with the rest of us. If he would send us to our knees, the preacher must enter this ancient feud of mammon and the spirit in the sympathetic mood of the great apostle: 'The flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.' As it was, we stood erect in defiant protest, unabashed, and glorying in our shame. Therein lies the irritating quality of most sermons over-charged with personal conviction. The preacher pitches his voice as it were to carry across some spiritual chasm. And yet when out of the pulpit he is human enough, relaxing with genial indulgence of our frailties. He will partake of our dinner and drink our tea upon a perfect spiritual equality, apparently blinking the fact of there being any moral hiatus between the pulpit and the pew.

What sends this type of sermon down beneath the strata of the commonplace and bad, into the very pit of the seven worst, is the preacher's lack of sympathetic imagination. We miss in him the mellowing influence of a hardy discipline. Just here is the nice distinction between him and the man with the throat too sensitive for the London fog, who was sent to the Riviera for our blessed vacation uses. The latter had been starved and beaten and snubbed into a certain engaging humility of mind, while his brother of the more oratorical temperament had been battenning upon prosperity. To capitalize man's frailties for oratorical purposes is to take unfair advantage. And yet the seven worst, and most of the seventy bad sermons have been

excluded from the good society of mediocrity and good taste by the indulgent appreciation of some section of the pews.

Then there are the sermons which Christopher Vance, had he heard them, would have called 'poll-parroting' — sheer feats of verbal pyrotechnics, religion screaming for articulation, words without precision, synonyms knee-deep, explosive gusts of adjectives, vehement adoration of the good, the true, and the beautiful, — a stupendous performance that leaves the preacher limp with self-appreciation, — all the innocent commitment by a talent which our demand for a fluent pulpit has created.

But a more reserved order of egotism than this sermonic violence, and yet one to be reckoned among the homiletical sins, is intellectual self-indulgence in its various forms: a quite modern offense by the way, which came in about the time the Bible was asked to present its credentials, and religion was timorously awaiting the verdict of its accusers. Cleverness, despite the handicap of being tied down to biblical matter, has many ingenious ways of revealing its presence in the pulpit without condescending to be helpful. There is the jaunty treatment of texts, — a way of coquetting with one's subject, withholding sometimes the spiritual intent of the sermon, its plain garden moral, until the end, when the truth splashes in upon the congregation on a wave of sparkling epigrams. And yet this frolicsome way of preaching has taken a by no means humble rank in the honor roll of contemporary pulpit achievement. There is many a preacher, who, to alter slightly Roger Ascham's pregnant remark, labors with uncontented care to preach better than he can.

A word about platitudes. Not to shun them is a mark of spiritual insight and humility distinguishing the

greater masters, but rare among the clergy just emerging from deacon's orders. We parsons can ill afford to assume any lordly, patronizing airs over these well-accredited messengers of truth. The pulpit may have its own dignity to maintain in the matter, but a platitude humbly administered is a perfectly reputable means of grace for the congregation. What probably has brought platitudes into ill repute is the clergy's lack of self-effacement in employing them, — the air of having been the first to discover their genuine worth. For if the preacher is going to be a bumptious oracle, it were better to be clever and original on his own hook, and not to subject these venerable church dignitaries to his baser uses. A truth which has sermonic worth probably has become a platitude by the time the twentieth century comes to feel the need of it. And the inestimable benefit of having had a spacious experience is that one is vouchsafed the privilege of discovering for himself the fine gold of cosmic wisdom in these dear old pass-words of grace.

We never get on a footing of real acquaintanceship with a moral platitude until we have been duly introduced by some bitter experience. Thereafter a man is inclined to speak respectfully of any member of this old homiletical family. Polonius used his platitudes with the swaggering air of one patting a friend on the back, which leads us to suspect that he was not really on the footing of intimacy. The sad, reverent tone in which Wolsey sermonizes to Cromwell indicates that, after years of training in politics and religion, the astute old Cardinal has at last been admitted into the charmed circle of the venerable platitude concerning ambition. The Ten Commandments are the most threadbare of platitudes, but just break one of the more precious ones if you wish to discover what it is all about.

I am convinced that the clergy make a great mistake if they try to carry on their business without the aid of this sound spiritual capital.

The offense which writes certain sermons down among the seven homiletical sins must be laid at the door of that insidious little imp of egoism which sits like a gargoyle poised on the pulpit for the discomfiture of the preacher's soul. A magic word of exorcism for this imp is recorded in sacred writ. One of the world's preachers whom we are accustomed to reverence is recorded to have said, 'We are fools for Christ's sake.' St. Paul's preaching may have been criticised among the Greeks for its childish simplicity, but we have it on high authority that it is more meritorious for the preacher to become a fool for his Master's sake than to be in perpetual fear lest he be thought one. Yet many a man has attained considerable reputation as a preacher through his laborious efforts to avoid this estimable sign of discipleship which St. Paul commends to our attention. Most of us must enter maimed if we enter at all into the Kingdom of God, and the pride of intellect is the least disfiguring excision we can make. Egoism, I fear, is the matrix from which emerge most of the deadly sins of preaching. Was that preacher who must be counted among the world's masters of his art lamenting the intellectual limitations of the pulpit, or its temptations to self-display, when he exclaimed, 'Oh, the ignominy of the popular preacher!' Scylla and Charybdis were smooth sailing compared with the uncharted course of us poor preachers whose gracious privilege it is to speak the mind of God to men.

Then there is a certain type of preaching of horrible gnostic lineage, especially deserving of obloquy, — I mean the sermons which seem to esteem it a merit in ancient seers like the Apostles,

or even in the Christ, to have enjoyed certain spiritual insight and convictions which are commonplace possessions in our glorious age. They tell us that 'St. Paul was wise enough to know,' and 'Jesus discovered,' or 'was practical enough to see,' and that, 'besides being this, He was something else,' etc.; nice psychological blanket-descriptions of the whole mind of God.

Reverence,

That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low, —

but it is the last of the graces to flower with experience in either the layman's or the clergyman's soul. It goes deeper into reality than the superficial spiritual proprieties which may be taught in the seminaries along with Pearson on the Creed.

It is a delicate business, this speaking for God and committing the Son of Man to our hypotheses. For the life of me I cannot, from my shallow experience, imagine just what a Lincoln must have felt in any of the supreme moments of his career, nor explore the heart of any of the great souls 'wrestling with the crises of their fate'; and I marvel at the daring which presumes to follow Jesus into the Wilderness, and does not shudder at entering the Garden of Gethsemane.

But doubtless some of us are impatient to get in a word about those mediating sermons which have undertaken the weighty business of reconciling science with religion. Great is the company of them, and certainly they merit a place among the seven. Not a bit of it. They are among quite the most harmless of pulpit efforts. Whose faith was ever permanently impaired by hearing the preacher attempt the beneficent task of making Mr. Darwin and the authors of the First Book of Moses lie down together like the lion and the lamb? This whole class of sermons are a chivalrous refusal on the part of the

faithful to let smart folk and upstart materialists have the last word. It is the business of religion, while guarding the fringe of mystery, to keep an open universe, and to disparage any hasty and premature unifications.

The ancient and heroic way of reconciling science with religion was by burning the scientists. The mediating sermon had not yet been invented. We are beginning to have a sneaking suspicion that Galileo's sufferings have been over-capitalized among Protestant controversialists, and that he may have merited some of the chastisement which he received. I am entirely persuaded that he was altogether right about the earth, but the contemporary Pope was perhaps in a better position to know whether he was altogether right in matters of religion. If Galileo had stuck to science, he might have done what he chose with the planets. It was that dialogue involving the Pope which did the business.

It is an hereditary passion with men of science to take out their vacations in snubbing their ecclesiastical brethren. If only science and religion would not let their boundaries overlap, and would be content with publishing the mere facts without drawing invidious conclusions, there would never be the least friction. Spencer might have had the handsomest bust in the Abbey for all that good Christians would object, and Galileo might have been saved the embarrassment of recanting. But it is quite likely that the latter, having made the startling discovery that the earth moved, thought he saw it moving straight away from God; and, instead of keeping the horrible suspicion to himself, rushed into print. If his neighbors and dear old maiden aunts chose the old-fashioned view of things, they must have found him very trying to live with. The scientific mind takes a deal of carnal satisfaction in knocking

the Christians' conceited earth off its pedestal in the centre of importance, and in reducing it to the ranks of a mere by-product in the cosmic process. Galileo must have rubbed his hands at times in unholy glee at creating a bit of furore among the old fogies. We have not had to live with Galileo, so he has had our militant sympathy, but we have lived in a generation when Huxleys and Spencers have been changing the intellectual climate. Who of us has not felt his fingers tingling now and then to collect a few fagots for a burning?

What has won me over to the persecutors of Galileo is the fact that they were so tremendously in the right about the really serious truth in the whole controversy, — the spiritual geography of man's precious earth. They did not propose to let the credulous peasants and hard-working folk of the world go down to do business in the great waters of life with the damaging heresy in their hearts that man is not the centre of God's providential care. Nothing sterilizes romance, chivalry, and the arts like such a heresy. Gravitation is a trivial matter in comparison.

It is the solemn responsibility of the Church to see that the *status quo* of the faith regarding man's importance in the cosmic scheme be undisturbed. Here is the crux of the immortal controversy between science and religion. It is like the question of the balance of power in Europe. There is no innate reason in the structure of things why Herzegovina should not have her own flag and a set of national holidays, if she chooses to have them. But the peace of Europe is vastly more essential than the aspirations of Herzegovina. Now, Galileo and his spiritual descendants have been stubbornly averse to seeing that there is just such a nice adjustment of spiritual values, which churchmen at all hazards must preserve or it is all

over with religion. Morals, faith, and church attendance, must be recognized as well as cold scientific facts. Facts would never get science into any trouble with the Church. It is the interpretation of the thing that the fuss is all about. So there you have the breeding-ground for the host of sermons on science and religion, and I see no harm in letting them go on to the end of the chapter, — but having, understand me, merely a symbolic value. It is the preacher's way of saying, 'We beg to be allowed, in the absence of more convincing testimony, to differ from you and go on with our creed and Ten Commandments.'

But in touching the matter of science and religion we are perilously near one of the seven deadly sermonic sins. There is the sermon which we heard last Easter perhaps, and which we thought tremendously clever. The preacher — of the sort who keeps thoroughly abreast of the times — had just been reading that romantic narrative of Mr. Duncan's, *The New Knowledge*, and he sat down to write his sermon with his brain seething with the revelation that the molecule which, under the old order, had seemed reliable enough, was in reality composed of a million million or so other things whirling through antra vast of atomic worlds, and doing spectacular feats. What a marvel! And God did it! That is what struck the fire of enthusiasm and stimulated the imagination of the preacher, — that God could do all that! A veritable scientific exoneration of the prosaic deity, who had seemed hitherto exclusively devoted to ecclesiastical matters. Ergo, what an holiday performance for One capable of such atomic wonders, to build somewhere on the place a heaven in answer to our desires!

Now the deadly offense in this seemingly innocent type of sermon is the

homiletical perverseness displayed in the choice of material. We were all pretty well persuaded, long since, of God's inventiveness and ability. I am not sure that atomic revelations and radium have added to His reputation for resourcefulness. We had already seen the landscape, and had heard the song of birds in our hedges in spring, and children's laughter, and felt the tragedy of life along with God's love nearer than hands and feet. We are ever hungry to know more of this matter if the preacher only will stick to the marvelous tale. Here are undisputed property-rights of the preacher, and it were a crime against his art not to have found sermon-stuff in the delicate texture of this daily experience.

I am more and more persuaded that the preacher had better stick to his last. The signal fault with intellectualism in the pulpit, and indeed with intellectualism in religion at all, is that it is an offense against one of nature's primal laws, — a clog in the machinery of spiritual evolution. For variety has always been the indispensable element in the economy of revelation. It is only through the versatility of human experience and of intuitions, — windows of every size thrown open to the four corners of the heavens, — that God contrives to let his revelation come full circle.

The only reason for the preacher's encumbering the earth at all is that there is somewhat to tell which God desires told concerning religion; and if we shall prostitute our lofty office to the performance of pale intellectual feats and other trivial indulgences, revelation becomes by so much the leaner. It were as sad a discomfiture of the evolutionary processes for the preacher to turn man of the world, or pedant, as for the artist to become moralist or prophet. The lavish symbols of sacrifice bequeathed us by the

saints have amply justified the narrowing vocation of holiness.

One of the deadly sins in this business of the preacher is to have missed the implement and the raw material for the practice of his art. Quite as vast as the habitat which science holds is the yet uncharted land of our rich human nature. Here, by divine appointment, is the preacher's workshop. Like his brother artists, he must be responsive to a thousand kinds of human contact, for every seemingly simple moral situation issues into many 'radiating corridors' of life. His completed book of sermons becomes a veritable *Comédie Humaine*, with a diviner right than Balzac's of knowing and of loving the creatures with whom it is given him to deal.

So the stunning height of the endeavor ordains that there shall be few great preachers in the centuries, fewer masters than any other art can show. We recall that Stevenson, in writing on the profession of letters, says, 'If you propose to enter on the field of controversy, you should first have thought upon the question under all conditions, in health as well as in sickness, in sorrow as well as in joy.' Certainly that is true of preaching. Few men under thirty-five are permitted to understand what Jesus meant by the first and second Beatitudes. God may touch the strings in the soul of Keats at twenty-five, and let him sing as he beholds

Upon the night's starr'd face

Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance;

but the preacher must forge his implement from a more laggard experience.

The pulpit voices which have soared have earned the privilege by a personal knowledge of the skeleton in the closet of civilization, — a discernment not always born of 'the laying on of hands.' I should prefer to hear Lady Macbeth, after the fourth act, on the Sixth Commandment, and Mrs. Alving

on the Ninth than, well, your esteemed rector perhaps. Poor Tess could have preached a series of Lenten sermons upon texts of her choosing, which might have blown some cosy moral systems to atoms, and have cleared the ground for New Testament convictions to sprout. One wishes that Jean Valjean had taken to preaching. He is the only man I know whose opinion I care to hear upon certain parts of the New Testament. But deep spiritual insight may come too late to permit the taking of orders. What lavish waste, in the suicide of Judas, of what might have been saving experience! That crisis of despair, under proper treatment, were fertile soil for many a saying of his Master lost upon serener discipleship.

One has heard men preach on the goodness of God as though life were a frolicsome feast with an over-indulgent God as host. But sometimes we have heard of the matter from those who have groped 'thro' darkness up to God' — and that was preaching.

Not that there is not an important function for the spiritual imagination in homiletics as in other arts. Experience is not the sole medium by which one may come to perceive spiritual values. 'Mere goodness' is not the preacher's greatest asset. So it were well to give restrained appreciation to our pulpit orators, and not to expect from them more than a tepid Christianity after the curtain falls upon the benediction.

The analogy to the actor's art is closer than the pulpit cares to own, and the artistic temperament draws richly upon stores of vicarious virtue. But to be a likely medium for the revelation of spiritual truth one must have had other than a soft, bourgeois, level existence. The tragic in life is not likely to be perceived in a spiritually reclining posture. And if the hazards of fortune bring the preacher a smooth and

THE PRELIMINARIES

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I

YOUNG Oliver Pickersgill was in love with Peter Lannithorne's daughter. Peter Lannithorne was serving a six-year term in the penitentiary for embezzlement.

It seemed to Ollie that there was only one right-minded way of looking at these basal facts of his situation. But this simple view of the matter was destined to receive several shocks in the course of his negotiations for Ruth Lannithorne's hand. I say negotiations advisedly. Most young men in love have only to secure the consent of the girl and find enough money to go to housekeeping. It is quite otherwise when you wish to marry into a royal family, or to ally yourself with a criminal's daughter. The preliminaries are more complicated.

Ollie thought a man ought to marry the girl he loves, and prejudices be hanged! In the deeps of his soul, he probably knew this to be the magnanimous, manly attitude, but certainly there was no condescension in his outward bearing when he asked Ruth Lannithorne to be his wife. Yet she turned on him fiercely, bristling with pride and tense with over-wrought nerves.

'I will never marry any one,' she declared, 'who does n't respect my father as I do!'

If Oliver's jaw fell, it is hardly surprising. He had expected her to say she would never marry into a family where she was not welcome. He had

planned to get around the natural objections of his parents somehow — the details of this were vague in his mind — and then he meant to reassure her warmly, and tell her that personal merit was the only thing that counted with him or his. He may have visualized himself as wiping away her tears and gently raising her to share the safe social pedestal whereon the Pickersgills were firmly planted. The young do have these visions not infrequently. But to be asked to respect Peter Lannithorne, about whom he knew practically nothing save his present address!

'I don't remember that I ever saw your father, Ruth,' he faltered.

'He was the best man,' said the girl excitedly, 'the kindest, the most indulgent — That's another thing, Ollie. I will never marry an indulgent man, nor one who will let his wife manage him. If it had n't been for mother —' She broke off abruptly.

Ollie tried to look sympathetic and not too intelligent. He had heard that Mrs. Lannithorne was considered difficult.

'I ought n't to say it, but can't explain father unless I do. Mother nagged; she wanted more money than there was; she made him feel her illnesses, and our failings, and the over-done beefsteak, and the under-done bread, — everything that went wrong, always, was his fault. His fault — because he did n't make more money. We were on the edge of things, and she wanted to be in the middle, as she was used to being. Of course, she really

has n't been well, but I think it's mostly nerves,' said Ruth, with the terrible hardness of the young. 'Anyhow, she might just as well have stuck knives into him as to say the things she did. It hurt him — like knives. I could see him wince — and try harder — and get discouraged — and then, at last —' The girl burst into a passion of tears.

Oliver tried to soothe her. Secretly he was appalled at these squalid revelations of discordant family life. The domestic affairs of the Pickersgills ran smoothly, in affluence and peace. Oliver had never listened to a nagging woman in his life. He had an idea that such phenomena were confined to the lower classes.

'Don't you care for me at all, Ruth?'

The girl crumpled her wet handkerchief. 'Ollie, you're the most beautiful thing that ever happened — except my father. He was beautiful, too; indeed, indeed, he was. I'll never think differently. I can't. He tried so hard.'

All the latent manliness in the boy came to the surface and showed itself.

'Ruth, darling, I don't want you to think differently. It's right for you to be loyal and feel as you do. You see, you know, and the world does n't. I'll take what you say and do as you wish. You must n't think I'm on the other side. I'm not. I'm on your side, wherever that is. When the time comes I'll show you. You may trust me, Ruth.'

He was eager, pleading, earnest. He looked at the moment so good, so loving and sincere, that the girl, out of her darker experience of life, wondered wistfully if it were really true that Providence ever let people just live their lives out like that — being good, and prosperous, and generous, advancing from happiness to happiness, instead of stubbing along painfully as she felt she had done, from one bitter experi-

ence to another, learning to live by failures.

It must be beautiful to learn from successes instead, as it seemed to her Oliver had done. How could any one refuse to share such a radiant life when it was offered? As for loving Oliver, that was a foregone conclusion. Still, she hesitated.

'You're awfully dear and good to me, Ollie,' she said. 'But I want you to see father. I want you to go and talk to him about this, and know him for yourself. I know I'm asking a hard thing of you, but, truly, I believe it's best. If he says it's all right for me to marry you, I will — if your family want me, of course,' she added as an afterthought.

'Ought n't I to speak to your mother?' hesitated Oliver.

'Oh, — mother? Yes, I suppose she'd like it,' said Ruth, absent-mindedly. 'Mother has views about getting married, Ollie. I dare say she'll want to tell you what they are. You must n't think they're my views, though.'

'I'd rather hear yours, Ruth.'

She flashed a look at him that opened for him the heavenly deeps that lie before the young and the loving, and he had a sudden vision of their life as a long sunlit road, winding uphill, winding down, but sunlit always — because looks like that illumine any dusk.

'I'll tell you my views — some day,' Ruth said softly. 'But first —'

'First I must talk to my father, your mother, your father.' Oliver checked them off on his fingers. 'Three of them. Seems to me that's a lot of folks to consult about a thing that does n't really concern anybody but you and me!'

II

After the fashion of self-absorbed youth, Oliver had never noticed Mrs. Lannithorne especially. She had been

to him simply a sallow little figure in the background of Ruth's vivid young life; some one to be spoken to very politely, but otherwise of no particular moment.

If his marital negotiations did nothing else for him, they were at least opening his eyes to the significance of the personalities of older people.

The things Ruth said about her mother had prepared him to find that lady querulous and difficult, but essentially negligible. Face to face with Mrs. Lannithorne, he had a very different impression. She received him in the upstairs sitting-room to which her semi-invalid habits usually confined her. Wrapped in a white wool shawl and lying in a long Canton lounging-chair by a sunshiny window, she put out a chilly hand in greeting, and asked the young man to be seated.

Oliver, scanning her countenance, received an unexpected impression of dignity. She was thin and nervous, with big dark eyes peering out of a pale, narrow face; she might be a woman with a grievance, but he apprehended something beyond mere fretfulness in the discontent of her expression. There was suffering and thought in her face, and even when the former is exaggerated and the latter erroneous, these are impressive things.

'Mrs. Lannithorne, have you any objection to letting Ruth marry me?'

'Mr. Pickersgill, what are your qualifications for the care of a wife and family?'

Oliver hesitated. 'Why, about what anybody's are, I think,' he said, and was immediately conscious of the feebleness of this response. 'I mean,' he added, flushing to the roots of his blond hair, 'that my prospects in life are fair. I am in my father's office, you know. I am to have a small share in the business next year. I need n't tell you that the firm is a good one. If you

want to know about my qualifications as a lawyer — why, I can refer you to people who can tell you if they think I am promising.'

'Do your family approve of this marriage?'

'I have n't talked to them about it yet.'

'Have you ever saved any money of your own earning, or have you any property in your own name?'

Oliver thought guiltily of his bank account, which had a surprising way of proving, when balanced, to be less than he expected.

'Well, — not exactly.'

'In other words, then, Mr. Pickersgill, you are a young and absolutely untried man; you are in your father's employ and practically at his mercy; you propose a great change in your life of which you do not know that he approves; you have no resources of your own, and you are not even sure of your earning capacity if your father's backing were withdrawn. In these circumstances you plan to double your expenses and assume the whole responsibility of another person's life, comfort, and happiness. Do you think that you have shown me that your qualifications are adequate?'

All this was more than a little disconcerting. Oliver was used to being accepted as old Pickersgill's only son — which meant a cheerfully accorded background of eminence, ability, and comfortable wealth. It had not occurred to him to detach himself from that background and see how he looked when separated from it. He felt a little angry, and also a little ashamed of the fact that he did not bulk larger as a personage, apart from his environment. Nevertheless, he answered her question honestly.

'No, Mrs. Lannithorne, I don't think that I have.'

She did not appear to rejoice in his

discomfiture. She even seemed a little sorry for it, but she went on quietly:—

‘Don’t think I am trying to prove that you are the most ineligible young man in the city. But it is absolutely necessary that a man should stand on his own feet, and firmly, before he undertakes to look after other lives than his own. Otherwise there is nothing but misery for the women and children who depend upon him. It is a serious business, getting married.’

‘I begin to think it is,’ muttered Oliver blankly.

‘I don’t *want* my daughters to marry,’ said Mrs. Lannithorne. ‘The life is a thousand times harder than that of the self-supporting woman — harder work, fewer rewards, less enjoyment, less security. That is true even of an ordinarily happy marriage. And if they are not happy — Oh, the bitterness of them!’

She was speaking rapidly now, with energy, almost with anguish. Oliver, red in the face, subdued, but eager to refute her out of the depths and heights of his inexperience, held himself rigidly still and listened.

‘Did you ever hear that epigram of Disraeli — that all men should marry, but no women? That is what I believe! At least, if women must marry, let others do it, not my children, not my little girls! — It is curious, but that is how we always think of them. When they are grown they are often uncongenial. My daughter Ruth does not love me deeply, nor am I greatly drawn to her now, as an individual, a personality, — but Ruth was such a dear baby! I can’t bear to have her suffer.’

Oliver started to protest, hesitated, bit his lip, and subsided. After all, did he dare say that his wife would never suffer? The woman opposite looked at him with hostile, accusing eyes, as if he incarnated in his youthful person all the futile masculinity in the world.

‘Do you think a woman who has suffered willingly gives her children over to the same fate?’ she demanded passionately. ‘I wish I could make you see it for five minutes as I see it, you, young, careless, foolish. Why, you know nothing, — nothing! Listen to me. The woman who marries gives up everything: or at least jeopardizes everything: her youth, her health, her life perhaps, certainly her individuality. She acquires the permanent possibility of self-sacrifice. She does it gladly, but she does not know what she is doing. In return, is it too much to ask that she be assured a roof over her head, food to her mouth, clothes to her body? How many men marry without being sure that they have even so much to offer? You yourself, of what are you sure? Is your arm strong? Is your heart loyal? Can you shelter her soul as well as her body? I know your father has money. Perhaps you can care for her creature needs, but that is n’t all. For some women life is one long affront, one slow humiliation. How do I know you are not like that?’

‘Because I’m not, that’s all!’ said Oliver Pickersgill abruptly, getting to his feet.

He felt badgered, baited, indignant, yet he could not tell this frail, excited woman what he thought. There were things one did n’t say, although Mrs. Lannithorne seemed to ignore the fact. She went on ignoring it.

‘I know what you are thinking,’ she said, ‘that I would regard these matters differently if I had married another man. That is not wholly true. It is because Peter Lannithorne was a good man at heart, and tried to play the man’s part as well as he knew how, and because it was partly my own fault that he failed so miserably, that I have thought of it all so much. And the end of all my thinking is that I don’t want my daughters to marry.’

Oliver was white now, and a little unsteady. He was also confused. There was the note of truth in what she said, but he felt that she said it with too much excitement, with too great facility. He had the justified masculine distrust of feminine fluency as hysterical. Nothing so presented could carry full conviction. And he felt physically bruised and battered, as if he had been beaten with actual rods instead of stinging words; but he was not yet defeated.

'Mrs. Lannithorne, what do you wish me to understand from all this. Do you forbid Ruth and me to marry — is that it?'

She looked at him dubiously. She felt so fiercely the things she had been saying that she could not feel them continuously. She, too, was exhausted.

Oliver Pickersgill had a fine head, candid eyes, a firm chin, strong capable hands. He was young, and the young know nothing, but it might be that there was the making of a man in him. If Ruth must marry, perhaps him as well as another. But she did not trust her own judgment, even of such hands, such eyes, and such a chin. Oh, if the girls would only believe her, if they would only be content to trust the wisdom she had distilled from the bitterness of life! But the young know nothing, and believe only the lying voices in their own hearts!

'I wish you would see Ruth's father,' she said suddenly. 'I am prejudiced. I ought not to have to deal with these questions. I tell you, I pray Heaven none of them may marry — ever; but, just the same, they will! Go ask Peter Lannithorne if he thinks his daughter Ruth has a fighting chance for happiness as your wife. Let him settle it. I have told you what I think. I am done.'

'I shall be very glad to talk with Ruth's father about the matter,' said

Oliver with a certain emphasis on *father*. 'Perhaps he and I shall be able to understand each other better. Good-morning, Mrs. Lannithorne!'

III

Oliver Pickersgill Senior turned his swivel-chair about, bit hard on the end of his cigar, and stared at his only son.

'What's that?' he said abruptly. 'Say that again.'

Oliver Junior winced, not so much at the words as at his father's face.

'I want to marry Ruth Lannithorne,' he repeated steadily.

There was a silence. The elder Pickersgill looked at his son long and hard from under lowered brows. Oliver had never seen his father look at him like that before: as if he were a rank outsider, some detached person whose doings were to be scrutinized coldly and critically, and judged on their merits. It is a hard hour for a beloved child when he first sees that look in heretofore indulgent parental eyes. Young Oliver felt a weight at his heart, but he sat the straighter, and did not flinch before the appraising glance.

'So you want to marry Peter Lannithorne's daughter, do you? Well, now, what is there in the idea of marrying a jail-bird's child that you find especially attractive?'

'Of course I might say that I've seen something of business men in this town, Ross, say, and Worcester, and Jim Stone, and that if it came to a choice between their methods and Lannithorne's, his were the squarer, for he settled up, and is paying the price besides. But I don't know that there's any use saying that. I don't want to marry any of their daughters — and you would n't want me to. You know what Ruth Lannithorne is as well as I do. If there's a girl in town that's finer-grained, or smarter, or prettier,

I'd like to have you point her out! And she has a sense of honor like a man's. I don't know another girl like her in that. She knows what's fair,' said the young man.

Mr. Pickersgill's face relaxed a little. Oliver was making a good argument with no mushiness about it, and he had a long-settled habit of appreciating Ollie's arguments.

'She knows what's fair, does she? Then what does she say about marrying you?'

'She says she won't marry anybody who does n't respect her father as she does!'

At this the parent grinned a little, grimly it is true, but appreciatively. He looked past Oliver's handsome, boyish head, out of the window, and was silent for a time. When he spoke, it was gravely, not angrily.

'Oliver, you're young. The things I'm as sure of as two and two, you don't yet believe at all. Probably you won't believe 'em if I put them to you, but it's up to me to do it. Understand, I'm not getting angry and doing the heavy father over this. I'm just telling you how some things are in this world, — facts, like gravitation and atmospheric pressure. Ruth Lannithorne is a good girl, I don't doubt. This world is chuck full of good girls. It makes *some* difference which one of 'em you marry, but not nearly so much difference as you think it does. What matters, from forty on, for the rest of your life, is the kind of inheritance you've given your children. You don't know it yet, but the thing that's laid on men and women to do is to give their children as good an inheritance as they can. Take it from me that this is Gospel truth, can't you? Your mother and I have done the best we can for you and your sisters. You come from good stock, and by that I mean honest blood. You've got to pass it on untainted.

Now — hold on!' he held up a warning hand as Oliver was about to interrupt hotly. 'Wait till I'm through — and then think it over. I'm not saying that Peter Lannithorne's blood is n't as good as much that passes for untainted, or that Ruth is n't a fine girl. I'm only telling you this: when first you look into your son's face, every failing of your own will rise up to haunt you because you will wish for nothing on God's earth so much as that that boy shall have a fair show in life and be a better man than you. You will thank Heaven for every good thing you know of in your blood and in your wife's, and you will regret every meanness, every weakness, that he may inherit, more than you knew it was in you to regret anything. Do you suppose when that hour comes to you that you'll want to remember his grandfather was a convict? How will you face that down?'

Young Oliver's face was pale. He had never thought of things like this. He made no response for a while. At last he asked, —

'What kind of a man is Peter Lannithorne?'

'Eh? What kind of —? Oh, well, as men go, there have been worse ones. You know how he came to get sent up. He speculated, and he borrowed some of another man's money without asking, for twenty-four hours, to protect his speculation. He did n't lose it, either! There's a point where his case differs from most. He pulled the thing off and made enough to keep his family going in decent comfort, and he paid the other money back; but they concluded to make an example of him, so they sent him up. It was just, yes, and he said so himself. At the same time there are a great many more dishonest men out of prison than Peter Lannithorne, though he is in it. I meet 'em every day, and I ought to know.

But that 's not the point. As you said yourself, you don't want to marry their daughters. Heaven forbid that you should! You want to marry his daughter. And he was weak. He was tempted and fell, — and got found out. He is a convict, and the taint sticks. The Lord knows why the stain of unsuccessful dishonesty should stick longer than the stain of successful dishonesty. I don't. But we know it does. That is the way things are. Why not marry where there is no taint?

'Father —?'

'Yes, Ollie.'

'Father, see here. He was weak and gave way — *once*! Are there any men in the world who have n't given way at least *once* about something or other? — are there, father?'

There was a note of anguish in the boy's voice. Perhaps he was being pushed too far. Oliver Pickersgill Senior cleared his throat, paused, and at last answered sombrely, —

'God knows, Ollie. I don't. I won't say there are.'

'Well, then —'

'See here!' his father interrupted sharply. 'Of course I see your argument. I won't meet it. I shan't try. It does n't change my mind even if it is a good argument. We'll never get anywhere, arguing along those lines. I'll propose something else. Suppose you go ask Peter Lannithorne whether you shall marry his daughter or not. Yes, ask him. He knows what's what as well as the next man. Ask Peter Lannithorne what a man wants in the family of the woman he marries.'

There was a note of finality in the older man's voice. Ollie recognized it drearily. All roads led to Lannithorne, it seemed. He rose, oppressed with the sense that henceforward life was going to be full of unforeseen problems; that things which, from afar, looked simple, and easy, and happy, were going to

prove quite otherwise. Mrs. Lannithorne had angered rather than frightened him, and he had held his own with her, but this was his very own father who was piling the load on his shoulders and filling his heart with terror of the future. What was it, after all, this adventure of the married life whereof these seasoned travelers spoke so dubiously? Could it really be that it was not the divine thing it seemed when he and Ruth looked into each other's eyes?

He crossed the floor dejectedly, with the step of an older man, but at the door he shook himself and looked back.

'Say, dad!'

'Yes, Ollie.'

'Everybody is so terribly depressing about this thing, it almost scares me. Are n't there really any happy times for married people, ever? You and Mrs. Lannithorne make me feel there are n't; but somehow I have a hunch that Ruth and I know best! Own up now! Are you and mother miserable? You never looked it!'

His father surveyed him with an expression too wistful to be complacent. Ah, those broad young shoulders that must be fitted to the yoke! Yet for what other end was their strength given them? Each man must take his turn.

'It's not a soft snap. I don't know anything worth while that is. But there are compensations. You'll see what some of them are when your boys begin to grow up.'

IV

Across Oliver's young joy fell the shadow of fear. If, as his heart told him, there was nothing to be afraid of, why were his elders thus cautious and terrified? He felt himself affected by their alarms all the more potently because his understanding of them was vague. He groped his way in fog. How

much ought he to be influenced by Mrs. Lannithorne's passionate protests and his father's stern warnings? He realized all at once that the admonitory attitude of age to youth is rooted deep in immortal necessity. Like most lads, he had never thought of it before save as an unpleasant parental habit. But fear changes the point of view, and Oliver had begun to be afraid.

Then again, before him loomed the prospect of his interview with Peter Lannithorne. This was a very concrete unpleasantness. Hang it all! Ruth was worth any amount of trouble, but still it was a tough thing to have to go down to the state capital and seek one's future father-in-law in his present boarding-place! One ought n't to have to plough through that particular kind of difficulty on such an errand. Dimly he felt that the path to the Most Beautiful should be rose-lined and soft to the feet of the approaching bridegroom. But, apparently, that was n't the way such paths were laid out. He resented this bitterly, but he set his jaws and proceeded to make his arrangements.

It was not difficult to compass the necessary interview. He knew a man who knew the warden intimately. It was quickly arranged that he was to see Peter Lannithorne in the prison library, quite by himself.

Oliver dragged himself to that conference by the sheer strength of his developing will. Every fibre of his being seemed to protest and hold back. Consequently he was not in the happiest imaginable temper for important conversation.

The prison library was a long, narrow room, with book-cases to the ceiling on one side and windows to the ceiling on the other. There were red geraniums on brackets up the sides of the windows, and a canary's cage on a hook gave the place a false air of domesticity, contradicted by the barred

sash. Beneath, there was a window-seat, and here Oliver Pickersgill awaited Lannithorne's coming.

Ollie did not know what he expected the man to be like, but his irritated nerves were prepared to resent and dislike him, whatever he might prove. He held himself rigidly as he waited, and he could feel the muscles of his face setting themselves into hard lines.

When the door opened and some one approached him, he rose stiffly and held out his hand like an automaton.

'How do you do, Mr. Lannithorne? I am Oliver Pickersgill, and I have come — I have come —'

His voice trailed off into silence, for he had raised his eyes perfunctorily to Peter Lannithorne's face, and the things printed there made him forget himself and the speech he had prepared.

He saw a massive head topping an insignificant figure. A fair man was Peter Lannithorne, with heavy reddish hair, a bulging forehead, and deep-set gray eyes with a light behind them. His features were irregular and unnoticeable, but the sum-total of them gave the impression of force. It was a strong face, yet you could see that it had once been a weak one. It was a tremendously human face, a face like a battle-ground, scarred and seamed and lined with the stress of invisible conflicts. There was so much of struggle and thought set forth in it that one involuntarily averted one's gaze. It did not seem decent to inspect so much of the soul of a man as was shown in Peter Lannithorne's countenance. Not a triumphant face at all, and yet there was peace in it. Somehow, the man had achieved something, arrived somewhere, and the record of the journey was piteous and terrible. Yet it drew the eyes in awe as much as in wonder, and in pity not at all!

These things were startlingly clear

to Oliver. He saw them with a vividness not to be overestimated. This was a prison. This might be a convict, but he was a man. He was a man who knew things and would share his knowledge. His wisdom was as patent as his suffering, and both stirred young Oliver's heart to its depths. His pride, his irritation, his rigidity vanished in a flash. His fears were in abeyance. Only his wonder and his will to learn were left.

Lannithorne did not take the offered hand, yet did not seem to ignore it. He came forward quietly and sat down on the window-seat, half turning so that he and Oliver faced each other.

'Oliver Pickersgill?' he said. 'Then you are Oliver Pickersgill's son.'

'Yes, Mr. Lannithorne. My father sent me here — my father, and Mrs. Lannithorne, and Ruth.'

At his daughter's name a light leaped into Peter Lannithorne's eyes that made him look even more acutely and painfully alive than before.

'And what have you to do with Ruth, or her mother?' the man asked.

Here it was! The great moment was facing him. Oliver caught his breath, then went straight to the point.

'I want to marry your daughter, Mr. Lannithorne. We love each other very much. But — I have n't quite persuaded her, and I have n't persuaded Mrs. Lannithorne and my father at all. They don't see it. They say things — all sorts of dreadful things,' said the boy. 'You would think they had never been young and — cared for anybody. They seem to have forgotten what it means. They try to make us afraid — just plain afraid. How am I to suppose that they know best about Ruth and me?'

Lannithorne looked across at the young man long and fixedly. Then a great kindness came into his beaten face, and a great comprehension. Oli-

ver, meeting his eyes, had a sudden sense of shelter, and felt his haunting fears allayed. It was absurd and incredible, but this man made him feel comfortable, yes, and eager to talk things over.

'They all said you would know. They sent me to you.'

Peter Lannithorne smiled faintly to himself. He had not left his sense of humor behind him in the outside world.

'They sent you to me, did they, boy? And what did they tell you to ask me? They had different motives, I take it.'

'Rather! Ruth said you were the best man she had ever known, and if you said it was right for her to marry me, she would. Mrs. Lannithorne said I should ask you if you thought Ruth had a fighting chance for happiness with me. She does n't want Ruth to marry anybody, you see. My father — my father' — Oliver's voice shook with his consciousness of the cruelty of what was to follow, but he forced himself to steadiness and got the words out — 'said I was to ask you what a man wants in the family of the woman he marries. He said you knew what was what, and I should ask you what to do.'

Lannithorne's face was very grave, and his troubled gaze sought the floor. Oliver, convicted of brutality and conscience-smitten, hurried on, 'And now that I've seen you, I want to ask you a few things for myself, Mr. Lannithorne. I — I believe you know.'

The man looked up and held up an arresting hand. 'Let me clear the way for you a little,' he said. 'It was a hard thing for you to come and seek me out in this place. I like your coming. Most young men would have refused, or come in a different spirit. I want you to understand that if in Ruth's eyes, and my wife's, and your father's, my counsel has value, it is because they think I see things as they are. And that

means, first of all, that I know myself for a man who committed a crime, and is paying the penalty. I am satisfied to be paying it. As I see justice, it is just. So, if I seem to wince at your necessary allusions to it, that is part of the price. I don't want you to feel that you are blundering or hurting me more than is necessary. You have got to lay the thing before me as it is.'

Something in the words, in the dry, patient manner, in the endurance of the man's face, touched Oliver to the quick and made him feel all manner of new things: such as a sense of the moral poise of the universe, acquiescence in its retributions, and a curious pride, akin to Ruth's own, in a man who could meet him after this fashion, in this place.

'Thank you, Mr. Lannithorne,' he said. 'You see, it's this way, sir. Mrs. Lannithorne says —'

And he went on eagerly to set forth his new problems as they had been stated to him.

'Well, there you have it,' he concluded at last. 'For myself, the things they said opened chasms and abysses. Mrs. Lannithorne seemed to think I would hurt Ruth. My father seemed to think Ruth would hurt me. *Is* married life something to be afraid of? When I look at Ruth, I am sure everything is all right. It may be miserable for other people, but how could it be miserable for Ruth and me?'

Peter Lannithorne looked at the young man long and thoughtfully again before he answered. Oliver felt himself measured and estimated, but not found wanting. When the man spoke, it was slowly and with difficulty, as if the habit of intimate, convincing speech had been so long disused that the effort was painful. The sentences seemed wrung out of him, one by one.

'They have n't the point of view,'

he said. 'It is life that is the great adventure. Not love, not marriage, not business. They are just chapters in the book. The main thing is to take the road fearlessly, — to have courage to live one's life.'

'Courage?'

Lannithorne nodded.

'That is the great word. Don't you see what ails your father's point of view, and my wife's? One wants absolute security in one way for Ruth; the other wants absolute security in another way for you. And security — why, it's just the one thing a human being can't have, the thing that's the damnation of him if he gets it! The reason it is so hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven is that he has that false sense of security. To demand it just disintegrates a man. I don't know why. It does.'

Oliver shook his head uncertainly.

'I don't quite follow you, sir. Ought n't one to try to be safe?'

'One ought to try, yes. That is common prudence. But the point is that, whatever you do or get, you are n't after all secure. There is no such condition, and the harder you demand it, the more risk you run. So it is up to a man to take all reasonable precautions about his money, or his happiness, or his life, and trust the rest. What every man in the world is looking for is the sense of having the mastery over life. But I tell you, boy, there is only one thing that really gives it!'

'And that is —?'

Lannithorne hesitated perceptibly. For the thing he was about to tell this undisciplined lad was his most precious possession; it was the piece of wisdom for which he had paid with the years of his life. No man parts lightly with such knowledge.

'It comes,' he said, with an effort, 'with the knowledge of our power to endure. That's it. *You are safe only*

when you can stand everything that can happen to you. Then and then only! Endurance is the measure of a man.'

Oliver's heart swelled within him as he listened, and his face shone, for these words found his young soul where it lived. The chasms and abysses in his path suddenly vanished, and the road lay clear again, winding uphill, winding down, but always lit for Ruth and him by the light in each other's eyes. For surely neither Ruth nor he could ever fail in courage!

'Sometimes I think it is harder to endure what we deserve, like me,' said Lannithorne, 'than what we don't. I was afraid, you see, afraid for my wife and all of them. Anyhow, take my word for it. Courage is security. There is no other kind.'

'Then — Ruth and I —'

'Ruth is the core of my heart!' said Lannithorne thickly. 'I would rather die than have her suffer more than she must. But she must take her chances like the rest. It is the law of things. If you know yourself fit for her, and feel reasonably sure you can take care of her, you have a right to trust the future. Myself, I believe there is Some One to trust it to. As for the next gen-

eration, God and the mothers look after that! You may tell your father so from me. And you may tell my wife I think there is the stuff of a man in you. And Ruth — tell Ruth —'

He could not finish. Oliver reached out and found his hand and wrung it hard.

'I'll tell her, sir, that I feel about her father as she does! And that he approves of our venture. And I'll tell myself, always, what you've just told me. Why, it *must* be true! You need n't be afraid I'll forget — when the time comes for remembering.'

Finding his way out of the prison yard a few minutes later, Oliver looked, unseeing, at the high walls that soared against the blue spring sky. He could not realize them, there was such a sense of light, air, space, in his spirit.

Apparently, he was just where he had been an hour before, with all his battles still to fight, but really he knew they were already won, for his weapon had been forged and put in his hand. He left his boyhood behind him as he passed that stern threshold, for the last hour had made a man of him, and a prisoner had given him the master-key that opens every door.

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD¹

BY GIDEON WELLES

X. THE CONDUCT OF IMPEACHMENT

Wednesday, March 18, 1868.

There is a strange dull apathy in the public mind when measures of great moment are so imminent. The proposed impeachment of the President creates but little excitement, nor does the wild, heedless, partisan legislation of Congress appear to disturb even the commercial interests. The radical press is vociferous for impeachment, not because the President has committed any crime, but for party considerations. The Democratic press is cool and comparatively indifferent, because they apprehend that impeachment will ruin radicalism. The welfare of the country, the true interests of the government, the salvation of the Union, the stability of our institutions, do not affect seriously the discipline of the two great parties. Neither party means to abandon its organization, but neither of them realizes the terrible consequences that must result from the extreme and revolutionary proceedings of the conspirators.

At a brief Cabinet meeting this evening, nothing was done. The President was calm and uncommunicative as usual; perhaps with more than usual reason.

Thursday, March 19, 1868.

The President is making some movements, but the scope and object he keeps to himself. Perhaps it is best if he intends extreme measures with the

conspirators. General Hancock is expected this evening. He has not been treated as he should have been by Grant.

There is a rumor that Hancock will be assigned to this military Department, and that Gordon Granger will take the place of General Emory here in Washington. If such be the fact I know nothing of it, nor, I apprehend, do other members of the Cabinet. The change, if made, will be likely to stir up the conspirators, and is made too late to be effectual. These precautions should have been taken long ago, if taken at all. I do not believe that the President, unless personally assailed, intends seriously to resort to military assistance to maintain his position, and military officers who are his friends can now do little for him even if he wishes it. The President has a policy known only to himself. Honest, patriotic, devoted to his duties, he has failed to attach to himself a party. He would not lend himself to the radicals to exclude states, nor to the Democrats to withdraw from the Union, but has stood as it were alone on the constitutional policy of Lincoln and himself. I hope he is frank and confiding with his lawyers; he has not been sufficiently so with his Cabinet.

Monday, March 23, 1868.

There was some effort for dramatic effect and crowded galleries to-day to

witness the impeachment trial. But there was no great excitement nor intense or absorbing interest in the subject. It is one of the remarkable and sad events of the times, that a subject of such magnitude, an outrage so flagrantly and vindictively partisan, a deliberate conspiracy against the Chief Magistrate of the nation, should be treated with such indifference here and elsewhere. There is idle curiosity with many, and some of the busy actors imagine they will be the Burkes and Sheridans of this trial.

The radicals are so demoralized and depraved, are so regardless of their constitutional obligations and of their oaths and their duty, that nothing good can be expected of them. But there are unmistakable indications that the Democratic leaders, a set who think more of party than of country, secretly desire the conviction and deposition of the President. Not that they are inimical to him, not that they believe him guilty of any crime deserving of impeachment, not that they will vote against him, but they look upon the act as perfectly suicidal to the radicals. They seem not aware that their own unwise conduct is scarcely less suicidal, and may save the radicals from annihilation.

The President's defence is a studied and well-prepared paper, wanting perhaps in power and force in some respects. There was, I am told and [judging] from what I read, a great contrast between the attorneys for the President and the managers. Black, I perceive, did not appear, and I judge has abandoned the case. If so there is something more than is apparent in his course. *Alta Vela*¹ is the pretext, but there is perhaps a deeper cause. A selfish or a party one. Black has been

¹ Judge Jeremiah Black refused participation in the case on account of his connection with a certain lawsuit.

named as a Democratic candidate for President and this may have influenced him. Blair said to me early that Black was strong and ought to be one of the President's counsel, but that he was in collusion with Stanton and could not be relied upon to bring out Stanton's villainies, for he fears Stanton.

The Judges of the Supreme Court have caved in, fallen through, failed in the McCardle case. Only Grier and Field have held out like men, patriots, judges of nerve and honest independence.

These things look ominous, and sadden me. I fear for my country when I see such abasement. Fear of the usurping radicals in Congress has intimidated some of these judges, or like reckless Democratic leaders they are willing their party should triumph through radical folly and wickedness. Seward has on more than one occasion declared that he controlled Judge Nelson. Whether he is or has been intriguing in this matter or taken any part is a problem.

The New York *World* of to-day has not a word in its editorial columns on impeachment, a question of momentous importance to the country. It has a variety of articles on light and insignificant subjects. But the *World* has more than once proclaimed that it was in no way identified with the President nor responsible for his election. They approve his principles, but he is not their man nor of their organization. Its editors fear, that if they were to become the vigorous champions of Johnson against his persecutors, the people would compel his nomination. Hence they are putting their cause and professed principles in jeopardy, by failing to do right.

But the most deplorable, or one of the most deplorable features in all these proceedings is to witness party assemblages, conventions, and legislators in

distant states passing resolutions approving of the impeachment of the President and urging his conviction, without any fact, or specification, or alleged crime, or any knowledge whatever on the subject. Some of these proceedings are sent to Congress, and received by the Senate which sits in judgment. It is not difficult to see the near downfall of a government which shall long pursue a course such as the radicals are initiating for mere party purposes.

Tuesday, March 24, 1868.

The impeachment movement was again before Congress and the Court. The managers on the part of the House were ready with their application and there is reason to suppose it was prepared before the President's reply was received.

On the part of Butler and some others there is an inclination to play the part of buffoons, and display levity in a matter of the gravest importance to the nation. Sumner and certain Senators do not conceal their readiness to proceed at once to judgment and condemnation without proof or testimony. In their unfitness, and vindictive partisanship and hate, they would not award the President rights or privileges granted criminals for the court of errors or time for preparation. They are really unwilling to allow him to make defence.

These usurpers and conspirators — for such they are, truly and emphatically, having arrogated power without authority, excluded states and people from their constitutional rights of representation — are now deliberately attempting the destruction of another department of the government by the unlawful exercise of these usurped powers. Were all the states represented, as they should be, and would be if not wickedly and wrongfully excluded by an arbitrary usurping faction, there

could be no conviction, and would have been no impeachment. But the President is arraigned for doing his duty and striving to defend the Constitution in conformity with his oath. The Constitution-breakers are trying the Constitution-defender; the law-breakers are passing condemnation on the law-supporter; the conspirators are sitting in judgment on the man who would not enter into their conspiracy, who was and is faithful to his oath, his country, the Union, and the Constitution. What a spectacle! And if successful, what a blow to free government! What a commentary on popular intelligence and public virtue!

Friday, March 27, 1868.

Very little of importance at the Cabinet. Every member I think considers conviction a foregone conclusion in the impeachment case. The Senate seems debauched, debased, demoralized, without independence, sense of right, or moral courage. It is, to all intents and purposes, a revolutionary body, subject to the dictation of Sumner, who is imperious, and of Chandler, who is unprincipled; both are disliked and hated by a considerable portion of the Republicans, who nevertheless bow submissive to the violent extremists.

I cannot come to the conclusion that the Senate, feeble and timid as it is, will convict the President of high crimes and misdemeanors and depose him, yet I have no confidence whatever in the fairness or justice of that body. There is a party necessity to obtain possession of the executive [office], in order to put a radical in the office of President next year. Fraud and force will be resorted to, to accomplish this end. Hence impeachment is a necessity. Johnson must be removed, for he will countenance no fraud or wrong-doing. And men will surrender their consciences, violate their oaths, be recreant to every

honest principle and instinct, and make a victim of an honest man for doing his duty. It is like slaughtering, shooting down the faithful sentinel, because of his fidelity in standing to his post.

We are in fact in the midst of a revolution, bloodless as yet — a revolution not of arms, but of ideas and government, more effectual and complete than that of the armies of the Rebellion. It is a question whether the Union and the Constitution can be retrieved and restored, though I do not yet permit myself to despair of the Republic. I have not faith in the Senate, yet if the President should be convicted, and deposed, the names of those Senators who shall declare him guilty will go down in infamy, and be recorded in history as the betrayers of truth and traitors to justice and freedom.

Monday, March 30, 1868.

The opening speech of General Butler in the impeachment trial is variously spoken of. As he has talents of a certain kind and has prided himself on getting to be one of the managers where there is rivalry (as he wants notoriety, he cares but little of what kind), and as he has impudence and audacity, and as the employment is familiar [to him] — I presume he made a speech with some strong and forcible language. As to his facts, his history, his law and correct application of principles, there is room for criticism and doubt. Though a radical favorite, he is an unscrupulous and in every respect a bad man.

The intelligent radicals do not seem to be satisfied with his performance, while the Democrats do not feel that Butler has made much headway against the President.

[The President's counsel thought it desirable that members of the Cabinet should testify that the President's purpose in removing Stanton, as freely ex-

pressed in the Cabinet, was to facilitate the making of a case to test the constitutionality of the Tenure-of-Office Bill. This testimony was ruled out by a vote of the Senate.]

Tuesday, March 31, 1868.

Nothing but current business at the Cabinet. The President requested us to meet him and his counsel this evening at 8. Just before leaving I was subpoenaed as a witness to appear tomorrow at twelve before the court of impeachment. Learned [this] after getting to the President's, who said it was Mr. Stanbery's summons for myself and others of the Cabinet.

Mr. Stanbery, Evarts and Groesbeck met us at the President's. Talked over certain circumstances and incidents in the past. Seward said he knew nothing of Stanton's suspension, was absent at the time, had early seen disagreement between the President and Stanton, and had exerted himself to prevent a rupture. This had been his course, he said, with each and every member of the Cabinet from the time he became connected with the administration in 1861. He supposed the President had avoided consulting him, because of his earnest efforts to retain Stanton; had never asked the President before, but did now. The President did not give a direct and explicit answer, but it was essentially affirmative.

Monday, April 13, 1868.

Mr. Stanbery sent me word to meet him last evening at the President's at 8. Was punctually there and found the President's counsellors in impeachment matters there except Mr. Stanbery. His wife had been taken suddenly ill, and he was thereby detained. Having no occasion to remain I was about leaving, when the President invited me to wait. The lawyers were examining documents most of the time. Judge

Curtis and Evarts read over the letters of General Sherman with great care. Groesbeck examined certain department documents. Nelson sat quietly by, saying little and doing nothing.

The conversation was chiefly on the point of pressing the further introduction of Sherman's testimony, and especially the letters which they had just examined. These letters contained some expressions which they, Curtis and Evarts, thought would do as much harm as the letters themselves would do good. Both these gentlemen thought that the President had a perfectly good case as it stands, without further testimony. Judge Curtis said he found [from] every new witness that the other side were fishing for evidence. Evarts concurred.

I was not altogether satisfied with their reasoning or conclusion, but I am not of course as capable of framing an opinion as these legal gentlemen who are in the case. It is not however a legal but a political question, and the conspirators are the jury; the managers have a feeble case or no case at all. There are no grounds for impeachment, there were none from the beginning, yet every radical in the town voted for impeachment, and a large portion of the Senators are ready to-day to vote to convict. They were as ready to give the same vote when the trial, as it is called, commenced — they had caucused on the subject they were to adjudicate, and are still caucusing. The Senators are many of them incapable of candid judgment, or intelligent judgment.

Judge C. makes a mistake, I think, in resting where he is. Were they, the Senators, as good lawyers as the Judges of the Supreme Court or governed by any rules, the case might be considered safe. But Butler gives rules to the Senatorial judges, and tells them how to vote, and they obey.

Tuesday, April 14, 1868.

There was an interesting time yesterday in the Senate, and that body, after vacillating, finally admitted General Sherman to testify in answer to Senator [Reverdy] Johnson, [as to] the object of the President in tendering him the appointment of Secretary *ad interim*. The remark of the President, that he, General S[herman], need have no apprehension of or from Stanton, who is cowardly, came out. Mr. Stanbery is sick to-day, and the Court adjourned over until to-morrow in consequence. Seward and Randall spent last evening with him, when, as they report, he appeared to be well but his brain was active and excited. Brown- ing called at my house this evening and says Stanbery is better.

It appears to me impeachment has lost ground in public estimation during the last few days, still I have no confidence in the partisan Senate. There are men there of ability sufficient to know what is right, to act independently, and who should have enough honesty and moral courage to do right. I trust they will, yet I do not rely on them in this excitement. As for the crowd of little creatures who are out of place in the Senate, and who ought never to have been there, who are neither statesmen, enlightened legislators, nor possessed of judicial minds, — no one expects from them justice or any approach to it. But the question is, whether the abler minds will be wholly carried away by chief conspirators who hold in their hands the great amount of partisan small trash.

Thursday, April 16, 1868.

Was subpoenaed to-day as a witness before the high court of impeachment, and attended about 1 P. M. I was not, however, placed upon the stand. Cox and Merrick were examined, and cross-examined by Butler. More time was

consumed by the managers in objections to exclude the truth than by witnesses in testifying to facts. At a late hour Butler made a violent, indecent party-harangue which disgraced the Senators who failed to call him to order, and listened to his tirade with satisfaction.

Friday, April 17, 1868.

At the court of impeachment most of the day and for two or three hours on the stand. Nearly every question put was objected to and discussed. The Chief Justice presided with fairness, and the Senators, in most cases by a majority, voted against the managers. About twenty are violent partisans, as much interested in the prosecution as the managers and some of them taking an active part with them. In point of morality I put these fellows on a par with the thief and the murderer. The fear of punishment, and the opinion and judgment of others, will restrain [them] from committing these crimes, not any sense of moral justice or obligation. Morgan has become debased, and after first taking a manly stand has become dragooned by leaders; fears his associates, whom he now follows like a whipped spaniel. Chandler is more free-spoken than Morgan.

As my testimony will appear in the proceedings, I shall not attempt to here recapitulate it. Should have been glad to have been permitted to state my knowledge on the points, without being restricted to narrow questions and answers. I perceived that the radical leaders as well as managers were becoming disturbed and discontented by the course things were taking; and under apprehension that a pending question might go against them, there was a concerted movement to adjourn. A caucus and discipline were necessary. The managers directed it. I saw it whispered and passed from one to another. Judges! O what Judges!!

Saturday, April 18, 1868.

The court of impeachment opened this morning with an elaborate speech from Manager Wilson, crowded in on an interlocutory question, which consumed over an hour and was read from a carefully prepared manuscript. This, I soon perceived, was the speech which * * * * had been weeks preparing and meant to deliver at the close of the trial, but being denied the opportunity by the secret caucus arrangement and decree last evening, it was here injected into the Senate, or Court proceedings. My suspicions were at once aroused that there had been caucusing or both caucusing and drilling overnight, to exclude (after listening to all hearsay evidence and scandal against him) the President's testimony refuting the lies and manufactured evidence. The suspicion was fully confirmed by the day's action.

Nothing from any member of the Cabinet was permitted, from a conviction evidently that it would exculpate and exonerate the President. Sumner, therefore, who has to this time voted to admit all testimony, because he was predetermined to convict, absented himself now when votes intended to cut off all evidence were to be taken. Morton was not present at all. Sherman, Frelinghuysen, and the equivocal men had been last night whipped in.

I was put forward by the counsel for the President to receive and answer the last questions. This relieved Seward and yet annoyed him. It did not displease him that the testimony of Cabinet officers was prevented. He had, he said, been on friendly terms with Stanton, and for that reason President Johnson had not consulted him so freely as others. He claims he was the confidant of President Lincoln, and allied with him in certain removals. For these reasons he declares he did not wish to be placed on the stand,

though Judge Curtis and Evarts apparently wished it.

Wednesday, April 22, 1868.

When I was coming up H Street this evening between 4 and 5, I came upon Conkling and Ben. F. Butler who were in close conversation on the corner of 15th Street. It was an ominous and discreditable conjunction — the principal manager, an unscrupulous, corrupt and villainous character, holding concourse with one of the Senatorial triers, a conceited coxcomb of some talents and individual party aspirations. They both were, as Jack Downing says, 'stumped,' and showed in their countenances what they were talking about and their wish that I had been on some other street, or somewhere else.

Friday, April 24, 1868.

No department business in Cabinet. General conversation on current topics. Seward professes to have knowledge that the President will not be convicted. I place little dependence upon it, for his judgment is good for nothing in such matters.

After the others, except McCulloch, had left, we had twenty minutes with the President. He showed us an order from Grant to Emory issued by request of Stanton, for a guard at the War Department to preserve documents, etc., issued on the 22nd of February. These conspirators will have their works uncovered sooner or later. The President yesterday, and again to-day, said this man Emory ought to be removed from the command of this district. I said that he ought some time since to have left, but it might not be judicious [to remove him] at this moment. McCulloch to-day took the same view.

Tuesday, April 28, 1868.

The speech of Thad Stevens yesterday was characteristically abusive,

but displayed less ability than I expected. I do not think he has injured the President so much as he desired, though he has spent great labor and time on his speech, which has been three times re-written and revised. His nephew, who boards at Willard's with Faxon,¹ told the latter that he was assisting his uncle in reading his third printed proof of what he intended to say.

Thomas Williams who followed is prolix, a poor reader, and will not make a favorable impression. He has considerable talents, but is a good deal broken and impaired in mind. He was, I have understood, a quasi partner of Stanton in Pittsburg, and has been much devoted to, and much used by him in Congress.

Only necessary current business done in the Cabinet. Seward, Randall, and Browning expressed great confidence in the acquittal of the President, but gave no particulars. McCulloch is more hopeful than I have seen him since the impeachment movement commenced. I called last evening on Mr. Stanbery. He is very feeble. Says he has completed his argument, but I advised him not to undertake to deliver it, and I think he will not. He expresses great confidence of acquittal, and so, he says, does Evarts. There could be no doubt of it, were the triers uncommitted, honest, candid, and capable men. All depends on the fact, whether there are a sufficient number of such independent Senators.

Thursday, April 30, 1868.

There is but little doing by Congress. Impeachment is the question. Mr. Evarts's speech is interesting and able, and men and women of all parties are greatly interested in it. There is an impression that the radical cause is growing weaker, and indication that the radical leaders have apprehensions.

¹ Chief clerk in the Navy Department.

The arguments of the President's lawyers have alarmed them, have shown them they have no case, that though they have deceived themselves into the belief that they can deceive the country, there are truths which cannot be covered up and will endanger their future. The conspiracy, for it is nothing else, is an excess of party zeal and hate, without any foundation whatever. It will overwhelm them with infamy. In their present state of party discipline, party power, and party terror, votes may not be changed, but conviction has struck some of them. Grimes says there will be no conviction, and he is one of the best judges and most sensible men in the Senate. But Fox,¹ who is here for a few days, says that in circulating around among Senators and others of all parties, he finds the prevailing opinion seems to be that the President will be condemned.

Saturday, May 2, 1868.

A short interview with the President.

The President is by no means desponding. I think his faith is in an honest and sincere consciousness that he has been, to the best of his ability, faithful, — that he has done his duty, and that a good Providence will not permit him to be sacrificed under these circumstances.

While I am reluctant to believe in the total depravity of the Senate, I place but little dependence on the honesty and truthfulness of a large portion of the Senators. A majority of them are small lights, mentally weak, and wholly unfit to be Senators. They are neither intelligent legislators, nor statesmen, — capable judges nor good patriots.

Monday, May 4, 1868.

On Friday and Saturday there was a disgraceful but characteristic exhibition of radical notables in the House:

¹ Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Butler and Logan on Friday, and Donnelly of Wisconsin and Washburne of Illinois on Saturday.

Butler was exposed and flogged by Brooks severely. Washburne was more coarsely and frankly punished by Donnelly, a brother radical. Had he been less loose and vulgar, his speech would have been more effective. Washburne, though the oldest member, is more universally detested for his supercilious pretensions, manners, insolence, disregard of truth, and malignity than any man in the House, and all enjoyed the infliction he received.

Bingham commenced the closing argument in the impeachment case today. It does not appear to have excited much admiration, although there is reported to have been a large attendance.

Tuesday, May 5, 1868.

In general conversation before business commenced at the Cabinet, Seward taunted Browning for being shaky on the question of impeachment. Browning confessed his doubts, — said he had expressed them to confidential friends and thought it best to do so. Seward did not agree with him as to his policy, but said he had no doubts as to an acquittal, and wished to wager a basket of champagne which B[rowning] declined, and S[eward] then offered two to one.

McCulloch, who came in just at the close of the banter but did not hear it, was as decided in his opinion of an acquittal as Seward, and offered to bet a bottle of wine with B[rowning]. I could, however, get no facts to justify the confidence of the State and Treasury, farther than that they have talked pretty freely with members.

It seems to be generally conceded that Fessenden will oppose impeachment. McCulloch has hopes that Morton will do the same. I have little expectation in that quarter, though the

hypocrite has sagacity enough to see that a mistake is made.

Seward quotes Banks for authority, who says Fessenden and Morrill of Maine have each written arguments, have had one interview and are to have another with their written documents. Much of this Banks gets from the Maine members, who have tried to influence F[essenden] but without success. There may be something to base this upon, but I do not give it the credence which Seward does. Until the argument is closed and the whole case committed, F[essenden] would not be likely to declare his opinion. I have supposed he would vote against conviction although a decided radical, for he has intelligence, and a character which he wishes to preserve. I have had the same opinion of Trumbull for the same reasons. Both are crotchety and uncertain, and I therefore do not consider it sure by any means that they will go for acquittal. Other Senators like Frelinghuysen, the Morrills, and others, should vote for acquittal, but it is most likely, from all I hear and see, that they will abase themselves.

I therefore am less sanguine than either Seward or McCulloch. The last has until recently believed that conviction was probable. What facts have changed him I fail to learn. Seward is not to be relied on for [accuracy] in such matters, — he catches at shadows.

Grimes is Chairman of the Naval Committee and strong in his political views and prejudices, but he has a legal and discriminating mind, and sincere respect for the President's honesty, though very little confidence in his tact and judgment. He will not commit so unjust an act as to vote to impeach, and Fessenden usually goes with him. Neither have much love for Sumner or regard for Thad Stevens, which will strengthen them to act right when others fail. I should have no doubt of

Trumbull if he had not done himself and his principles injustice on certain test questions. The radical Senators continue to hold their secret meetings at Pomeroy's, to discipline and strengthen each other to do an illegal and wicked act, while sitting as judges in the high court.

Tuesday, May 5, 1868.

Seward says Morgan will go for acquittal, provided it is certainly ascertained in advance that there can be no conviction. In this I think S[eward] is more correct than in many of his assertions.

Some conversation took place between McCulloch, Browning, and myself in regard to sending in immediately the new carpet-bag constitutions of Arkansas and South Carolina. They urged that it should be done immediately. I asked what of the actual, existing constitutions of those states which Congress assumed to annul. Both took alarm, — hoped the President would not oppose Congress, oppose the reconstruction law, etc. I expressed the hope that he would do his duty faithfully.

Thursday, May 7, 1868.

Bingham has closed the final argument of the managers, and at its close there was a scene in the galleries, got up especially for the occasion and a part of this radical drama. I have not read all of Bingham's speech, but from the examination given it I do not think it great, and his friends seem disappointed. The subject is postponed until Monday, and the court has agreed to come to a vote on Tuesday. If the Senators regard their oaths, and act as judicial officers and statesmen, there will be an acquittal; if partisan action controls all the radical Senators or most of them, conviction is likely. The movement has been a partisan one from its inception.

Judge Harris, late New York Senator, called on me, and discussing the great topic, tells me he had a long conversation with a prominent radical Senator, — a religious, conservative man, — who said to him there was nothing against the President which could be called a crime, or misdemeanor, but the President was a troublesome man, — was an impediment, and he thought the majority would be justified in availing themselves of a technical advantage in getting rid of him. Although Judge Harris called no names, I inferred from his remarks that Frelinghuysen was the Senator who made these discreditable remarks.

Friday, May 8, 1868.

Great confidence was expressed by all the Cabinet that the President would be acquitted; and such also seemed his impression, but I could get no fact, — perhaps ought to expect none. It was said Fessenden was in great distress, — had offered to resign, but the Maine delegation would not listen to it. The vote of Henderson of Missouri is relied upon through the influence of Miss Foot, to whom he expects to be married. Sprague is counted upon through Mrs. S[prague] and her father, etc. These are frail staffs to lean upon, yet they are taken in the absence of better. There may be other circumstances, or facts which are confidential, but they are not communicated if there are such.

Saturday, May 9, 1868.

There is a good deal of deep feeling yet no boisterous excitement. The impeachers are less confident than they

were, yet express full belief in conviction. Their reliance is on the force, discipline, and necessities of party — not on crime or misdemeanor on the part of the President. How far the radical Senators who have pretensions to statesmanship will debase themselves to party dictation is the only question. If they are really legislators, judges, and statesmen — men of independence and moral courage, the President will be acquitted, not otherwise. More than one half of the Senators are demagogues and block-heads, — party tools, who regard not their oaths, nor the welfare of the country.

Numbers influence party men, so that inferior intellects often control superior minds. Fessenden and Morton and Trumbull are fearful of consequences if they boldly and conscientiously do their duty. I have no faith whatever in Morton, though McCulloch has hopes of him, but McCulloch is deceived. His speech at the beginning of the session exhibited a mind whose moral stamina was gone.

The President tells me this afternoon that he has no doubt that Fessenden will vote for acquittal. I did not ask his newest evidence. Riding out this evening, I met McCulloch who assures me, emphatically, of an acquittal. Says Grimes, Fessenden, Trumbull, and Van Winkle will vote to acquit, and others also.

I conclude that he has sources of information which are reliable. I get no facts. Of Grimes, Fessenden, and Trumbull's honest opinions I have no doubt, but there is a terrible pressure upon them. Of Van Winkle I know nothing.

(To be continued.)

MY SOCIAL LIFE IN LONDON

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

It was an epoch in my social life when at the dinner-table of Sir R. H. Inglis, a member for the University of Oxford, high Tory and Protestant, but genial friend and host of men of all parties, I first met Macaulay. Macaulay talked essays and engrossed the talking—conversation it could not be called. One could understand how he was a bore to other talkers. He evidently was to a great talker who sat next to me. He would seize upon a theme and dilate, with copious illustration, from a marvelous memory. Mention of the exclusive respect of the Ritualists for churches in the Gothic style led to an enumeration of the fathers of the early Church who had ministered in churches which were not Gothic. A question about the rules of equestrian statuary led to a copious dissertation proving that nature was the only rule. I have seen a whole evening party kept listening in a ring to an essay on final causes and the limits of their recognition, with numerous illustrations. But it seemed to me all exuberance, not assumption or ostentation.

Once, however, even I thought Macaulay a bore. It was at a breakfast at Lord Stanhope's. Lord Russell was beginning to give us an account of the trial of Queen Caroline, which he had witnessed. Macaulay broke in with an essay, and Lord Russell was swept away by its tide. Of all English talkers that I ever heard, Macaulay seemed to me the first in brilliancy. He is the first in brilliancy of English writers, though not always the most sober or just. Of

all his writings the least just, while it is perhaps the most brilliant, is the essay on Warren Hastings. Justice has been done upon it by Fitzjames Stephen.

Rogers especially might well dislike Macaulay, against whom, with his feeble voice, he could make no head. He was silent during dinner. After dinner, when the ladies were gone, he told anecdotes in language evidently prepared. It was treason then to talk. There was certainly a strain of malice in him. He was sensitive on the subject of his social position, and could not forgive Sydney Smith for saying in his presence that he would 'bet a cheque on Rogers & Co.' Theodore Hook was never tired of whipping him on that tender spot. He was sensitive also about his appearance, as, if he aspired to beauty, he had good reason for being. It was said that he had driven his foot through a portrait which told unflattering truth. I wish I had been present when the attention of the party was suddenly drawn to a caricature bust of him which the host had inadvertently left upon the mantel-piece. The struggles of the party to cope with the horror, some taking the line that it was a likeness, others that it was not, were described to me as very amusing. The immortality which Rogers expected for his poems has not been theirs. He is not deep, yet there are passages in him, such as the opening lines of 'Human Life,' which are pleasant to my simple ear.

Of all the social talkers, I should say

the pleasantest was Sir David Dundas, then Solicitor-General. He really conversed, and, while leading the conversation, drew out his company and made other people feel that they too had said good things.

When the Life of Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) appeared, people were disappointed because it did not sparkle with wit. Nobody who knew him could share the disappointment. It was not in any witty things that he said, but in his manner, which was wit in itself, that the charm resided. His good-natured simplicity of speech (if that will do for a translation of *naïveté*) had earned him the nickname of 'the cool of the evening.' He was an eager hunter of notorieties. It was said that he would have had the most noted felon of the day at his breakfast-table if he could.

Sitting there and looking round on the circle, you asked yourself how you came into that museum. Milnes was a great and a most successful collector of autographs. He showed me on the same page some love verses written by Robespierre when a youth, and a death-warrant signed by him under the Reign of Terror. General Grant, when he went to breakfast with Milnes, was presented with a round-robin which he had signed as a cadet at West Point. Milnes would not tell us how he had obtained it. To a collector of autographs everything is moral. The writer of *Palm Leaves*, in which by the way there are some very pretty lines, had at one time been a follower of Urquhart, the devotee and political champion of Turkey and the East. Urquhart can hardly have been sane. Milnes said that once when he went to Urquhart's house, the door was opened by Urquhart's son, stark naked, that being the father's idea of physical education.

Eton friendship with Hallam's son Henry opened to me the house of his

illustrious father, which was no longer in the 'long unlovely street,' but in Wilton Crescent. The historian was then old and bowed down by the loss of the son whose epitaph is 'In Memoriam,' as well as by that of his wife and his favorite daughter. In earlier days he had been rather a social terror. People in his presence had spoken in fear of contradiction. It was said that he had got out of bed in the night to contradict the watchman about the hour and the weather. Sydney Smith said that the chief use of the electric telegraph would be to enable Hallam to contradict a man at Birmingham. But in his old age, and to a boy like me, Hallam was all mildness and kindness. I see the old man now, sitting in his library, with gout in his hands, in mournful dignity waiting for the end. But he would know that his work was done.

Milman's name is now seldom heard, yet he has left his mark in his histories of the Jews and of the Latin Church; nor is the 'Martyr of Antioch' without merits as a poem. The author of the prize poem on the Apollo Belvedere had set out in life with an immense Oxford reputation. In his *History of the Jews* he had, as a student of German theology, faintly anticipated the higher criticism, and incurred orthodox suspicion accordingly. That he had talent, a richly stored mind, and conversational power, is certain. Whether he had anything more is doubtful. If he had, it was stifled in him, as it was in other rationalist theologians, by the fatal white tie.

Thackeray I used to meet at the dinners of the *Saturday Review*, but had not much intercourse with him. If he was cynical, his cynicism did not appear in his face or manner, which betokened perfect simplicity and good nature. From good nature, and not from that alone, I cannot help thinking that he lapsed when he gibbeted

Croker in *Vanity Fair*, under the name of Wenham, as the parasite and pandar of the Marquis of Hertford, easily discernible under the pseudonym of the Marquis of Steyne. Croker was a rancorous politician, and both by his tongue and pen provoked bitter enmity; but there was nothing in his relation with Lord Hertford to brand him as a parasite, much less could he be supposed capable of playing the pandar. As a leading anti-reform member of the House of Commons he had been an associate of Hertford and other magnates of the Tory party. The connection continued after Croker's retirement in disgust from public life. Slander, under cover of a fictitious name, as I have said before, when the person really meant can be easily recognized, is at once the most deadly and the most cowardly of all ways of assailing character. The person assailed cannot defend himself without seeming to countenance the libel.

In the house of Sir Roderick Murchison I used to meet the men of science; but it was not till later that I became intimate with Huxley and Tyndall. With Tyndall I became very intimate, and greatly loved him, though on some points we widely differed. He called himself a Materialist, and never allowed you to call him anything else, ever faithful to his formula that matter contained the potentiality of all life. But never was a man less materialist in the gross sense of the term. I used to think that he would have found it very difficult to account, on any materialistic theory, for his own sentiments and aspirations. Between Huxley and Owen there was at that time war about the Hippocampus Minor. That Huxley was in the right seemed to be the verdict of the scientific world; had he found himself in the wrong he would have frankly owned it, for no man could be more loyal to truth. Murchison was

a man of large property; he had been in the army; had taken to geology and become the Amphitryon of the scientific world. He had been engaged in exploring the mineral wealth of the Ural, and became very intimate with the Czar, whose feeling towards England, as he assured me, I have no doubt truly, was as good as possible, she being in the Czar's eyes the great conservative power. The day before the Crimean War, nobody expected or desired it; while it was going, everybody was mad about it; when it was over, everybody condemned and deplored it.

If I remember rightly, I was an early subscriber to Herbert Spencer's works. But it was not till much later, I think in 1876, that I became well acquainted with the man. We were staying at Buxton together. If a new moral world is built upon materialism, Herbert Spencer will have been one of the chief builders. In any case he was a shining light and a power. Of his personal eccentricities plenty of stories have been told. His nervous sensibility was extreme. A game of billiards was enough to deprive him of his night's rest. He had been looking forward with pleasure to a meeting with Huxley; but he gave it up because there was a difference on some scientific question between them, and this might have given rise to an argument, which Spencer's nerves could not bear. A literary flippancy of mine once caused an estrangement between us, but I am happy to say we became the best of friends again.

The most interesting of my social experiences, however, were my visits to The Grange, a name familiar to all who have read the *Life of Carlyle*. Lord Ashburton, of the then immensely wealthy house of Baring, was a man of intellect and culture, and by no means a social cipher, though a less important figure than his wife. Lady Ashburton was a great lady, perhaps the nearest

counterpart that England could produce to the queen of a French *salon* before the Revolution. In person, though not beautiful, she was majestic. Her wit was of the very brightest, and dearly she loved to give it play. She had at the same time depth of character and tenderness of feeling. It was a mistake to think that she was a Mrs. Leo Hunter on a grand scale. She cared as little for reputation in itself as she did for rank or wealth. To form a circle of brilliant talkers with herself as its centre, was her aim; and in this she fully succeeded. One or two appreciative listeners were also desirable, and were there. Beauty may have been a passport; at least I do not know what but the wonderful beauty of Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence, Sally Ward that had been, could have brought her and her not intellectually brilliant husband to The Grange. Everything was arranged for conversation. Breakfast was a function, and was served on round tables, each of a conversational size. The last comer always took Lady Ashburton out to dinner, that he might be thoroughly introduced into the circle.

Carlyle was always there. He was a great favorite of Lady Ashburton. His talk was like his books, but wilder; in truth, his pessimism was monotonous and sometimes wearisome, though he could not fail to say striking things, still less to use striking words. One summer evening we came out after dinner on the terrace. There was a bright moon, and for a few minutes we all looked at it in silence, each probably having his own thoughts. At last a voice was heard: 'Puir auld creature!' Whether the moon was an object of pity in herself, or because she was doomed to look down on human affairs, I failed to divine.

Tennyson was there. I adored the poet, and should have liked to be able to worship the man. His self-conscious-

ness and sensitiveness to criticism were extreme. One of the party whose name I forget, but who acted as a sort of aide-de-camp to Lady Ashburton, asked me what I thought of Tennyson. I said that it was most interesting to meet him. 'But is he not very sensitive?' — 'Sensitive! I should think he was. If my little girl were to tell him that his whiskers were ugly he would n't forget it for a month.'

They asked Tennyson to read some of his own poetry aloud. This he was understood to be fond of doing. But to the general disappointment he refused. At his side was sitting Carlyle, who had been publishing his contempt of poetry. Immolating myself to the public cause, I went over to Carlyle and asked him to come for a walk in the grounds. While we were gone the reading came off. I was reminded of this incident, which I had long forgotten, by a reference to it the other day in the *Illustrated London News*.

Mrs. Carlyle was at The Grange. She was a modest personage, rather in the background. Nobody knew that she was so clever as her letters prove her to have been. But that Lady Ashburton ever gave her serious cause for unhappiness I do not in the least believe. Lady Ashburton was a queen, and may, like other royalties, have been sometimes a little high; but she was incapable of doing anything unfeeling. I had a great respect for her character as well as admiration for her wit, and have always cherished the memory of the message which she sent me from her death-bed.

In the circle of The Grange was to be seen Bishop Wilberforce. He had good right to be there, for he was a very brilliant talker, especially happy in repartee. Of his eminent ability there could be no doubt. He would certainly have made his mark as an advocate or a politician. He set out as an Evangelical,

like his father; he became, as was natural for a bishop, a High Churchman. He tried to combine both systems, and to ride two horses with their heads turned different ways. This in itself gave him, perhaps undeservedly, an air of duplicity and a nickname. He was, however, morbidly desirous of influence, which he seemed ever to cultivate without definite object. It was said that he would have liked to be on the committee of every club in London. He had the general reputation of not being strictly veracious; nor, as I had once occasion to see, was he, when Church party was in question, inflexibly just. He turned upon the Hampden question when he found that his course was giving offense at Court, and was upbraided with tergiversation by his party. He turned upon the Irish Church question just in time to be promoted from Oxford to Winchester, and to what he probably coveted more than the income, the Chancellorship of the Garter; and when he put forth a pathetic valedictory assuring the clergy of Oxford that he was agonized at leaving them but could not disobey the call of the Spirit, he provoked a smile. There could be no question as to his meritorious activity in his diocese. He was at first a fine preacher, but at last his incessant activity, leaving no time for reading or thought, impaired the matter of his sermons and compelled him to make up for lack of substance by delivery, of which, having an admirable voice and manner, he remained a perfect master. Too much allowance can hardly be made for the difficulties of the Mitre in those times.

A very different realm from The Grange was Strawberry Hill, where reigned Frances, Lady Waldegrave, whose husband, Lord Carlingford, and I were college friends. To the sham Gothic mansion built by the virtuoso Horace Walpole on the bank of the

Thames had been added an enchanted castle of pleasure, with gorgeous salons, and magnificent grounds for out-of-door fêtes stretching along the river. Frances, Lady Waldegrave, had been four times wedded. Thrice, it was said, she had married for title or wealth; the fourth time for love. She was a rather florid beauty, taking perhaps to an elderly man. In her fourth wedlock she had chosen well, for Carlingford was a man of whom she might be proud, since he became a Cabinet Minister, and at the same time a domestic pillow. He was an Irishman, and when in the theatre at Dublin the jocular crowd asked his spouse which of her four husbands she liked best, she could turn their impertinence to plaudits by saying, 'The Irishman, of course.'

She was the daughter of Braham the singer, and one of the best of daughters, for in her grandeur she never failed in devoted attachment to her father, whose portrait hung conspicuous upon her wall. Her ambition was to gather the whole of the great world, royalty included, in her salon at Strawberry Hill. In this she thoroughly succeeded. Curiously enough, the great fortune which she had accumulated by her successive marriages she had just run through when she died. After her death, I was staying with her husband at the place in the country where she was buried. There she lay, with a list of her husbands on her monument. Her fourth husband could not bear himself to take me to the grave; he had to put me in the hands of the curate. Utterly unlike to Harriet, Lady Ashburton, was Frances, Lady Waldegrave; yet Frances, Lady Waldegrave, to use Carlyle's phrase, was not without an eye, and she could interest herself in other subjects than balls and garden-parties when she had a quiet hour.

It was a mark of the difference between the two social monarchies that,

while at The Grange, breakfast, as I have said, was a conversational function for which arrangements were made, at Strawberry Hill you came down to breakfast at your own hour, and were served separately from a carte. The host and hostess did not appear till luncheon.

Now the splendor has departed from Strawberry Hill, from the gilded salons and the magnificent grounds. The place has become a tea-garden or something less elysian still. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

In a mansion close to Strawberry Hill lived in luxurious exile the Duc d'Aumale and the Comte de Paris. D'Aumale, it seemed to me, would have made a strong Pretender; he was a soldier and a man of action, highly cultivated withal. But he was not the heir, and it seems that when he got back to France he gave himself up to pleasure. The Comte de Paris was a gentle creature who never could have made a Pretender without a Morny to play his game.

Among the intellectual magnates who were kind to me I must not forget Lord Stanhope. I spent some very pleasant days at Chevening with a literary company, two members of which were Mr. and Mrs. Grote. Grote was quiet and retiring. Mrs. Grote was unretiring, a rather formidable woman with a very sharp wit. Stanhope's history is not a masterpiece; but it is interesting and fair, the work of a man of sense and a gentleman. The last qualification is valuable to a historian of the politics of aristocratic days.

Hard by lived also my great friend Grant Duff, a most accomplished politician and man of the world, whose name calls up to memory pleasant hours. When he was leaving for his government in India we gave him a farewell banquet at a great hotel. I, having come some distance, took a bed there.

In the morning I was awakened by a knock at my door and a female voice offering me brandy and soda. The more I declined the cup of health, the more pressing it was offered. Was it intended for some other revelers, or was it taken for granted that those who had dined there overnight must want brandy and soda in the morning?

From Chevening we visited Knole, the country-seat of Lord Sackville near Sevenoaks. I there found a portrait of Walsingham, which confirmed me in the belief that a portrait which on leaving Oxford I made over to the Bodleian, it having passed for a portrait of Sir Thomas Bodley, was really a portrait of Elizabeth's great Secretary of State. Each portrait has the dispatch symbolical of the Secretaryship, as the white wand is of the Treasurership, in its hand. The date of the subject's age on the picture does not exactly agree with Bodley's age. The date of Walsingham's birth is uncertain. His monument in St. Paul's was destroyed by fire.

A party at a country-house was seldom complete without Hayward, the prince of anecdotists and the great authority on social history and gossip. His anecdotes certainly gained embellishment by repetition, and were therefore perhaps more amusing than authentic. He was fond of dissolving the false pearls of history and destroying heroic illusions. It was with much gusto that he assured us that Pitt's last words were, not 'Oh! my country! how I love my country!' but, 'I think I could eat one of Bellamy's meat-pies.' Disraeli, whom he must in some way have offended, has alluded to him in *Lothair* as a 'little parasite.' Little he was in stature, but he was no parasite; on the contrary, he bore himself very much as the master of the circle. He was a bachelor; his pen must have brought him an income; and as he had

many friends among the political leaders, he could have got an appointment if he had needed it. But he, no doubt, prized his freedom.

I had a good friend in the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Denison, afterwards Lord Ossington, through whose interest I enjoyed debates. He would always get me under the gallery or in some place on the floor of the House. It is on the floor of the House only that a debate can be enjoyed. I shall have occasion further on to mention one or two of the great speakers. Of those I heard, the general level did not seem to me to be high. There was great waste of time in droning through speeches which were mere dilutions of the morning's editorials. Why cannot each speaker, except the leaders, instead of wandering over the whole subject, take a point and press it home? The whole discussion, however, is little more than a great party demonstration. The name 'deliberative assembly' is a mockery. On any party question there is no more deliberation than there is in the interchange of volleys between two lines of battle. Besides, every one is talking less to the House than to the reporters.

While I am in a fault-finding mood I may say that the House—and still more the House of Lords—is too highly decorated for a hall of debate, where nothing should divert the eye from the speaker. Ventilation and acoustics at that time were bad. It seems that architectural science has not yet learned to produce with certainty a room in which you can be heard, a place in which you can breathe, or a chimney which will not smoke. The acoustics of the House of Lords were worse than those of the House of Commons. It was said that the leader of the Opposition went out and bought an evening paper to learn what the head of the government was talking

about. During the passage of the Oxford University Bill I was placed on the steps of the throne to watch the bill and communicate with the minister in charge. On that spot, where nobody sits, you could hear the speakers on both sides well.

I enjoyed the theatre, and had in Patrick Comyn and Smyth Pigott pleasant companions to add to my enjoyment. Of all the acting that I saw, the grandest was that of Ristori in *Camma*; above all in the famous scene in which Camma elicits the secret of her husband's murder by affecting love of the murderer, then entices him to drinking the poisoned cup, drinks of it herself, and dies. The plot, which is from Plutarch, Tennyson has taken for his *Cup*. Of Rachel, Matthew Arnold has said that she began where Sara Bernhardt ended. She was passion, especially of the satanic kind, incarnate. Adrienne Lecouvreur was her topping part, and the death-scene, for which she was supposed to have studied in a hospital, was her topping scene. Her direct opposite was the female star of the English stage, Helen Faucit, who was all tenderness. About Wigan, our male star, there seems to have been a difference of opinion. His friends asserted that he alone could act a gentleman; his critics said the reverse.

Some of the opera people acted as well as sang well. Jenny Lind did, in pieces that suited her, such as *Gazza Ladra* and *Figlia del Regimento*. Something was missed when, having renounced opera, she sang at concerts. Tietjens also acted well in such a part as Lucrezia Borgia; while her companion Alboni, supreme and rapturously applauded as a singer, stalked the stage in her tabard with the grace of a female elephant. Jenny Lind's character enhanced her popularity. She was no harpy, like other prima donnas, but left something for the lesser folk. I have spoken

of the friendship between Jenny and Arthur Stanley, who was, like Johnson, dead to the charms of music, and said that the only thing that pleased him was a drum solo. Where he could have heard a drum solo we never could ascertain. Mario and Grisi, having spent the fortunes which they had made, were forced to return to the stage. But superannuated as they were, I fancy their audience, though it received them well, took more pleasure in seeing than in hearing them.

Charles Kean acted Hamlet with applause, yet, I thought, not well. Shakespeare is a philosophic poet as well as a dramatist, and sometimes transcends the dramatic sphere. Perhaps one who had the sensibility to feel the part of Hamlet would scarcely have the nerve to act it. The best Hamlet I ever saw was that of the German Devrient, who did at all events soliloquize the soliloquy, not declaim it.

I enjoyed a visit to Sadler's Wells, the people's theatre, long since improved out of existence. It was pleasant to see the loyalty of the people to Shakespeare. The taste of the people, being simple, is sound. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, was a fine declaimer. He gave well Prospero's speech in *The Tempest*.

But all the theatres, and especially Sadler's Wells, suffered from Charles Kean's fancy for spectacles. He imagined that Shakespeare was an antiquarian, and put on his plays in the garb of the historic period. So we had the Duke of Athens, who to Shakespeare was like a Duke of Milan, talking of nunneries; fairies in Athenian groves; and two Athenian gentlemen going out to fight a duel with Grecian swords. In *Macbeth* we had the rude simplicity of primitive Scotland; and the throne, to which Macbeth's ambition climbed through treason and murder, was a wooden stool. Shakespeare paid no

more respect to historical character than to geography, and he had no scenery at all.

I was in a box at the opera one evening with two friends. The party next night was to meet again. I arrived first. Presently one of the other two came in. I asked after the third, and was horrified by the reply that he had shot himself that afternoon. The evening before he had apparently been in the best of spirits. He was young and wealthy. I never learned the cause of his weariness of life. The weather was very sultry and bad for the liver.

Having spoken of E. S. Pigott, I may say that he was very intimate with Dickens, whom I only once saw, and whom I understood it was difficult to meet, as he lived very much in a choice circle of his intimate friends. Pigott told me his opinion of the unhappy relations between Dickens and his wife, which came too much before the world. It was a common case: Dickens had married at a low level, and his wife had not risen with him; otherwise, according to Pigott, an excellent judge, there was no fault on her side. The matrimonial history of writers of works of imagination has often been unhappy. Their imagination turns a woman into an angel, and then they find that she is a woman. About this time the scandalous world was being regaled with the war between Bulwer and his wife. When Bulwer was being elected at Hertford, his consort drove up in a post-chaise, mounted the hustings, and delivered a philippic against him. Their son was credited with some lines on the occasion: —

Who came to Hertford in a chaise,
And uttered anything but praise
About the author of my days?
My Mother.

If Dickens's own home was not happy, few writers have done more to make other homes happy and diffuse kindly

feelings. His 'Christmas Carol' is an evangel.

I became intimate with some of the exiles driven to England by the political storms of Europe. Among them was Louis Blanc, of whom I saw a good deal. In his writings there is a strain, I am afraid, not only of the visionary but of the terrorist. This, however, he did not betray when we sat on the Terrace at Richmond one summer afternoon talking of his plans for the regeneration of mankind. He ascribed the failure of his National Workshops of course to the machinations of the enemy. What was undeniable was that they had failed.

I took more to the Italian exiles, Mazzini, Saffi, and Arrivabene, whose cause, that of Italian independence, was perfectly pure. To Mazzini, whose acquaintance I formed at the house of Sir James Stansfield, I took very much. He seemed to me a genuine servant of humanity, regarding Italian nationality, to the rescue of which he gave his life, as subservient to the general good of mankind. He denied that he had been concerned in any assassination plot. With Garibaldi I exchanged letters, but we never met. He was coming to Oxford and to my house when he was suddenly whisked out of the country, by what influence is a mystery to this hour. For myself, I never doubted that it was by the influence of the Queen. Victoria was a Stuart upon a Hanoverian throne. A friend of mine at Court heard Disraeli feeding with slanderous stories her hatred of Garibaldi. She bitterly hated Bismarck also, for having put an end to the Kingdom of Hanover. Perhaps that may have been partly the cause of her sympathy with France against Germany. The French Emperor, to whose influence some suspected the spiriting-away of Garibaldi was due, had in him still something of the revo-

lutionist and an eye to possible assistance from that side.

Two famous relics of a political generation gone by, Brougham and Lyndhurst, I just saw. Lyndhurst I heard make a speech on the House of Lords, too cursory for the display of his mighty reasoning powers. It was curious to see a man who had been at Boston a British subject before the American Revolution.

Nothing can adequately paint the galvanic motions of Brougham's face and figure. His activity and productiveness, as is well known, were miraculous. He aspired to leadership not only in law, politics, and literature, but in science. Lord Stanhope used to tell a story of the editor of a new magazine who humbly petitioned Brougham for an article to grace his first number. The happy man received three articles by return of post! Brougham's private secretary, Sir Denis le Marchant, told me that Brougham, when he was leading at once in the Bar and in Parliament, making one speech seven hours long, could do with two hours' sleep each night. On Saturday afternoon he would turn in till Monday morning. When he was in full practice on the northern circuit, and at the same time candidate for the representation of Yorkshire in Parliament, he would, after a long day in court, get into a post-chaise, and go very long distances to election meetings. Summoned suddenly to attend his client Queen Caroline on a great emergency, he slept all the way in the carriage. For this preternatural activity, however, he paid by long fits of depression. His sister, who was with us at Mortimer, was grotesquely like him in all respects, and was subject to the same fits of depression, which, however, in her case were more lasting. Brougham was very emotional, and wept bitterly when he heard of the death of an old political

associate. His attempt to revive his failing notoriety by circulating a report of his having been killed by an accident took in the whole press except *The Times*.

Eton introduced me, among other houses, to that of Lord Chancellor Campbell, whose son, Lord Strathead that afterwards was, and I had been in the same boarding-house. It was of Lord Campbell as the author of the *Lives of the Chancellors* that Lyndhurst said he had added a pang to death. He may not be strictly accurate or impartial, but his book is racy of the profession. It was to Campbell that was due the putting the plaintiff in a libel case into the witness-box. It seems doubtful whether he did well. The consequence is apt to be, instead of the trial of the defendant for his slander, the trial of the person libeled on his general character and life.

Through Campbell's son, Strathead, I remotely touched Canadian politics. Joseph Howe came over to protest against the inveigling of Nova Scotia into the Confederation, with an introduction to Strathead, who sent him to me. Howe was at a dinner at which the Liberal leaders were present, and there made a speech, too warm for a rather cool-blooded audience, threatening dire consequences if Nova Scotia were not set free. The case was taken up in Parliament, but the next thing heard was that Howe was in a Confederation Government. On the question of Confederation, he might have yielded to destiny; but he should hardly have gone into the Government. The conduct of the Nova Scotian legislators, who, having been elected to oppose Confederation, carried it by their votes, remains a historical mystery.

I spent a day with Lushington, Lady Byron's counsel, but nothing was said about the famous case. Lushington would never speak of it. His lips might

be sealed by professional duty. Yet it seems strange that when the portentous version of the matter adopted by Mrs. Beecher Stowe was in circulation, he should not, if he could with truth, have denied that there was anything more than a matrimonial quarrel of the common kind. In my childhood I had seen Lushington chaired on his election for Reading.

Blessed are clubs, and above all clubs in my memory the Athenæum, with its splendid library and its social opportunities. Without clubs what would bachelor life in London be! We know pretty well from the record of days before them. Instead of being denounced as hostile to marriage, the clubs ought to be credited with keeping young men fit for it. Even with a club, the life of a young man in a city where he has no home is not free from danger. In trying many years afterwards to assist in the foundation of a good club for young men in Toronto, I was acting on observations made during my own stay in London.

Without a home in London I could myself hardly be said to be. I had something like a home in the house of my father's brother-in-law, the Reverend Sir Henry Dukinfield, who had succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his brother, after being for some time pastor of St. Martins-in-the-Fields.

Sir Henry was an active and valued coadjutor of Bloomfield the Bishop of London, a statesman-prelate who strove to adapt the Church to the times and renew her hold upon the nation, not by reviving her claims to priestly authority, but by placing her in the van of social improvement. He was the apostle of public baths and wash-houses. His wife, Lady Dukinfield, was my ideal of a lovely and graceful English woman. Nor was her character less graceful than her form and manner. Her portrait bears me out. *La belle An-*

glaise she had been called in France, and her beauty was of the kind that loses least by age. She was a niece of Craufurd, Wellington's Peninsula general. Her father was a diplomatist. She was with him at Brussels at the time of Waterloo, and was the last survivor but one of those who had danced at the famous ball. Her memory was perfectly clear. They all knew that the French were advancing. But Wellington, to prevent a panic, had desired that the ball might take place. The lodgings of Lady Dukinfield's father were opposite to the quarters of the Duke, whom she saw mount his horse and ride forth. She also saw the Guards, her brother's regiment, march out. On the day of Waterloo she and her father were dining with the Prince de Condé, when news came that the British were

totally defeated, and the French were marching on Brussels. The Prince called for his horses and went off to Ghent. Lady Dukinfield's father hurried her home, but found that his horses had been stolen. They presently got horses and set out for Ghent, finding the road blocked with fugitives. Before they reached Ghent they were overtaken by news of the victory. I did not ask Lady Dukinfield where the ball had taken place. Prince Leopold afterwards heard her story, and I believe took a note of it. He may have asked the question.

Sir Henry, a clergyman and a devout one, one day let fall the remark that a man's religious reputation must be very high to enable him to refuse a challenge to a duel. I note this to mark the change of sentiment.

FOOTBALL AT HARVARD AND AT YALE

BY LORIN F. DELAND

At a time when so many eyes are watching the football contests at Cambridge and New Haven, it may be instructive to review the records of the two universities since 1889, and consider the method and policy under which the game has been developed at each university, and the results which have followed as a natural outcome.

Far from the shouting crowds of the Stadium, the quiet pages of this magazine furnish a good environment for such a study. Here, dispassionately, we can review Harvard and Yale football, not in a spirit of partisanship, but as a study of methods. What deter-

mines football supremacy? How has Yale met those conditions? How has Harvard met them? Why has Yale won the majority of the Harvard-Yale contests? — these are still questions of vital interest to graduates of the last twenty years, and to many lovers of sport.

At the outset let it be clearly understood that the present season is to be excluded from this consideration. Indeed we shall not want to commit the error of considering any one season by itself, but rather in a general way analyze factors and tendencies as they have developed from year to year. Nor

do I mean to speak of individuals, but rather of collegiate units. We shall need to consider the *class* of men that football requires. To that end I want to show you the kind of work men are called upon to do. Whether one man or another best satisfies these demands is a matter about which each one of us will have his own opinion. In a review of methods we can afford to be impersonal, and since Time has safely banked the fires of enthusiasm, we may escape the temptation to dogmatize. Indeed, I wish that theories might be eliminated altogether, leaving only facts; but, unfortunately, the problem is not quite so easy as that. Some things we are sure of; others are merely deductions. I shall try to be conservative; I hope I shall be fair. Let us remember that it is only Harvard and Yale that we are considering. It is Harvard with respect to Yale; it is Yale with respect to Harvard.

In the thirty-four years that have elapsed since Rugby Football was introduced into this country, Yale and Harvard have played twenty-nine championship matches, and of these Yale has won twenty-three and Harvard four. Since 1889, when Harvard withdrew from the Intercollegiate Association, Yale has won thirteen times and Harvard four. These figures are too divergent to be accounted for by any theory of accident, though 'Yale luck' has passed into a proverb. No; it is a superficial view of the case which fails to see that underlying this long succession of victories there are significant facts concerning the methods and coaching of these Yale players who could take thirteen out of seventeen victories. It is with these facts that we are wholly concerned, and not with any criticisms upon them.

The situation at Harvard first attracts our attention. A wise man once said that he cared little to look at a

winning crew after their victory, but he would go a long distance to study the faces of the men who finished in the second boat. So it is more interesting to study Harvard's defeats than Yale's victories, although we shall need to analyze the game of football before we can see the cause of either. So we look to Cambridge first, and surveying the last twenty years, the question is whether football at Harvard has been developing along right lines. Edward Atkinson once said that before you could judge whether any enterprise was going forward properly or not, you must ask of its managers one question: '*What are you trying to do?*' In other words, it all depends on what you want out of the game of football at Harvard. We must determine this before we can have a proper objective for any consideration of the subject. There seems to be some uncertainty in the minds of a portion of the public as to the object of football at Harvard. I quote an extract from an editorial which appeared in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* immediately after a recent Harvard-Yale game in which Yale was the winner:—

'If the only reason for having an athletic sport at a university were to score a win against some other college, the thing might be very easily done. But that is not the right aim of college athletics. The main point is to have as many men as possible interested in the sport. The triumph over or defeat by other colleges is a secondary matter.

'Mr. — is a new man at football coaching. But he could see that the game should not be made a bone-breaking, crippling amusement for Harvard players, and he has done so very largely. He could see that the average college man should become interested in the sport; and that, too, has largely followed since he became coach. That is the result that is best worth having.'

Now, without for one moment denying the truth of this statement, I think it is a little begging of the question. Nothing has been brought forward to show that you cannot have victory and these other two things as well. Indeed, victory is quite dependent on keeping men in good physical condition, and also on seeing that the average college student becomes interested in the sport. Yale has well illustrated the truth of this. Let us not confuse the issue. It would be well to have more football victories at Harvard. Harvard will not get them while men are needlessly crippled or over-worked, nor, indeed, until their physical condition and nervous stamina are jealously conserved. It will not get them except under some plan which incidentally will interest the individual student, and keep him interested, whether he be player or spectator. But given these two things, then victory, by honest, clean methods, is, or ought to be, the object which Harvard men are trying to attain.

Yet during these last twenty years the average Yale-Harvard game has been the spectacle of eleven individual Harvard men playing their hearts out to win, and not winning. Even the careless observer could see that they lacked something. It reminds one of the story of the three thieves, who pounced upon a traveler by the roadside on a dark night, and after a most terrific struggle succeeded in overpowering him. On searching him, however, they found he had only five cents. One of the thieves turned to his companion and said, 'My God, Bill, that's a narrow escape! If he had had a quarter, he would have killed us all!'

Harvard has been the man putting up a terrific fight with only five cents. If once Harvard could have had the quarter, or, in other words, the capital, it would itself have supplied the labor. The trouble has been that Harvard

coaches have not sent their football teams on the field with the proper amount of capital, or knowledge of the finer points of the game, stowed away in the heads of the players. And the players have not received it for the very good reason that the coaches did not have it to give. But more of this later! Before we consider what that 'higher education' is, let us take up the question, how important relatively is the factor of football science in a great game.

If we could analyze the average football victory of Yale, and trace it back to its responsible causes, I believe the factors which determine a victory, with the percentage of influence which each exerts, would be about as follows: —

Team (as between Yale and Harvard)	
Captain	20 per cent
Head Coach and Assistants	15 "
Coaching of the Coaches	25 "
	40 "

Let us take these factors singly and see how far a careful consideration of all the evidence at hand will justify these rather startling percentages. We eliminate altogether from this calculation the element of chance, which is always present, and, of course, quite undeterminable by any law; and the theory of geographical location, which an eminent Harvard professor used to advance as a most interesting, if perhaps illogical, explanation of victory and defeat. We shall also omit all consideration of club politics, of so-called Harvard indifference, of the reputed influence of the Back Bay element, of the false charge that Harvard teams are quitters, and of that other charge that social standing unduly influences the selection of the team. These 'bo-geys' supply all needed explanation of their existence by furnishing fruitful topics for newspaper discussion, and in a serious consideration of football they have no place. No one who under-

stands the technicalities of football need resort to them to find ample explanation of any defeat.

I have used percentage figures of probable or average conditions. Occasionally there comes along a captain whose influence may be credited with thirty-five or forty per cent. Some teams have been equal to an extra five or ten per cent in the total. But the above figures are fairly representative. Now to take up these four factors in succession.

First, the team. When the football season opens in September the ready writers of the daily press discuss eagerly the 'chances' of Harvard and of Yale. These chances are based on the available players at Cambridge and at New Haven. The impression left upon the reader is that the worth and extent of this material foreshadows the season's outcome. I do not mean for a moment to underrate the ability or the intelligence of the eleven men chosen when I credit them with only twenty per cent of influence in the final result. The twenty per cent represents merely the difference between the individual (and as yet untaught) ability of the two sets of eleven men. Let us bear in mind that practically the same class of men go to Yale and to Harvard. The preparatory schools send to each university in about equal proportions. Sometimes Yale and Harvard men come from the same family; often they come from the same set or group. They are all merely potentialities. Perhaps Harvard has the best of the picking at the start, for from 1890 to 1900 it will be recalled that it was the Harvard Freshmen who usually beat the Yale Freshmen. None of these Freshman teams received expert coaching, and with this factor eliminated the conflict became one of individual ability, and the men of Harvard usually won. In these same years Harvard won most of the track meets.

Here again it was a test of individual excellence. When I put the team at twenty per cent, it is the team at the *beginning* of the season. What the team is at the end of the season is the result of other factors in the equation. Few well-informed judges of football will deny that if Harvard and Yale swapped squads on September 25, the final result would remain unchanged. Taking these facts into consideration, I think we are setting it high enough when we say that the individual ability of the eleven untaught players is fairly represented as influencing twenty per cent of the result.

The second factor is the captain. Under this heading I place his qualities of leadership, his command over men, his powers of discipline, his ability to establish and maintain an *esprit de corps*, his forcefulness, his insight, and finally his common sense. The captain of a team is a very vital part of it, not merely because he may choose the head coach and so settle the policy of the season, but because in himself alone he is dominant. Men will do for a captain what no coach can make them do. He sets the pace. He shows the way; they follow. There are men so forceful, so filled with enthusiasm, and so obsessed by football, that it has been safe to pick them as winners a year ahead of the game, and in only one case have I ever known a team with such a captain to be beaten. Chadwick of Yale, as he was in 1902, was such a man. He made football vital for twelve consecutive months. It was an all-the-year-round game under Chadwick.

Right here a story occurs to me. Some years ago I went to Groton to referee a Groton-St. Marks match. It was the custom for the two teams to lunch together before the game, and any visiting official was usually placed at table between the two captains in order that they might make his ac-

quaintance before going on the field. I found the St. Marks captain a most agreeable young fellow. He talked pleasantly and easily; football was to him a delightful game, and he was playing it for sport's sake. On my other side was a man from whom I could scarcely get a single word during the entire meal. He was the Groton captain. He had, to use Kipling's language, 'no time to burn on social repartee.' He was grim, sombre, almost fierce, in his attitude. There was absolutely only one thing on his horizon that day; *it was to win that game of football!* With an earnestness which narrowed down the conversation with him to a single topic, there was also a determination as of one who felt that something which was his property had not yet been handed to him, and until it was in his actual possession he must be excused from speaking or even thinking on any subject. I was much impressed by the attitude of these two boys, and it was no surprise to me later in the afternoon when Groton beat St. Marks by the score of forty-one to nothing. Three years afterward that same man was elected captain of the Yale team, and I then (a year ahead of the date of the Harvard-Yale contest) ventured to predict his overwhelming victory. They laughed at me on all sides, yet Gordon Brown's eleven is rated by many in New Haven as the second best that Yale has ever turned out.

We have had more than one case at Harvard, in the last twenty years, of the choice of an unsuitable captain mainly because he was popular — 'a good fellow,' so to speak — one whom every one liked. It is a great mistake. Yale has rarely made this mistake. She has made it conspicuously on two occasions, but it is written down that that thing must not happen again. It was not his personal popularity as a good fellow which made Frank Hinkey

the captain of the Yale team for two years. It was because he was recognized as the keenest mind on football among all the members of that team; and, next to Walter Camp, he has been for the last fifteen years, in my judgment, the most valuable football authority on defense that Yale has owned. If one can generalize about this question of choosing a captain, I should say that Harvard has chosen her captains for their popularity or personal playing ability. Yale has looked almost wholly at football fibre and leadership. Yale is right, in my opinion.

We pass from the captain to a third factor, the head coach, which is credited here with influencing the result to the extent of twenty-five per cent. Now I am going to suggest that we consider the third and fourth factors together. They do not belong together, and so I have recorded them separately. But Harvard has always tied them tight together, and in considering them from a Harvard view-point, it is not two factors you see, but one. At Yale you see two separate departments; at Harvard only one department. We will then consider them as *two*, but take them up together.

The third factor is the head coach: the man who is the brain and hand of the captain; the teacher, drill-master, critic, field-manager, guide, philosopher, disciplinarian, czar, and drudge — all in one. Assisting him (at both Harvard and Yale) is a corps of coaches, who work under specific instructions as to method and policy.

The fourth factor is the system. It is the coaching of the coaches. It is the School of Grand Tactics, which at Yale has been presided over for twenty years by Walter Camp. I shall try to show later just what this accomplishes to justify my crediting it with an influence of forty per cent on the result. I have called it the 'system,' for want

of a better word, but it is really the tactical policy of the game.

During the earlier years of the period we are considering, it was the almost universal rule that a football team had but one coach. The game then had not been played years enough to have produced a sufficient number of men with the requisite knowledge to coach a team. The smaller Eastern colleges, and all the Western colleges, had but one coach each. But Yale, Harvard, and Princeton had, after 1891, an abundance of coaching material from which to draw, and the practice was established of appointing a head coach to be assisted by a succession of visiting graduates through the season, the men being invited to coach along special lines, and their attendance being secured at that stage in the season's development when their especial work would be most effective. This practice has endured at Yale up to the present time, and has worked admirably, all things considered. The coaches who teach position-play come very early. The more valuable men, who can deal with the team as a unit, come about the middle of the season. The men who infuse spirit and fight into the playing (how such fellows as Rhodes, Tompkins, and Sanford used to do this!) get there toward the close of the season, while for the last ten days there come one or two past masters of football science whose judgment and expert knowledge place them at the very head of Yale coaching material. So Yale has managed, and still manages, her coaching.

The coaching force at Harvard has varied greatly in size in different seasons, and the coaching policy has been subject to repeated and radical changes. The accessibility of Cambridge has brought an embarrassment of material, and in the middle nineties it was no unusual thing to find from twenty to

thirty coaches on the field. We used to say that any man who made a touch-down in the afternoon practice deserved double credit, first for getting through the opposing rush-line, and then for dodging the coaches. You will say at once that thirty is an impossible number. It is, and it is not. Sixty is not impossible, if they work together under powerful leadership. Three is too many if they do not. In any case, accepted and admitted leadership is essential, meaning by that a head whose decisions are unhesitatingly accepted, and for whose policy, right or wrong, every man labors.

Of course a coaching force of sixty, or even of thirty, is unwieldy. You realize it when you see the plan worked out. Such a horde of advisers demands a very forceful, tactful, intelligent, and highly alert leader. Here was Harvard's chief difficulty for several years. With so many counselors, a head coach had more work reconciling his assistants' opposing views than teaching the team. Then, too, there was a wide divergence of opinion, for they had been trained under different systems, and with no permanently accepted creeds. No man stood paramount, nor, indeed, was there one worthy of speaking the final word in the daily and nightly debates.

Unlike Yale, Harvard had no football traditions to guide her, and the important lessons of each year were not being worked out, collated, weighed, and filed away in the mental and written records of one man acting as a permanent, resident guardian of these treasures of experience and precedent, which finally crystallized into the accepted traditions of Yale football. During all these years at New Haven there was a system, and a head of that system; a man who was always in New Haven, who had at his finger's ends every fact, figure, and deduction

of every season, who was always available for advice; supremely a football man, both as player and tactician, a natural student of the game, who would ask no better enjoyment in the long winter evenings than the close study of possible developments of play in the light of the previous season's experiences. And so from this established system there came down rules, methods, and policies which all Yale coaches tacitly accepted.

With these conditions clearly understood, we are not surprised to find that in the development of the elevens, from the opening day of practice to the final contest of the season, the path of Yale and the path of Harvard have been different in every respect. It is as if two men started from Boston to journey to the Stadium, and while one went to Bowdoin Square, and thence out along Main Street, the other went through the subway and over Harvard Bridge and Western Avenue. They arrive at their destination at about the same time, but their routes have been totally different. Let us take in turn a single example of these divergent methods in the matter of plays, of players, of training, and of schedule.

First, as to plays. In mastering her plays, Yale believes in perfecting the form of a play at the very start, however slowly it may go, and then speeding it up as fast as the slowest man can be quickened, but no faster. Thus Yale preserves her superb form. Harvard, on the other hand, gets speed and life into a play at the very start, albeit it is very ragged in form. Her effort is then directed, through the rest of the season, to perfecting the form without sacrificing speed. Yale is meanwhile perfecting the speed without sacrificing form.

Next, study their choice of players. Yale's method has been to put in the hardest week's work of the entire sea-

son at the opening of the football campaign in September. The available material is divided into small squads, and every man is tried out thoroughly by some player or coach. The men are rated, — not by what they *can* do, but what they *may* do; not by present performance but by future promise. Thus, breadth of chest, reach of arms, and exceptional strength around the loins, with the ability to carry one's self in action with the quick coördination of the natural athlete, would count tremendously in a man's favor at New Haven, regardless of whether he had ever played football or gave any promise of playing it. At Harvard, on the other hand, the men are given equal chances of demonstrating what they know, or can readily learn, of football *per se*; and the tendency is unconsciously to favor the present performer or the one who shows ready aptitude to take instruction. He is the choice over the better set-up, but less previously instructed or mentally alert player. In other words, Harvard sees the present player; Yale sees the future player. To use a simile, Harvard prefers a well-sharpened lead pencil; Yale chooses a pencil that has a good lead, and sharpens it herself.

Before the rule was made regarding Freshmen on varsity teams, Yale elevens contained a surprisingly large number of players who had first made the team in their Freshman year. It is evidence of the searching scrutiny which rarely overlooked a man who could by any effort of the coaches be made into a player.

Come next to the matter of physical training: here again the two universities have differed widely in their attitude toward their professional coach. Yale has supervised the policy of her trainer very closely, giving him on the whole less freedom than is given at Harvard. But, on the other hand, in one

or two directions she allows him larger license than Harvard.

Finally, take the schedule of games. From 1890 to 1905, Harvard played yearly two important football matches, — those against Pennsylvania and Yale (with the substitution in 1895 and 1896 of Princeton in place of Yale). The rest of her matches were really practice games. Yale also, during most of this period, played two great matches — against Princeton and Harvard. Harvard always insisted that her Pennsylvania game (a major contest) should be *two weeks* ahead of her Yale game. Yale just as repeatedly insisted that her Princeton game should be *one week* ahead of her Harvard game, and in the years when she played both Harvard and Pennsylvania she played all three contests within ten days. Mr. Camp has assured me several times that Yale would not take the contract of playing Harvard and Princeton in one season, if the dates were a fortnight apart. Yet every effort to induce Harvard to set back her Pennsylvania game proved unavailing. In other words, Harvard has regularly brought her teams into approximately top form twice during each season. Yale brings her team into top condition once, and holds it there a week.

We come back to the factors of coaching and of system. There are, strictly speaking, three grades of football coaching. The first is 'individual' coaching for fundamentals and position-play, which will include falling on the ball, tackling, kicking, catching, quick starting, blocking, opening holes in the line, interfering, carrying the ball, and in general all instruction on points of unrelated play. The second is the coaching of the team, and under this heading would come instruction as to the interdependence of positions, the relationships of endeavor, team-offense and team-defense, the assign-

ments and timings in the interferences, the timing of the line and the backs so that they work together, field tactics, signals, etc. This coaching involves the handling of the team as a unit, and it is much more difficult to do. Some of its problems call for ability of a high order. Ten men can coach position-play to one that can pull the backs and the line together. Twenty men can coach position-play to one that can plan a correct scheme of interdependence on defense.

The general classification of this second grade of coaching is comprehended under the one term of 'team-play.' It is a recognized axiom in football that at a certain stage in the season's development, individual coaching shall no longer interrupt the afternoon practice, but the team shall be handled strictly as a unit by the coaches of team-play. Harvard has always remembered Arthur Cumnock's definition of team-play. He said it was the overplus, or surplus, of ability which a player could supply to the team beyond the amount which he needed to do his own work. In other words, it was the extra playing which he could contribute for the assistance of his neighbors, beyond what was required to cover his own position. The definition was valuable for its suggestive quality, but to my thinking it is strictly incorrect, and it illustrates the individualistic tendency which has always shown itself in Harvard football.

Team-play is not a collection of individual contributions, but something much more subtle. It is the subjection and the rejection of everything that is individual. It is a system of reflexes from man to man. It is the complete interdependence of the different individuals. Part of team-play is theory, and can be taught; part is only gained by familiarity through experience. For example, an end, on

defense, sees an interference coming his way; he knows his own work, and he knows also what his adjoining neighbors, the tackle and rush-line back, have been told to do. He understands in what way he can depend on them. So much for theory. But now by close familiarity with the personalities of these neighbors, he understands to what exact extent he can depend on each one; by constant practice with them, by daily experience of them, he has learned how far he can rely on them; he *feels* their presence, even though he cannot see them; he knows instinctively as he advances that they are by his side or backing him up at a definite spot; he goes into the play with a wholly new confidence; he is really three men in one, for their effort is directly interlocked with his, and deep down in his consciousness he both knows it and feels it.

So much, briefly, for what team-play is, and the higher ability required to coach it. But now, above this coaching, there is yet something higher. There is the policy, or method, or system, which shall be taught. This is what I call the coaching of the coaches. It is the highest round of the ladder. It concerns the grand tactics of the game. It demands the insight to analyze the results of an entire season of intercollegiate football, and draw the correct lessons from it for the equipment of your next year's team. It requires the capacity to plan an offense that shall be interchangeable, well-concealed, speedy, and powerful. It calls for the ability to plan a system of team-defense which shall take care of all possible plays of your opponents. It comprehends the knowledge of how a team ought to be brought along, and by what stages. In a word, it is the regulation and control of the whole coaching policy for the season. This work at Yale has been performed by

Walter Camp. He created the Yale system, and his work has long represented, to my thinking, forty per cent of Yale's successful results.

I suppose every football man has his own opinion about Walter Camp. I can give only my personal impression of him. I look back to the time when I was in active football work at Harvard. It is many years ago. The men who are playing football on Soldier's Field this season were then not long out of the nursery. Now I go still further back to the time when I first went out to Harvard to coach. That was years earlier. Again I go back, this time to 1889, when I first saw a game of intercollegiate football. Now, once more still further in my memory, to the years before I had ever seen a game of football, and in those remote years — over two decades ago — Walter Camp was known from one end of this country to the other as the 'Father of American football.' To-day he still retains both the name and the commanding position. For over twenty years he has been the final authority on the game in this country. He has forgotten more football than some of the men who coach to-day have ever known.

We must not make the mistake of calling Mr. Camp the head coach of Yale football. Camp does not coach the Yale team. Yale, as we all know, has a different head coach each year — usually the captain of the preceding season. It has seemed to make little difference who coached the team, so long as Camp has coached the coaches. In the two years 1895 and 1896, Harvard and Yale failed to harmonize, and there was no Harvard-Yale game. It was during this period that Mr. Camp and I combined in joint authorship of a textbook on football. For nearly two years we met at frequent intervals and spent many hours discussing mooted points and differences of opinion. I was

instantly struck by the fact that practically no proposition which I advanced was answered by him with an unconditional affirmative or negative. Every opinion was conditioned with wonderful foresight, for he saw every possible development and contingency. His appreciation of a situation was immediate and usually instinctive. He would detect a strategic error at sight. A single incident will illustrate this remarkable ability. In 1895 and 1896, the two years that Harvard did not play Yale, she played Princeton. The second game of this series took place on Soldier's Field in 1896. Camp came to Boston to see the game, and I was glad to have the benefit of his advice. Ten minutes after the game had begun I went to him and asked his opinion of the probable outcome. The answer was immediate. 'They are going to beat you,' he said. 'Don't you see that they are playing with a different spirit? Harvard is playing to keep Princeton from scoring; Princeton is playing to score. Barring accident, Princeton will win.'

When the first half was nearly finished without a score — I should say it must have been after about forty minutes of elapsed time — our left end was injured. The best substitute was sent in to take his place; he was a seasoned player who had been captain of the Harvard team the previous season. He had only one mania, — that was to beat Princeton; so I knew that his spirit would be a riotous one. The injured player left the line-up, and the two teams faced each other with the ball in Princeton's possession on Harvard's 24-yard line. I was looking at the two teams waiting for the signal from the referee for play to begin, when Camp suddenly turned to me and said, 'Watch this play closely; *it is going to be a touch-down for Princeton!*' Five seconds after he had finished speaking

the ball came back and a Princeton runner went through the Harvard line and down the field twenty-four yards for the prophesied score. In sheer amazement at his ability to call the critical play in advance, I turned to Camp for an explanation. He said it was perfectly simple. 'I saw Princeton's quarterback watching the man whom you sent on the field. That made me look at him. Your man was excited, like one who, playing on the end of the line, would defy caution, rush headlong into the defense, and over-run his man. As the Princeton quarter never took his eyes off your man, I suspected the play was going against him. It was a sure enough opening. The only question was, "Did the Princeton quarter see it?" Well, — he did!'

In other words, Camp saw two things; he saw the nervously-excited substitute, and he saw that the Princeton quarter saw him. And Camp rightly argued that he was proposing to send a play against him before he had a chance to steady down, with the possibility that he would allow himself to be drawn in while the runner with the interference went round his end. That was exactly what happened. The play was a brilliant one; the quarterback who detected the weak spot gave a still more brilliant exhibition; but to my mind the man on the side-lines, who reasoned the whole thing out in a cold-blooded way, gave the most brilliant exhibition of all. Princeton won the game.

It is hard to speak correctly of Walter Camp's value to Yale football without seeming to indulge in exaggeration. One of Yale's best-known football captains summed up the situation to me once in this way. He said, 'When we want to know how the Yale team is doing at any time, we don't go to the newspapers to find out. It makes very little difference to us what the players

are doing; we want to know what the coaches are doing evenings. If they are going up to Walter's every night, then we know the team is going to be a good one.'

This little story throws an interesting side-light on the Yale system. For years during the period of which I speak, it was the custom of the coaches at New Haven to assemble in the evenings at Mr. Camp's house. There all the differences in the day's experience, all points in dispute, all decisions in regard to the make-up of the team, all matters of development and policy were thrashed out, with Mr. Camp advising, supplying data, giving reasons for every proposed action, passing upon the merits of the arguments, and charting the course that seemed best to follow. Sometimes the coaches have drifted away from Mr. Camp. It was passively so in 1898, and Yale failed. There was a more active separation from Mr. Camp in 1901, and Yale was decisively defeated.

The best work of such a man is usually accomplished between December 1 and May 1. In other words, the sub-structure of Yale football is laid in the preceding winter. The results of the season just ended are carefully collected and analyzed; not merely the results of the Yale team, but of all the other leading teams of the country. This great mass of information is carefully separated, and the important results are worked out, so that by the end of January he has reduced to a few cardinal points the lessons for Yale in the history of the preceding season. He has analyzed every new principle or method of attack and defense which the different teams have developed. Any good point, any important discovery, any novel or ingenious method of attack, any clever ruse for disguising the point of attack,—in fact, all that the active minds of football men all over the coun-

try have produced, are noted down by him. With this as a basis, he sees the tendency and needs of the coming season. He looks at the preponderance of attack under the working of the new rules, and plans accordingly. He sees that heavier backs are now needed, and plans accordingly. He decides how far the kicking game can be carried, and in what sections of the field, and at what stages of the game. He weighs the possibilities of forward passing and on-side kicking. More important than all these is his mastery of a powerful, direct, line attack, which can be depended upon for consistent gains when nearing the opponents' goal. Yale always has this last development of the game; she always has it carefully revised to date, and as she executes it we can never fail to see that its power is no accident, but the result of most careful, systematic, and intelligent thought.

From January till the end of April, then, these questions are considered and worked out. I believe the same plan is followed, to a certain extent, at some of the smaller colleges. I do not think that it has been followed at Harvard, except in rare cases. It ought to be followed. The importance of preparing for the conflict far in advance of its coming is as vital in football as in war. Personally I believe that by the time college opens the result of the Yale-Harvard game in November is practically settled. Do not misunderstand me! I do not mean that any one lives who has the information to forecast the result. I merely mean that by the end of September the cards have been dealt for the game, so to speak, and that, barring accidents of exceptional nature, fortunate or unfortunate, the hands are played out in the orthodox manner. I know this sounds like an extreme opinion, but I should like to argue the point over a cigar with any one who cares to discuss it.

I mention Mr. Camp's doings at such length because I want to make clear the position he occupies, the work he does, and the methods and time he employs. At Harvard, in the past, one man has combined the work of Mr. Camp with the work of the head coach. Practically no one has shared his responsibility. Overworked and overworried, public clamor can compel such a man, unless he is made of iron, to a change of policy, often directly contrary to his own judgment. But if public criticism arises at Yale, there is a system and there are traditions to confront and restrain it, while behind the captain and head coach is the force of Camp and the prestige of the past. Yale can overcome criticism before which Harvard would be constrained to act. And criticism is bound to come. Let me give a single illustration.

The incident I am going to relate is the situation which existed at Yale in the year 1900. Pennsylvania had been using her famous 'guards back' play, and its success had roused Camp to the discovery of a new principle in attack which, as he elaborated it more and more, gave promise of remarkable results. It was not merely a new play or formation; it was something much more fundamental, and, like all of Mr. Camp's plays, it showed very little of its real power on the surface. Through the winter of 1899-1900 he developed the possibilities of his new attack till it was a model of flexibility, and about April or May he called in Brown, the captain of the next year, and McBride, who had been selected as head coach. He told these two men he had plans for the coming season which he believed would insure a very powerful Yale eleven, but that they were plans which would involve a slow advancement during the first half of the season, with a very rapid development in the last two weeks. In other words, it was such a

game as must be taught with correct form regardless of any speed in the early season. Any other method would be sure failure. He called their attention to the fact that if they adopted his plan there would unquestionably be severe criticism of the playing of the team during the first four weeks of the season, and for that reason he wanted a promise from them that they would keep their own counsels, trust his judgment, and see the thing through, regardless of criticism. Both men promised, and Camp explained to them in detail his principle as he had worked it out.

The mid-season at Yale found everything exactly in accordance with Mr. Camp's prophecy. The Yale team was characterized as the slowest and poorest that Yale had turned out in years. The culmination came on October 27 when they played Columbia in New York and won an indecisive game, 12 to 5. Then they played West Point and were barely able to pull out a victory, though the score, by remarkably good luck, was worked up to 18 to 0. Criticism now became violent and general. Even the coaches openly complained. Both Brown and McBride were assailed by many of the Yale alumni. A change in the policy of the season was demanded. The newspapers pointed out the hopelessness of the situation, and said that it was clear that the team was not being developed properly, and that the attack was weak and ineffective.

At this point McBride began to hesitate, and in his anxiety he consulted some of the older captains and coaches at Yale. He told them frankly — but only in general terms — what the true situation was (he made no disclosure of his specific policy), and the answer which he received from these men was this: 'The season certainly looks strange, and the team seems very unlike a Yale team. But if Walter says

it's all right, it probably is all right. He has never failed to give good advice in the past, and regardless of criticism we should follow his advice literally, without hesitation.'

McBride was satisfied, but the greater test of his faith was yet to be made. Yale had now reached the point of the Indian game. The Indians were very strong that year, and bets were freely made that they would defeat Yale. Camp now announced to Brown and McBride that he wished them to play the Carlisle game with four substitutes on the team, one of whom was a full-back and a very inferior man to the regular kicker. Brown and McBride, in distracted anxiety, pointed out to him that the team had barely been able to win their victories up to this point, that Carlisle was exceptionally strong this season, and that it was inviting certain defeat to go against them with four substitutes on the team. Camp told them that he would stake the accuracy of all he had said to them on this one game, and he added (just mark the absolute confidence of the man!): 'The time has arrived for the team to find itself. You will beat Carlisle! And it will not be a close score; it will be a decisive victory. You will score on them at least three times.' Yale played that game with the four substitutes, and the score was 36 to 0 in favor of Yale. The tide turned with a great rush. New Haven went crazy with joy. The team 'came' so fast in the next few days that you could almost hear them coming. The following Saturday they played Princeton, and won by the record-breaking score of 29 to 5; the next Saturday they defeated Harvard by another record-breaking score of 28 to 0.

When the season closed there was tremendous enthusiasm among Yale men for their eleven. It was declared to be the second best team that Yale had ever

developed, and many rated it as the best team the university had produced. Yet there was a very dark hour in the development of that team, and under less accepted leadership a shift of policy in mid-season would have been almost inevitable. Of course, such a change would have spelled the ruin of the team.

That is the inside history of the development of Yale's now famous tandem-tackle play. You wonder perhaps that the Yale enthusiasts did n't recognize the true character of that vicious attack earlier in the season. But few men did. What Camp himself thought he never said; but three months after the season of 1900 closed, he came into my office in Boston one day, and in the course of a talk over the developments of the previous season, he asked me if I thoroughly understood the tandem-tackle play of Yale. I thought for a moment, and then told him that I did not. His reply was, 'I wondered what you would answer. I know that no other man at Harvard knows that attack, and I am going to show them next year that they don't understand it.' The tandem-tackle play was copied more or less accurately by all the Eastern colleges, including Harvard, the next year, and has been the strongest scrimmage formation of the last eight years.

Yale's plays always look so simple, and they are so complex! Harvard saw that tandem-tackle play repeatedly in the Yale-Princeton game, and every Harvard coach present, with a single exception, thought that any team that could stop 'guards back' could surely stop this tandem on tackle. But the principles of the two attacks were totally different, and few men have ever reasoned out the cause underlying the great power of the tandem-tackle. Harvard used seventeen men in that Yale game, and some of them

came out of the contest comparatively fresh, but forced to withdraw because of the severe strain across the loins which came from repeated 'pocketing' cleverly contrived in the shifting point of attack.

Butterworth's famous dive-play, which won the '93 game at Springfield, was another example of Yale complexity in a simple garb. George Stewart, who was then the Harvard tactician, came to me in the middle of the game and said, 'If you don't do another thing this afternoon, chase up and down the side-lines and get hold of what that play is.' I started. Within fifteen minutes he joined me. By that time I had unraveled the signal for the play and was able to tell Stewart in advance each time it was coming. We both dropped every other thought and 'plugged' for that play. Stewart thought he had it at last, but he was n't in sight of it. We never gave it up till the whistle blew. The play could n't be fathomed, though we studied it afterwards for days and weeks. It looked so simple! For two years that play was the one thing I wanted to understand before I died. Then one day Camp and I were picking out some plays for school teams, and I said,

'Why not give them that Butterworth dive?' He said, 'Do you think they could play it?' I said, 'I could better express an opinion if I understood the play.' And then he showed it to me. It was Camp's adaptation in scrimmage form of my own principle of the previous year — the flying wedge; but it was twice as powerful, because his wedge was kept very sharp, and inside it was Butterworth, Yale's greatest hurdler. The play was practically built round the wonderful ability of Butterworth to hurdle.

We must bring our study of football to a close, for the limits of a magazine article do not permit of fuller elaboration, and into criticism or constructive suggestion this review does not seek to go. Enough has been presented to show, during the years we are considering, continuity and a definite system at Yale, with a lack in both method and continuity at Harvard.

I believe that Harvard at last realizes the true situation, and perhaps the next few years may see a foundation laid for something better than the old rule, 'Let any one tackle the tactics who cares to try.' May Fortune speed that day!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

REFRESHMENTS

IN the mind of the wide-eyed child traveler, refreshments by the way are the greatest delight of the journey, as well as the most frequent necessity. The dripping water-cooler in the end of the car is as alluring as a very fount of the naiads; and ambrosial are sandwiches from nice white boxes, bananas from the kind newsman, and chance cookies from a neighboring old lady's bag — these are in the foreground of delights, with flying woodlands, rumbling bridges, waving children on disappearing fences, prancing wild-tailed horses in running pastures, as a much less actual and enjoyable background. Later in child-life — and more luxurious in child-experience — the ingenious surprises of the buffet-car and the bewildering abundance of the dining-car become the true objective points of the journey, and are as magical as if a genius should produce baked beans and ham sandwiches from the ring on his finger. No matter how brief the journey may be, it is in getting a drink and taking a bite that the little persons on half-fare find the real reason for traveling.

And with us older folk, too, refreshments by the way have their value, quite aside from the fact that they have sustained us — provided, of course, that they are refreshments, and not just food and drink. Most valuable and most significant have they been to those of us who traveled before the dining-car was 'put on at Buffalo,' and who have rattled over remote tracks on which never tinkled ice-water and silver dollars. Not delicious, perhaps,

from a table-d'hôte standard were the sandwiches and doughnuts hurriedly drawn in through car-windows, the blueberry pie hastily consumed on a high stool, in the presence of a chatty maiden who made digestion more sure by watching your train for you. But oh, how delicious the meadows' sweet air that blew in with the sandwiches! How spicy the woodbine by the restaurant window! And how engaging the eyes of the lad who took your ten cents and told you, quite unmelodramatically, that mother had made the doughnuts, and then, if the engine's breathing continued difficult, pointed out the meeting-house spire over yonder, the road that led to a swimming-place, the inviting piazza of the American Eagle Hotel! And how delightful — how infinitely more delightful than the trickle of a Pullman wash-room — the cold gush of a chance pump at some wayside station, where, before making a rush for a glass cake-cover, you dashed real water over your face and wrists! Perhaps a friendly dog nosed your boots, or a small girl offered you a short-stemmed handful of violets; and after the pie, you dropped, really refreshed, into your seat, and watched regretfully the little station and the hats of the platform-loiterers slide behind your car-window, and, so far as you were concerned, back into the map. What matter if summer resort proved laborious, or city dull, or relatives and friends eccentric or bigoted or shallow or ignorant or narrow, or even badly dressed, if there had been such refreshments on the journey!

To those of us who have been quite unrefreshed by such primitive refresh-

ments in our own country, traveling abroad has perhaps offered a food spiced with novelty, which would often equal, if not rival, the charm of castle or of cathedral. Perhaps to equal, if not to rival, what Baedeker stars, would be asking too much of wine or cheese or even omelette. But truly, *œufs-au-plat* eaten under twittering cages of fauvettes, at a vine-hung junction between Paris and Geneva, make one ready for the ecstasy of Mont Blanc, and bees in the honey and purple on the grapes at Giessbach lift one's mood to the height of a first meeting with the Jungfrau.

The map of Europe, to certain of us who have wondered and been refreshed — sometimes with little but a *rundreise* in our pockets — is starred with such experiences: a basket of Westmoreland strawberries, and a brown and wrinkled smile from an old woman in the station at Penrith; a yellow bowl of milk, banded with blue, bought at a thatched cot on the high moors just over the Border, during a wait for the up-train from Durham; tea and scones and a Scotch song on the coach near Braemar, 'mang the bonny Highland heather; cherries and passion-flowers and the laughter of children on the Sorrento road! And yet, after all, not just eggs and bread and cherries and tea, those refreshments, so full of sweet humanness, of human nearness through the sudden rift in distance and strangeness! Truly, such refreshments are almost sacraments in the great religion of brotherly love!

And yet how many girdle the world, hungry, thirsty, unrefreshed except for the dining-car and the *table-d'hôte*! How many time their run, or buy their tickets, for *dîner* at the Schweizerhof! Fancy putting on full speed for *déjeuner* at Morlaix, when at the old mile-house in the valley of Landeveneck, which runs down to the sea, the hens are

cackling of omelettes ready to hop into Mère Gonvil's pan, and Mère Gonvil is ready to tell you, while you eat, of the six tall sons who go on the Iceland fishing, all save the three who have gone down in the gales! Or fancy taking the express for Inverness when, quite simply, by missing connections, you can sup over the peats in a Highland kitchen, off fresh eggs and toast and jam, with the bairns, big-eyed and still, watching you from the shadows, and outside, the pipes skirling softly at the door, and the moon rising over the heathery moors.

Oh, that they live at all, anywhere, anyhow, those great rich ones that never are refreshed! They eat cresses, yet what know they really of brooks and skimming swallows! They dine off spring lamb and mint sauce and ducks from the wild sea-marshes, and they talk of stocks and bonds and clothes!

Rather would I send my spirit alone on excursions, leaving me to toss fagots on my fire and darn my damask, than go myself in body a-traveling, so much eyes and ears that my spirit is left behind. One word with a peasant in his own speech is worth one of the old masters, and the plucking of an olive in a gray Tuscan orchard teaches a wisdom beyond books. And food is but food without the flash of spirit upon spirit.

O Hermes, when thou ledest the phantoms of men outworn down the dark ways past the streams of Oceanus, pause once in the land of dreams and give them a bunch of cress and a greeting, and so refresh them before they fare on to the Elysian fields!

AN OBJECTIONABLE OBJECTIVE

THE cases of overworked particles and adverbs presented by a July Contributor are sad indeed; but is any one

of them so depressing to contemplate as the latest English atrocity, 'linked up,' or the American crime, 'visit with'? The former insinuates itself into such good company that the other day a highly fastidious English paper printed, 'Linked up one virtue and a thousand crimes,' as a quotation from Byron. 'Visited with' first adorned a 'Woman's Page,' one of those newspaper departments warranted (according to the regular advertisements, the annual prospectus, and the calendars showered upon subscribers) to cheer, hearten, brighten, 'enthuse,' stimulate; and even to 'exert a human uplift'; and its vicious preposition made the phrase so conspicuous in the neighboring drab and dull conglomerate of words as to impress both the well-informed and the ignorant; and although the former shuddered, the latter scented something esoteric, and, being properly thrilled, longed to use the phrase on dear John or on the ladies of the club.

'Visit with,' be it understood, is substituted for 'talk with' or 'talk to,' and has no essential connection with a visit. The Woman's Page, telling of a girl who sits beside her mother's work-table for five minutes chatting about family matters, says, 'Eleanor had a charming little visit *with* her mother'; if Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, meeting on the summit of Mount Washington, exchange data as to their points and regions of personal refrigeration, and send an account of the incident to the Woman's Page, the editor records their 'mutual visit with one another' as 'an event of which the outcome will undoubtedly be seen in a renewed forthputting of society activity.' If Mrs. Brown, buying a postage stamp at suburban station X, inquire for the health of the postmaster's cat, the overworked editor of the suburban weekly paper remarks, 'We saw the postmaster most

hilariously visiting with Mrs. Brown the other morning, when we called at the post-office to empty our large but overflowing box. Mrs. Brown is always witty.'

On the other hand, it is hardly safe to use 'to visit' in its proper sense, lest one be suspected of chattering in a church or a library, or gossiping to a public school; and 'to visit with' is slowly displacing to talk, to speak, to converse, to chat, to discourse, even to caterwaul and to bark. 'That's the colonel's dog visiting with our cat,' says the small boy, by way of accounting for a yell of sudden and portentous birth.

As to the case of Felicia Dorothea, the delightfully-named lady so dear in her time to romantic childhood, did she write 'but he' or 'but him' in that ballad of Casabianca which it pleases scoffers at ancient virtues to find absurd. The point in this case is by no means the same as in 'It is me,' preferred by a certain Harvard professor to the form of the King James Bible. 'All but he' is the compound subject of the verb 'had fled,' its two pronouns being connected by the disjunctive conjunction 'but.'

In George Eliot's sentence, 'Not liberty, but duty, is the law of life'; in the schoolbook example, 'Not John but James went to Boston,' the most luckless victim of 'word-study,' his mind entirely 'uncramped by definitions,' cannot escape seeing that 'liberty' and 'duty' are similarly related to 'is,' and that 'John' and 'James' are similarly related to 'went,' although his teacher may have thought it shame to teach the child such words as 'noun' and 'verb' and 'nominative.' The nouns have no incorrect form for him to use, the nominative and objective of English nouns being the same, but if he know of two forms of any word he instinctively avoids that which is correct, and as

naturally as he says, 'It is him,' 'You and me will go,' 'He said to you and I,' he thinks and reads, and says, 'All but him had fled.' Give him Tennyson and Browning and he may possibly read, 'Who but I' when he sees it on the page, but it is because the form so startles him that he cannot unconsciously neglect to follow the printed text. He has no prejudices in favor of the nominative, and very possibly, if he have heard of it, thinks that it has something to do with the city elections. But in the day of Felicia Dorothea, the nominative was perfectly real to all adults; and long after her day, indeed as late as 1870, children were freely exposed to nominatives, possessives, conjugations, comparisons, and similar insalubrities, and such is the elasticity of youth that no great consequent mortality is recorded.

But 'reading without tears,' and spelling without letters, and arithmetic without the painful toil of the multiplication table, and geography with so little left on the maps that a baby could reproduce them, and mathematical geography in which each child makes his definitions in his own way, were coming, and grammar fled; and now the public-school pupil's vocabulary contains no words in which he can be told why 'all but him' is not grammatical, and his mind has no strength to grasp reasoning based on parallel phrases. All that can be done is to tell him that Mrs. Hemans wrote 'all but he.'

The presumption is that she did so write, exactly as Moore wrote 'all but he departed' in 'The Light of Other Days,' but, no first edition being at hand, one is compelled to seek the testimony of anthologies and school text-books. Palgrave prints 'All but he'; so do Whipple and Fields in the *Family Library of Poetry and Song*, and so does Epes Sargent in his *Stand-*

ard Reader, which was copyrighted in 1855, and he indexes the poem as unaltered. Against these three excellent authorities are Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song*, and Dr. Samuel Eliot's *Poetry for Children*, edited for use in the Boston schools, and an army of American 'Readers' and 'Speakers' all declaring that 'all but him had fled.' Who made the original error is of no consequence; evidently the American printer and proof-reader found no harm in it, and the stirring verses are made the vehicle of mischief.

'Up' is undeniably misused in a hundred annoying ways, but surely the people 'sat down to eat and rose up to play' in King James's days; and 'up' and 'down' historically record the point of origin and the direction of growth in so many cities that they are used in popular speech. The visitor, whether from another American city or from a foreign land, invariably finds these adverbs misapplied. He has an obsession that as the South is at the bottom of the map he should always go 'down' South, in a city; and if the northern quarter of the city, either because of comparative elevation, or because it was first settled, and became the business region, is 'down town,' he warmly remonstrates with the natives. Standing in Winter Street, the visitor to Boston will inquire whether he would better go up to the Old South or down to the New Old South first, and being advised to go 'down' to the old Old South and 'over' to the new Old South, he will cry 'A plague on both your meeting-houses!' and announce that he is going 'across' to Trinity.

Particles are fiery, as Byron said. Meantime let the very largest stones be reserved for the man who steps 'onto' a car, and steps off on a 'near-by' cat.

BOULDERS

I KNOW a place where the Great Ice of long ago engraved on the landscape a page of his memoirs. I have had the history read to me by one who is skilled in geological hieroglyphics; and a wonderful tale it was. How tinkling waters flowed in crystal channels; how the untenanted earth teemed with busy hands, moulding, carving, chiseling, etching, while the immortal stars looked on. How the north wind lent his breath, and the mountains gave their ribs, the earth her magnetism, and water its obedience, to furnish forth the vast unwitnessed spectacle. How Winter lodged in immaculate tents sparkling with gems, and marshaled the snows of ages, and measured his reign by centuries. How at last King Sun, great ally of the exiled Spring, conquered the hoary usurper, and forced him out of his fastnesses, and imprisoned him in his native North; and his legions were the sunny days, and his arms were sheaves of sunbeams. And then how the exile Spring returned, and the crunching of ice and the grinding of rocks applauded his entry, and the mists unfurled his league-wide banners, and the tuneful dripping of melting frost accompanied his triumphal march. How rushing torrents ploughed the earth, and the winds planted forests, and the fields decked out their bosoms, and men and beasts did join the celebration.

Thus read the interpreter, and to prove the tale true he showed the very works of the ancient sculptors — here a ridge, there a groove, a basin, a knob, a stranded delta; and he pointed out the tools with which the works were wrought: boulders, pebbles of all shapes dropped at random here and there; and he showed me where on polished rocks the banished Winter has left a map of his retreat.

This autumn day as I sit by my open window, I dream that history over again. A tame enough landscape my outlook affords — brown fields still patched with green, a few picturesque ruins of trees, and beyond, a little grove, and a hazy sky-line. But this is enough — it affords me space to dream in. I see it all happen as it is written in that place I know of. Best of all I like to live over that long moment between the passing winter and the coming summer. I wish I had been there to feel the warmth of the lengthening days, when the sun shone ever brighter. I wish I had been there, to lie in some rocky shelter, and watch the slow, slow melting of the ice-masses, and hear the musical drip-drip above the roar of torrents. That hazy sky-line reminds me of the billowing mists that rose in the sunshine of those melting days. And next to this chapter of the story, I like best to recall the matchless night. What depth of skies, what lustre of stars! and hark! how the sharp artillery of the cold points the wondrous stillness!

It seems to me I lived those days and nights, in the place I know of; for I seem to *remember*. But I should still be grateful to Memory, even if she took me back no further than those more recent days, when I wandered among the gray boulders, set off by bright hanging barberries. All boulders remind me of those boulders. All barberries remind me of those barberries. For I left something of my soul in that place.

Nay, who shall deny it? Is it nothing that I sat on those rocks, and pricked my hands with those thorns; that I lay face down on those wooded hills, and saw how the oaks and elms and birches ran down the precipitate slope? The violet that bloomed here last May has left a grain of pollen behind. The crow that passed over this

wood has dropped a feather to mark his flight. Is the blossoming of a flower, is the passage of a bird, a greater event than my visit to these rocks, that it should be recorded, and I should leave no sign behind? I brought to this place my gladness, my sadness, my best thoughts. When the leaves rustled on the trees, and when the leaves rustled on the ground, I dreamed there. I am not the same as I was before I knew the place. I am the greater by some memories, the wiser by some experiences.

Can it be that the place is as if it had never known me? When the rain washed away my footprints, and the wind carried away my sigh and my song, was there nothing left of me, nothing? Thousands might visit that spot who would find the black feather, for one who would discover the pollen-grain. Perhaps there is a soul in millions, a single, rare soul perhaps, that might wander among these boulders and find some trace of me.

There was a time when people held that the boulders were scattered abroad by a capricious Creator, in idle extravagance. To-day we know that inevitable causes worked with them inevitable results. Our eyes are sharp enough to-day to see the invisible pollen-grain. Perhaps some future day we shall see more. While the boulders are ground to powder, and the hills are leveled, and the fields are sunk to the bottom of the sea, men may be getting wisdom.

EXIT A GARDENER

It was really appalling, the way he vanished. Disappearance more sudden could not have marked the flight of the beautiful boy, borne by Jove's eagle to high Olympus, to become cup-bearer to the gods in place of the slipshod daughter of Juno. But I allude

to one whom no god could have envied for his youth and beauty. 'My brave hero,' as Mr. Phillpotts would call him, was a Scotch gardener, middle-aged and homely. He appeared one day with a reference from the florist in the village, and in a short time had transformed our wilderness into a flowering paradise. I watched with joy the green things budding and flowering under the magic touch of his hands. I listened with delight to his Aberdeen drawl. It seemed too good to be true. When he said 'pot' I was filled with ecstasy. He pronounced it 'pawt,' but the bare letters only vaguely suggest the rich way he rolled it under his tongue.

And then one morning he disappeared. No one had seen him go, but on this tiny place there are no copses, no bosky dells, where he could be lured to his destruction, no sheltered and luxuriant corners where an assassin could have lurked. No, if death, swift and sudden, had descended, it would have done so in the open; the drying-ground perhaps, where my shirts, suspended limply from the line, would have afforded but a tenuous screen. Reluctantly I shall have to dismiss this supposition. I say reluctantly, for it would have been so much more heroic than the hypothesis I am sadly forced to accept. If he had met a bloody death protecting with his heart's blood my egg-plant and cauliflower and sweet peas, I would have lifted my voice and chanted his praise. Forever he would stand among the goodly band of heroic Scots, with the gallant Montrose, and Douglas, and Wallace. But it was not to be. Romance wrapped his face in his cloak and wept. Forgotten are the glories of Flodden. Dead are the memories of Ban-nockburn.

It was a hot day, and he was thirsty. Circe holding aloft her cup seductively peeped from behind the privet-hedge. Bacchus, smiling and wreathed, shook

his rosy head from the catalpa tree radiant with fleecy white bloom. The gardener's throat was parched, and the sun beat down on him from its sapphire setting. I can only suppose that he was tempted and fell. Stealthily he discarded his garb of artisan, and forswore the livery and arms of Ceres. Once more he was a freeman as he paced the dusty road to the village, which beckoned alluringly in the distance. There refreshment and cheer were to be had. In the cool bar no hot sun penetrated. With his foot on the brass railing, he was the master of his fate, and captain of his own destinies.

The essence of the hop-fields was his slave to lull him into tranquillity and peace.

I have written the florist to send me another gardener, and quoted the excellent Mr. Walpole:—

'If your Linnæus should have any disciple that would condescend to look after my little flower-garden, it would be the delight of my eyes and nose. — Not one proviso do I make, but that the pupil be not a Scot. We had peace and warm weather before the inundation of the northern people, and therefore I beg to have no Attila for my gardener.'